THE ODD VOLUME.

Second Series.

Mam. THERE WAS A MAN——
Her. NAY, COME, SIT DOWN; THEN ON.
Winter's Tale.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1827.

CONTENTS.

MUSIC.

MISTRESS MARGARET TWINSTOUN.



THE ODD VOLUME.

Second Series.

MISTRESS MARGARET TWINSTOUN.

CHAPTER I.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
" O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship of mine ?"
Ballad o' Sir Patrick Spens.

Whatever face good Queen Bess put on the matter, it is certain that the situation of England, at the time of the threatened descent of the Spanish Armada, was by no means agreeable. James of Scotland, who could so easily have opened a way to the invaders, was deeply moved at the tragical death of the unfortunate Mary, (to avenge whose wrongs not one of the craven princes of Europe stirred), and who, though apparently pacified, har-

boured probably strong feelings of resentment.—Elizabeth was well aware that Philip of Spain endeavoured to incite James to take a bloody revenge for his mother's wrongs; and, as a farther lure, offered him the Infanta Isabella in marriage, and a large share of the spoil of England. But James, believing his succession to the English crown secure, very wisely thought, that to plunder England was something like cutting off his nose to be revenged of his face. He therefore rejected the Spanish alliance—refused to see the ambassador from the Pope—drove many of the priests out of the kingdom—marched suddenly to Dumfries, where the Lord Maxwell and other Popish Lords were already in arms to assist Spain—took Lord Maxwell prisoner, dispersed his followers, and finally assured his good sister of England of his assistance and firmest support.

This declaration removed Elizabeth's worst apprehensions, and soon after, the defeat and dispersion of the Armada set her anxieties completely at rest. The manner in which Elizabeth testified her gratitude to James for his spirited exertions, was not very inconsistent with the usual mode of conduct of that most gracious princess, inasmuch as she sent down, soon after, Wotton as ambassador on some plausible mission, but whose secret instructions were to remove the king's favourite, Arran, from his councils, and to break off the pend-

ing negotiations for James's marriage with the Princess Royal of Denmark, on which he had set his heart. The Danish ambassadors had but just arrived, and were lodged in St Andrew's till a day should be fixed for their being presented to James. Arran, however, being piqued at these noblemen having known him in Sweden as a common soldier, and instigated by Wotton, treated them with insult and neglect, and, after fixing day after day for their audience, always broke off the engagement on the most frivolous pretences.

So far the plot prospered, and Wotton had now only to set the King and the ambassadors by the ears, which he effected by representing to James how much he would degrade himself by an alliance with a nation of merchants, and they even but half civilized; while he told the ambassadors, in the strictest confidence, that they were the jest of James, who despised the proffered alliance, and the ridicule of the whole court. The ambassadors in a huff packed up their baggage, and swore by the beard of the great Frode that such treatment was not to be endured. The intrigue was discovered, however, by Melville, and a good understanding being restored between the King and the ambassadors, Wotton found it convenient to decamp; but though he failed in one part of his mission, he succeeded in the important object, that of removing Arran from the King. Arran, among

other acts of oppression and injustice, had committed to prison the Earl of Athol, Lord Home, and the Master of Cassils. He complained bitterly that Athol would not divorce his wife and entail his estate on him; that Lord Home objected to give him some lands, which suited him particularly well, as lying near his estate; and that the Master of Cassils had actually refused to lend him money. He also caused to be put to death Malcolm Douglas of Mains, and John Cunningham of Drumwhassel, both gentlemen of honour and consequence, on pretence of their having been engaged in the Raid of Ruthven; and, though only one witness appeared, who was evidently suborned by Arran, they died the death of traitors.

In these affairs, however, Wotton had no plea for interference, but he insisted, in Elizabeth's name, that Arran should be removed from court, on the ground of being accessory to the murder of Sir Francis Russel, son of the Earl of Bedford; and James, willing to content his good sister of England, ordered Arran to retire to his estate of Kinniel; but before he went, the King contrived to borrow from him a rich gold chain, which he immediately bestowed on the Danish ambassadors, and then dismissed them.

It was now James's turn to send an ambassador to the Danish court to negotiate the marriage; but his ministers, bribed by Elizabeth, insisted on con-

ditions so extravagant, that, not believing James could be in earnest, Frederick in a rage promised his daughter in marriage to the Duke of Brunswick.

Believing that this disappointment was occasioned by his own ministers, and not by any dislike to his alliance, James proposed for the Princess Anne; but, being again thwarted by a vote of his council, he, by means of his confidential servants, instigated the craftsmen of Edinburgh to mob the Chancellor Maitland, and threaten his life, if any further obstacles were thrown in the way of the King's marriage.

This proceeding had the desired effect; the Earl Marischal was sent with full powers to Denmark, the articles were soon agreed on, and the Queen set sail for Scotland. The preparations for the reception of the royal bride were just completed, when James received the unwelcome intelligence that the fleet was driven in a storm on the Norwegian coast, and in such a shattered state, that it could not proceed with safety on the voyage; consequently the Queen would be forced to winter in Norway.

The patience of James being quite exhausted by these repeated disappointments, he in a fit of romance, very uncongenial to his usual character, privately fitted out some ships, and, in despite of the universal belief that all the witches of Norway

and Scotland were leagued against him, set sail, accompanied by a splendid train, for Norway. Immediately on his arrival, the marriage was solemnized, and the bridal train repaired to the court of Denmark, and passed the winter there amidst festivities and rejoicings ; nor was it till the spring of the following year that King James and his bride touched the shore of the ancient kingdom of Scotland.—Before, however, we permit the royal pair to land, we must glance slightly at a few of the events of his reign, as connected with our story.

In addition to the disquiet which James suffered in consequence of his disputes with the Presbyterian ministers, his reign was greatly disturbed by the feuds which raged among his nobles. There was scarcely a distinguished family in the kingdom which had not some hereditary hatred to maintain. The quarrels of the Maxwells and Johnstones rendered Annandale a scene of bloodshed and violence, while the peace of the western counties was disturbed by broils between the Montgomeries of Eglintoun and Cunninghame of Kilmaurs, Robertland, and many others of the clan. In the north country affairs were much in the same state. The Earl of Huntly having given his sister in marriage to the Earl of Caithness, and having effected a reconciliation between the Earl of Caithness and the Earl of Sutherland, these two noblemen could think of no better way of cementing

their friendship than by shedding the blood of the Clanqueen, whom they accused of having been the occasion of discord among their progenitors; and, by way of showing their disapprobation of dissension, and their love of peace, these noblemen joined their forces, pursued, defeated, and almost exterminated the Clanqueen; after which praiseworthy exploit, they each returned to their separate castles, there to repose upon their laurels, and enjoy their well-earned fame. Their friendship, however, was not of long duration; their ancient feud was revived, and now nothing was heard but threats of vengeance, their castles resounded with the noise of preparations for battle, and, breathing defiance, both parties took the field. The Earl of Huntly, however, again interposed his good offices, and so effectual was his mediation, that he not only prevented bloodshed, but got himself and his successors appointed heritable judges and arbitrators of all debates and controversies that might hereafter happen to arise between the families of Sutherland and Caithness;—a situation about as desirable as that of being placed between the hammer and the anvil.

This contention was scarcely appeased when a new broil took place. Chancellor Maitland, being jealous of Huntly's favour with the King, spread rumours in Edinburgh that Huntly and Lord Claud Hamilton were endeavouring the ruin of

the Protestant religion. On this the apprentices and young men of the town flew to arms, to withstand the Gordons and the Hamiltons; and these clans, being offended at these unjust accusations, convened at Linlithgow, but the King interposing his authority, these noblemen and their followers dispersed. Huntly returned to the North, and on his way home, *pour passer le tems*, soldered up a difference which existed between the town of Aberdeen and the Laird of Balquhain. But while Huntly preached peace and patience to his neighbours, he himself nourished an implacable hatred to the Earl of Moray, which was increased by the death of John Gordon, a cadet of the family of Huntly, and brother to the Baron of Cluny, who, approaching too near to Moray's Castle of Tarnaway, was killed by a shot from some of his people, the Earl himself being absent at the time.

On this the Gordon Clan flew to arms, but the King interposed, forbid Huntly to come west of the Spey, and also prohibited Moray from going east of Findorne; and thus for a time was preserved the peace of the North.

CHAPTER II.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

King Henry Sixth.

It was on a beautiful morning in the charming month of May, when the gallant fleet of the Royal pair was discovered booming gaily over the ocean waves, and bearing up the Frith of Forth. The intelligence spread like wild-fire, and soon after, as if by magic, the hills around were thronged with leal Scotchmen, anxious to catch the first glimpse of their native Prince and his Royal bride.

The green summit of Arthur's Seat was covered with spectators, who, when the princely train had landed at Leith, rushed down into the plain to get a nearer view of their Queen. The Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Bothwell, (who governed the kingdom during the absence of James,) attended by a great number of noblemen, hastened to receive their monarch. The magistrates of Edinburgh,

and the stern ministers of the kirk of Scotland, pressed onwards also to pay their duty. As soon as James and his bride were safely landed, the assembled multitude sent forth a deafening shout of triumph, which was quickly echoed by the roar of the ordnance of the Castle.

"Haud back these merry knaves, my lords," exclaimed the King; "see you not that the Queen's palfrey is scared with this dreadfu' din?" But his solicitude was unnecessary, for the curvettings of her steed blanched not the cheek of the bride, on whom all regards were fixed, and who, from time to time, bent courteously, as the surrounding multitude showered benedictions on her head.

"This is a' very grand," said an old man, whose white locks were blown about by the soft breeze, "it's a' very grand to them wha hae seen naething better; but to me, wha mind the landing o' his sainted mother——"

"Safe us!" interrupted his youthful companion, "dinna be coming ower these auld-warld stories the now. Our new Queen is amaist as bonny as Mary hersel."

"Na, na, I'll not let ony ane say that; she's well enough, but she'll ne'er compare wi' that murdered angel. I dinna like her blue eye, it has ower muckle o' the hawk in it; na, look at that," he continued, as the Queen, with an impatient gesture, and a shade of scorn in her eye, pushed

back the King's hand, as he offered to take the rein of her fractious palfrey; "my word, but he'll no find it easy to keep his ain, or I'm mistaken."

"But," rejoined his companion, "I'm sure Queen Mary hersel wasna banded about with a mair gallant set of nobles. I could wager that there was not in a' her court a handsomer youth than the ane now at the Queen's saddle-bow, that she is smiling sae furthily on. He maun be some great lord, to be sae far ben."

"Do ye no ken," replied the old man, "that that is the bonny Earl of Moray, ay, and that is the Earl of Huntly near him—ay, ower near him? By my faith, the Earl should doff his velvet cloak and feathered hat, and don his shirt of mail and knapscull; but I think, for a' the bonny Earl is louting down and hearkening to the Queen, his mind is no wi' her,—what makes him glint sae often ahint him? Is he looking scornfully on his cruel enemy Huntly?"

"Na, na, he's thinking naithing about him—see ye no the love glance o' his e'e? He bends his head to the Queen's grace, but his thoughts and his heart are wi' that winsome maiden wi' the gouden hair, who rides on Huntly's right hand. Gude forfend that she has the Gordon blude in her!"

"Whoever she may be, she is nane o' the Gordons, for that's the Earl's only unmarried sister riding just afore him, her with the brent brow,

eagle eye, and queenlike mien; but there's a deep shade o' care ower her bonny brow. Ay, ay, Care will make his way ower moat and ditch, through wa' and keep o' the starkest castle in Scotland; but I think he hasna had the heart to come near that bonny young thing.—Heaven bless your merry heart!" ejaculated the old man, as the youthful maiden smiled gaily on a handsome gallant who rode close beside her,—"May'st thou never smile less blithsomely, bonny bird. She has the flaxen hair o' leal Scotland, but for a' that I doubt she doesna belong to us. She's looking round her strange-like—Oh, sirs, but she's ower young to leave the parent nest."

"If she's ane o' the Queen's ladies, she'll be weel cared for; but by my faith I see she has other help than the Queen's grace—Do ye no see young Wemyss o' Logie riding by her side?"

"Is that young Logie?" answered the old man; "muckle hae I heard o' him; they say there's scarce his like in a' the country."

"An' they say true—there's no a braver gallant, nor a lealer heart, in braid Scotland. I heard tell that he had gone ower the seas with the King, and that the Danish courtiers were ready to put their dirks in him for winning the favour o' their lady loves. I wonder they let him away in life wi' that fair flower o' Denmark."

The youthful maiden, who now rode gaily past,

well merited the praises bestowed on her. A pair of bright laughing blue eyes gleamed through a profusion of golden hair, which waved in beautiful disorder over a forehead whose dazzling fairness was stained only by the small blue veins which shone through her transparent skin. But the greatest charm of this fair creature lay in the witchery of a smile which gained all hearts. This northern maiden was the protegée and favourite attendant of Anne of Denmark, who, on leaving her native shores, carried away with her the brightest gem of the Danish Court.

"How like you Scotland, fair Margaret?" asked young Logie, as with a look of honest pride he glanced his eye over the charming scenery of his native country.

"Indifferent well," replied the fair Dane; "but I trust it does not always rain blue bonnets here?" archly glancing at the multitude who were thus demonstrating their joy. "I pray you let me not be smothered before I see if your much vaunted country deserves the praises you have so loudly bestowed on it."

"I may well vaunt of her now, for she, this day, possesses a gem I would not exchange for a diadem."

"It is a pity that her Majesty is too far off to hear that pretty speech," replied his gay companion, pretending to misunderstand him, "but I

shall do my best to rehearse it the first fitting opportunity; a little flattery never comes amiss to any of our sex."

"If you think I have been insincere in the expressions I used concerning the lady of whom I spoke, I will make amends for it by declaring honestly, that she is not free from faults, and that, in common with her sex, she trifles ungenerously with the hearts she has enslaved. By my honōur, there is not one woman in ten thousand who knows how to requite a devoted lover."

"Nor," replied the fair Dane, "is there one man in fifty thousand, who knows how to distinguish between the playful gaiety of a light heart, and the cold coquetry which triumphs in giving pain."

"Forgive me, sweet Margaret," replied the youth, who, in the earnestness of his petition, laid his hand on the pummel of her saddle, and bent forward to read his pardon in her eyes.—"Say that you forgive my petulance! Ah! trouble not the joy I feel in seeing you among mine own native hills—Pardon, dearest Margaret!"

"You are over forward, sir," replied the maiden, bestowing at the same time a smart stroke of her riding-whip on the hand which held her saddle; "you interrupt my view of the pageant. Ay, that will do," she continued, as the youth, in a transport of passion, plunged his armed heel into

his courser's side, which bounded some paces forward. "I can now see the elegant Moray—how well he sits his horse! He is indeed a handsome cavalier—see with what noble grace he bends to listen to the Queen's speech. I hear all the Scottish maidens are dying for love of the bonny Earl, and there need be small wonder, truly."

"Margaret," said the youth, forcing his courser close to her side, "if you say another word, I will prick this minion with my rapier, and see if he can sit his horse in the field as well as he does in this cursed pageant."—Margaret smiled on him —"Ah!" said the youth, "I see you forgive me; but why do you take such a malicious pleasure in vexing me?"

"Nay," replied the fair Dane, "how could I know it would vex you to hear the Earl of Moray praised? I thought to please you, by framing my speech after the manner of your Scottish maidens."

"Mocker," replied the youth, "you must have this wild spirit tamed."

"Not by such as you, malapert. But spend not the time in chiding, which you will better employ in telling me the names of the nobles and others who form this splendid train."

"I need not point out to you the Chancellor Maitland, nor the Earl-Mareschal, as you knew them in your own country; but that is the Duke

of Lennox, and there is the restless Earl of Bothwell, to whom quiet and tranquillity are as gall and wormwood. Look at that tall swart man in the purple mantle, with the jewelled rapier, that is the Earl of Traquair; and his ancient enemy, Lord Yester, is a few paces behind him."

"Gramercy!" cried the fair Margaret, "but you Scottish nobles must be a quarrelsome race; every great lord seems to have at least one mortal enemy. Can the King not quell these feuds?"

"He has tried it often; and once, by dint of threats and persuasion, got all the nobles who were at variance with each other to promise mutual forgiveness of injuries. He assembled them in the Palace, and made them walk hand in hand to the Cross, (himself accompanying them,) where they drank to each other's health, and then together partook of a costly banquet. But I doubt not, they hated each other as heartily as before; for though a king can do many things, Mistress Margaret, it is past his power to obliterate the long-nourished passions of the heart. See you not the hatred and envy lurking in Huntly's deceitful smile? He looks as if ready to thrust his dagger through Moray's heart."

We shall spare our readers an account of the pageants which were displayed to welcome the royal pair to their kingdom of Scotland—of the fayre boys who presented the silver keys of the

city to the Queen, or of the gilt tun from which a young Bacchus distributed abundantly rich wines to the populace—neither shall we stop to describe the costly banquets, on which the most celebrated baxters and potangers exhausted their utmost skill. Suffice it to say, that the King and his bride now entered on a career of folly and extravagance which emptied the royal coffers; and, worse than this, lessened the respect of the people for their king, and called forth the reprehension of the clergy, who now vehemently remonstrated against the frivolities in which the Queen loved to indulge.

CHAPTER III.

Up then spake a wylie lord,
 And to the Queen said he,
" Tell me quha is the fairest face
 Rides in the companie?"

" I've seen lords and I've seen lairds,
 And knichts of high degree,
But a fairer face than young Waters
 Mine een did never see "

Out then spak the jealous King,
 (An angry man was he,)
" And if he had been twice as fair,
 You might have excepted me."

Ballad of Young Waters.

In vain did the rigid Presbyterian ministers exhort the Queen to desist from ballings, plays, and other suchlike sinful modes of wasting time. Their admonitions were disregarded, and nightly revels, suiting ill the impoverished state of the royal finances, were held in the Palace, whose walls resounded to the notes of the lute and ghittern, and where all that was noble of the Scottish youth assembled to do homage to their beautiful Sovereign, who, vain of her charms, and open to flattery, began, by the levity of her manner, to displease the King,

who watched every look of his volatile bride with ill-concealed solicitude. This was observed by Huntly, who inwardly determined to turn it to the destruction of Moray, who, unsuspicious of evil, and absorbed by a passionate attachment in another quarter, had no leisure to detect the wiles of his enemy.

"Why so pensive, fair lady?" asked the Queen one evening of the Lady Magdalene Gordon. "You look like some love-lorn maiden. Come, tell us the name of the favoured youth? What, you wont?—then we must guess. Heaven forefend it should be the gallant Logie, for he is slain outright by the bright eyes of Mistress Margaret here, and has persuaded the silly child that she loves him."

"So please your Grace," replied Lady Magdalene, "I have no desire to rival my fair friend, nor indeed any one. I have long forsworn that worse than Egyptian bondage, the bondage of love."

"Now," replied the Queen, "out upon thee, for a foolish railer. When Dan Cupid gets you into his net, he will dearly avenge himself of these scoffs; and truly we suspect that you are at this moment one of his subjects, but I fear me an unwilling one. Come, now, confess which of our gallant nobles has touched your proud heart. Methought we caught the hair-brained Master of Glamis watching your steps last night in the dance.—No—Must we guess again? Then we wager our

rose-diamond ring, that the bonny Earl of Moray is the conquering hero.—A blush, ladies—a blush —she wears the bright livery of Cupid."

"If I blush," replied Lady Magdalene, "it is at the supposition that I could feel aught but enmity towards the enemy of my house and race."

"Fie, ungentle dame! You ought not to keep up these injurious feuds, and, least of all, against the noble Moray. And here comes one who will surely be on our side," continued the Queen, as James approached her. "Will it please your Majesty to come hither, and help us to bring the Lady Magdalene to confess that she has let her heart go out of her keeping?"

"It's mair than likely," replied the King; "women's hearts are ill to keep. But who do ye think has taken the Lady Magdalene's fancy?"

"Who should it be," replied the Queen, "but he who wins all hearts, even the bonny Earl of Moray. Look at him, your Grace," continued she, laying her hand on the King's arm. "Observe his noble air—his graceful carriage. He has the step and gait of a prince. He is a man a woman may well be proud to love."

"He's weel enough," answered James pettishly, and shaking off her hand—"he's weel enough; but I dinna see whatfor we are to stand here a' night glowring at him walking up and down and making murgeons wi' his feathered hat. If ye dinna mean

to dance, we may as weel send away the music. I see nae use in the fiddlers deaving us for naething."

"Send away the music! In good sooth that must not be. We shall lead a dance ourselves. Logie, tell the Earl of Moray we are disposed to dance a measure.—Come, my lords and ladies, follow me."

The favoured Earl advanced, and making a low obeisance to the Queen, led her forward and commenced the dance. Huntly drew near the King, who was looking at the dancers with a troubled air.

"I wonder not, your Grace, that you cannot withdraw your eyes from this fascinating sight. Her Majesty far excels all our fair dames in this elegant accomplishment."

"As to excelling in dancing,—*cui bono, cui bono*, my lord? It would please us better if she were to give more of her time to her books and her embroidering frame, and less to skipping like a mawkin. Royalty should look like royalty," said James, as he leant for support on Huntly's shoulder, and walked, or rather waddled, to the other end of the apartment. The weakness of James's limbs, it is well known, gave a shambling uncertainty to his gait, which procured him the familiar cognomen of Stoiter-Shaughle. When we add to this, that he had great rolling, staring eyes, and a tongue much too large for his mouth, it will readily be believed that he could not be an object of affection

to his giddy and volatile queen, who about this time began to display a marked partiality for the society of Moray, which was quickly perceived by every one but the object of her admiration. He, blind to everything that did not relate to his idol, the fair maid of Denmark, received these marks of her favour with gratitude, but without a thought or wish beyond.

"Nay," replied Huntly, "your Grace is surely too severe. You would not wish her Majesty to be deprived of an amusement which seems to afford her such delight. What grace, what animation in her steps! And Moray, too, seems quite inspired. Enemy as I have been to him, though now a friend, by your Majesty's gracious mediation, I must allow, that, in these courtly exercises, he excels us all, and to-night, methinks, he is particularly captivating. It is said, that there is not a beauty in the court who would reject his offered love; but it is not known on whom his choice will fall."

"By my soul," replied James, "our ladies abate somewhat of their dignity in this matter. What—is there not a noble about our court worthy of a smile from our dames, but this proudfu' and perjink Earl?"

"Women, my liege, are easily caught by a gay outside. If a man cannot move gracefully in the dance, touch the ghittern with a master's hand, and sing roundels and love-songs, they will despise

him, although he should have the wisdom of Solomon, and the learning of Bede."

"Ay, ay," answered James, "women are but light gear, and easily taken by those maist like themsels; but I hae heard tell that the Earl makes an unco fraise about Mistress Margaret Twinstoun—Is this no true?"

"An' please your Grace, it is true, and it is not true. He's just the very shadow of the fair Danish maiden, but most people think this is merely a device to hide the real object of his passion; but who that is, continues to be a mystery."

"Say you so?" replied the King, evidently startled; "by my faith, we like not these hiddling doings. We must take some order in this matter."

"I beseech your Grace not to let my foolish jesting occasion any harm to Moray; if he should discover that I had caused your interference, our ancient feud would be revived. Without doubt, Moray has powerful reasons for throwing so much mystery over his passion."

"I dinna misdoubt it," answered James hastily, "but go, my lord, and tell the Queen we are evil disposed, and that we hae had enough o' this cursed scraping and fiddling;" and, on saying these words, the King retired instantly, left the gay assemblage, and retreated to his own apartment.—Just then the dance ended, and the fair Dane, who had observed the conference, and noticed the angry

gestures and exit of the King, hastened to the Queen, and reached her side as Huntly also came up, to tender his quota of flattery and extravagant commendation on her dancing. As this kind of conversation was much more agreeable to the Queen than the whispered apprehensions of her protegée that something had happened to discompose his Majesty, she hastened to silence her youthful monitress.

"Discomposed, silly child, what could discompose him? Did you hear the King say that aught had displeased him?"

"So please your Majesty, I was not near enough to hear his speech, but his gestures were angry, and his countenance disturbed."

"Gramercy, child, you are, no doubt, a notable observer of the varying moods of the lords of the creation.—My Lord of Huntly, what say you?—this silly child would fain persuade us that his Majesty passed from this in displeasure?"

"Your Majesty," replied Huntly, "has only to recollect the exquisite treat the King has just enjoyed, to understand his feelings, and indeed," (in a lower tone) "the feelings of every man."

"I told you so, faint heart," said the Queen gaily to her attendant, flattered by the homage of Huntly. "I said that you must be mistaken; and to punish you for holding these gloomy crotchets, we order you to tread a measure with Logie. Nay,

sweetheart, what is there to blush at in virtuous love?—Logie, lead her out."

Although her attachment to Wemyss was sanctioned by the Queen, and known to the whole court, yet, with the bashfulness and modesty generally attendant on a first passion, the fair Dane always, when she could, avoided the public attention of her lover; but for this privation he was amply recompensed by being allowed to accompany her in her rambles on Salisbury Crags, and through the charming environs of the palace.

If there were some who, from doubtful motives, seemed to watch every look of the Queen and the Earl of Moray, a feeling of admiration was deeply excited by our youthful pair, whose mutual attachment spoke not less eloquently in her studied avoidance of his gaze, than in the impassioned looks with which he regarded the fair young creature. And none seemed to enjoy the scene more than the Queen, who sadly disconcerted her protegée by her piquant raillery, and the remarks she from time to time addressed to the gay circle around her.

"My Lord," said she to the Earl of Moray, who stood behind her chair, "is not this excellent? See her joy that this teasing dance is done. I vow she will scarcely allow Logie to touch her hand or to lead her to a seat. Are you not amused?"—The Queen having waited in vain for a re-

ply, hastily turned her head to see if Moray had left his station, and saw him gazing on the lovely Dane with looks which bespoke the most devoted love and admiration. A shade of displeasure now passed over her countenance, and turning away from him, she exclaimed,—"We are tired of this foolery; my Lord of Huntly, can you devise no method to speed pleasantly away the lagging hours?"

"If," replied Huntly, "I am not too bold, I would ask that your Majesty would again permit us the felicity of seeing your Grace in the dance."

"In sooth," replied the Queen, "that would be to me as tiresome as a twice-told tale; you lack invention, my lord. We would ask my Lord of Moray to touch his ghittern, but that we are loath to interrupt his meditations, which, without doubt, he finds more attractive than our converse."

This remark recalled Moray to recollection; he withdrew his eyes, and replied, in some confusion, that he would feel honoured by obeying her commands, but that unluckily its strings were broken.

"Nay, never stop for that," replied the Queen, "you shall have another.—Go," continued she to Harry Lindsay of Kilfauns, "and bring my ghittern here. You will find it on the couch in my apartment."

Young Lindsay bowed, and, leaving the room, directed his steps to the Queen's chamber, which he entered hastily, but stopped short on finding

the King there alone, and pacing up and down with a very gloomy air.

"What brings you here, sir?" said the King, angrily. "Is it to tell me that the Queen has broken up this cursed revel? Speak, sir, what is your errand?"

Lindsay, utterly confounded, could only stammer out that he was sent for the Queen's ghittern.

"Her ghittern—is this the way our commands are sneezed at? Her ghittern at this time o' night too!"

"An' please your Grace," replied Lindsay, thinking to allay the storm, "her Majesty does not mean to play; she wishes it for the Earl of Moray."

"For the Earl of Moray!" said James in a fury, and, seizing the instrument, he broke it into a thousand pieces, and, trampling on the fragments, thundered out, "By my soul, neither Queen nor Earl shall ever play on thee again.—Go, sir, to her Majesty, tell what you have seen and heard, and add, that we desire to be alone—she comes not here."

In great surprise and consternation, Lindsay left the room; but, on his return to the Queen, he was intercepted by Huntly, who drew from him what had passed. On talking the affair over, Huntly persuaded Lindsay to allow him to apprise the Queen of his Majesty's violence, for which he pre-

tended to be unable to account; and returning to the apartment, he made some frivolous excuse for the King not seeing her again that night, and for the non-appearance of the ghittern, then proposed that his sister should sing her favourite ballad. To this proposal the Queen consented, and Lady Magdalene, finding herself forced to comply, raised her lute, and to a simple and plaintive air sung the following words:

1.

The lady sat in her leafy bower,
  "With a hey and a lily gay;"
She listen'd to the fast falling shower,
  "And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

2.

She heard the sound of a warrior's steed,
  "With a hey and a lily gay,"
Come rushing on with a furious speed,
  "And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

3.

At the bower it stopp'd with sudden bound,
  "With a hey and a lily gay,"
And a knight he quickly touch'd the ground,
  "And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

4.

His lip and cheek all so ghastly seem'd,
  "With a hey and a lily gay;"
And in his belt a bright dagger gleam'd,
  "And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

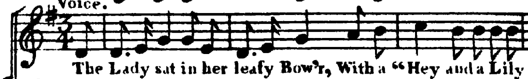
She wrung her hands in fear deep and dire,
  "With a hey and a lily gay;"
From his eye flash'd a dark lurid fire,
  "And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

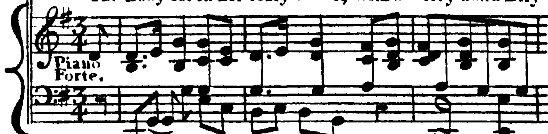
"THE ROSE IT SMELLS SO SWEETLY,"

An old Ballad;

Arranged with Piano Forte and Guitar Accompaniments,



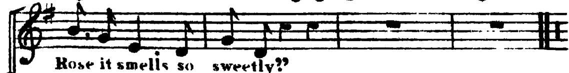














* * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * *

8.

The pale flower bow'd its head and mourn'd,
"With a hey and a lily gay,"
And the blush Rose to a red one turn'd,
"And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

9.

And soon the sound of a war-steed's tread,
"With a hey and a lily gay,"
Is faint and far in the distance heard,
"And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

10.

And all may see in that lady's bower,
"With a hey and a lily gay,"
No one will grow but a crimson flower,
"And the Rose it smells so sweetly."

As soon as the song was finished, Huntly turned the attention of the Queen to some other amusement, inciting her to continue the revels till a late hour; and having contrived to leave open the door of the apartment, the King, with feelings we shall not attempt to describe, listened to the noisy mirth of the thoughtless Queen and her gay associates.

CHAPTER IV.

It is morning, and the sky,
Like a royal canopy,
Burns with crimson and with gold;
And from out his cloudy hold
Joyfully breaks forth the sun,
While each thing he looks upon
Seems bright, as if only born
For that first glad hour of morn.
* * * * *
There are other sights than these,
Other sounds are on the breeze:
Hearken to the baying hound,
Hearken to the bugle's sound!
Horse-tramp, shout, upon the ear,
Tell the hunter-band are near.
L. E. L.

PERHAPS a night's reflection had shown the King the danger and impropriety of giving way so openly to his passion: certain it is, that on meeting the Queen next day, he seemed relieved on finding her with an unruffled brow, and he prepared with alacrity to enjoy his favourite amusement of hunting. However timid James might be on other occasions, in the chase he was a bold and fearless rider, and indeed never appeared to so much advantage as when on horseback, and engaged in the eagerness of pursuit or triumph of capture. As James intended to go no farther than

Wardie, which was only a few miles from the palace, he insisted that the Queen and some of her ladies should join the party; and, accordingly, soon after the morning repast, the gay cavalcade set out on the excursion. It was soon evident, however, that even his favourite pastime failed to engage the attention of the King: he was thoughtful, and abstracted from what was passing around him, until the party reached the scene of their promised sport.

Here the King took advantage of the clamour and confusion, and, seizing hold of the bridle of Lady Magdalene Gordon's palfrey, he suddenly struck off to the south, and continued to push on at a rapid pace, until he and his astonished companion had left the party far behind, and were so distant that even the sound of the hunting horns, and the cry of the dogs, faintly reached them. James at length drew up his steed, under the shade of a beautiful beech tree, on a rising ground which commanded a view of no common kind. Behind them the Castle towered in proud magnificence, on the right was seen Arthur's Seat, rearing its green summit to the sky, below them lay the beautiful woods of Wardie, washed by the silver Forth, while beyond this noble river the view was bounded by the bold hills of Fife.

James looked around him with a complacent air, till his eye chanced to fall on Dinnibirsle, the seat of the Earl of Moray, situated on the Fife coast,

and which the clearness of the atmosphere rendered distinctly visible. His countenance darkened, and, turning aside, his feelings suddenly burst forth —" It is a fair scene, ay, a noble heritage; but what boots it, if it cannot give peace to its masster! The mavis and the gowd-spink fill the woods with song, while Scotland's King sighs heavily; the caitiff peasant lays down his head in peaceful slumber, but the brows that are bound with a crown throb painfully. Alas! alas! what avails this world's gear, if carking care is ever beside us!"

Lady Magdalene sighed heavily; the King started, and for the first time seemed to recollect that he was not alone. In some embarrassment he said, " We ask your pardon, fair lady, for our want of gallantry in giving way to sombre thoughts while you are by our side; but in sooth we have many cares, which at times sadden the spirit, but which the Lady Magdalene will the more readily forgive, as she seems to be demented hersel, and to ken somewhat o' the troubles o' life."

" I grieve," replied Lady Magdalene, in some confusion, " to find that aught distresses your Majesty; but, without doubt, a crown brings many cares."

" Nae doubt," answered James, " a man cannot walk very lightly that has the weight of a kingdom on his shoulders; but we are no sae selfish as to think only o' our ain comfort—a gude king should

try to make a' his subjects happy. Can we do aught to bring back a smile to your winsome face?"

"Your Grace's kindness calls for my deepest gratitude; but I assure you I am quite happy." And Lady Magdalene coughed away a sigh.

"Weel, weel, since you'll no confess, we winna fash ye; but though you are sae carefu' o' your ain secrets, ye manna be sae close about other folks'. Ken ye if the Earl of Moray loves Mistress Margaret Twinstoun?"

"So please your Grace," replied Lady Magdalene, in a faltering voice, "I am not in the Earl's confidence."

"We weel believe that, for a'body kens the hatred that exists between your house and his; but since ye're no in his confidence, ye'll hae the less scruple to tell me what ye ken anent this matter."

"In truth, your Majesty must pardon my silence on this subject. It is one that—that—but indeed your Grace must excuse me, if I decline all interference in matters of this nature."

"Woman," exclaimed the King, kindling into fury, "what means this faltering speech? By heavens, this confirms our worst fears. Speak, we command you, on your allegiance, and say does the Earl of Moray love the Danish maiden?"

"If ever woman was loved by man, so surely

is the Danish maiden the idol of Moray's noble heart."

"And is it even so?" answered the King, with a joyful accent; "by my faith, this intelligence merits a rich reward;" taking, as he spoke, a jewel from his finger, and which he endeavoured to place on Lady Magdalene's hand; but Lady Magdalene, shrinking back, hastily withdrew her hand, and replied,—

"Pardon me, your Grace, but I cannot accept your rich gift; it appears to me like the price of treachery. Alas! I know not what evils my communication may bring on the Earl; and unfriendly as he is to our house, yet I would not willingly harm him."

"Have no fears on that point," replied the King; "for in place of harming him, your communication will be the cause of his obtaining the hand of the woman he loves. I wanted but to be assured of his sentiments, to take means to break off this childish attachment between Mistress Margaret and young Wemyss of Logie. The protegée and favourite of the Queen deserves a better match. We ourself shall give her a rich dower, and she shall be Countess of Moray as surely as we are King of Scotland.—What ails the lady? by my saul, she's in a swoon," exclaimed the King, as the reins dropt from Lady Magdalene's hand, which fell powerless by her side; and she would have

fallen to the ground, had not the King hastily dismounted and caught her in his arms. He lifted her gently down, laid her on the grass, and then ran to a little wimpling burn for water, which he brought in his hunting-cap: he then raised her up till her head reclined on his shoulder, and was shocked to behold the excessive paleness which overspread her countenance. James now bathed her small delicate hands with water, and sprinkling some on her face, he had soon the pleasure of seeing her revive, though for a considerable time deep sighs alone attested returning consciousness.

"Where am I?" exclaimed she, gazing round her with an air of perplexity.

"In safe keeping," answered the King; "but by my faith, if you play these pliskies whenever you ride, you would need to take a leech with you—we thought you had fairly gane to the other world."

"Would it had been so!" said Lady Magdalene, disengaging herself; "but, with your Grace's leave, I would fain return to the palace; I feel that I require a little rest and quietness."

"By my faith, an' thou dost," answered the King, gallantly assisting her to mount, "ye can scarcely sit your palfrey; give us the rein, we shall lead it." And in this guise they proceeded till they encountered the hunting party.

"Here comes our truant," said the Queen,

gaily.—"Most noble knight, who is that distressed damsel you are leading captive? or is she some fair dame whom thou hast delivered from the power of a wicked enchanter?"

"In sooth, we believe that some witch has been castin' her cantrips ower her; we rode a little apart to get out o' the din, and enjoy in quietness the merry song of the laverock in the lift, when, on a sudden, this fair maiden dwaumed away, and we had muckle ado to bring her to hersel, and she's no very weel yet, by token, that she rides as if she had nae mair strength than a windle-strae; sae let us put on, and get her hame as fast as we can."

So saying, the King spurred on his steed, and placed himself close to the Queen, and, in high good humour with each other, the royal pair rode gaily on, followed by the ladies and courtiers, all of whom puzzled themselves to find out the cause of Lady Magdalene's illness, and of the gaiety and good humour of the King. On arriving at the palace, his Majesty called out to Harry Lindsay of Kilfauns, the Master of the Queen's Household,—"If ye would deserve favour at our hands, Harry, see that you devise some merry pastimes for this night; we feel as if we could take auld Care himsel by the beard. And hark ye, friend, see that there is no lack of powsowdie at our board to-day."

And in this jovial humour King James entered his royal palace of Holyrood.

In obedience to his Majesty's commands, Lindsay arranged a splendid revel, which seemed to give enjoyment to every one but our fair Dane, who, on the first intelligence of the illness of her friend, had hastened to her apartment, and was deeply grieved to observe that some mental disquietude was the occasion of the evident indisposition under which she suffered.

Lady Magdalene, however, made light of the matter, and positively refused to allow Margaret to watch at her bedside, declaring that she wanted nothing but solitude and repose; and a message arriving at the moment that Margaret was wanted by the Queen, it afforded her an excuse for insisting that she should leave her. The Danish maiden obeyed the summons, but a gloomy presentiment hung over her mind; her heart was not in the scene, and she joyfully welcomed the hour of midnight, which released her from being a spectator of mirth and gaiety, in which she could not participate.

An hour after this, young Logie was awakened from a lover's dream of his Margaret, by a rough hand on his collar. He started up, and his first thought being that some one was endeavouring to purloin her picture, which he wore constantly in his bosom, he seized the figure which, by the flicker-

ing light of the night-lamp, he saw bending over him, and exclaimed, "Villain! you shall have my life first."

A well-known voice answered, "Whisht—on your life, make nae noise, but rise and get ready at my bidding."

In utter confusion, Wemyss sprung out of bed, and falling on one knee, exclaimed, "Pardon, your Grace, I knew not——"

"I ken what ye would say; so nae mair about it. Hae ye a travelling dress beside ye?"

"I have, so please your Majesty."

"On wi't then, as fast as ye can, for my business winna tarry."

Logie, in great surprise at this mysterious visit, observed narrowly the countenance of the King, which alternately bore the expression of triumphing cunning and fidgetty uneasiness. James walked up and down in the apartment till Logie had completed his toilet, then turning suddenly on him, he said, "Young man, canst thou be discreet,—art trust-worthy?"

"Try me, your Grace," replied the youth, turning on James his clear honest eye.

"We will do it; and see that ye demean yoursel sae as to deserve the favour of your King. We have a letter to send to our ambassador at the Court of England, and as it is anent a matter requiring secrecy and caution, and ane that we din-

na want our Chancellor to get an inkling o', we hae resolved not to employ any of our usual messengers. Will ye ride to England, and deliver it into the ambassador's ain hand?"

"Most willingly; and I feel profoundly grateful for the honour of——"

"Say nae mair, man, but get your cloak and pistols. Every thing is ready—there is a horse saddled and waiting for you at the south entrance, and here is a purse of gold. We will gang wi' ye oursel, and see ye safely forth."

"Will your Majesty graciously permit me to write but a single line to Mistress Margaret? I should have sailed up the Frith with her to-morrow, and she may be uneasy at my non-appearance."

"Leave that to us, and set out on your mission; and remember that safety is of mair consequence than dispatch. So dinna spoil the bonny steed by hard riding. Now, young man, if this gear ends as we wish, you will be entitled to some recompense. What shall it be? Will ye hae gold or braid lands for your gueidon?"

"Your Majesty's kindness overpowers me; but since you allow me a choice of recompense, my selection is soon made. I have gold in plenty, and the lands of Logie content me; but," continued he, bending on one knee, "will your Majesty deign to intercede for me with the Queen, that she would

hasten the time of my union with her fair protegée. Her Majesty says we are too young; but if your Grace would condescend to represent our devoted attachment, our misery at the fear of any obstacle to——"

"This will be seen to—this will be seen to," replied James, hastily avoiding Logie's animated eye; "but there's nae need to hurry, young folk often change their minds. We wou'dna wonder if ye come back wi' an English bride riding beside ye."

"Never, your Grace—never!" replied Logie, vehemently. "Our hearts are bound with bands which death alone can break."

"Whisht, sir," replied James, angrily. "Do ye think we rose out of our bed at this untimeous hour to hear you manner about love and nonsense? Rise up and listen to our commands, if ye have sense enough left to comprehend them. Ye'll ride cannily on, putting up at the least frequented public-houses on the road, till ye come to a lone house twa miles on this side o' Durham, bearing the sign o' the Thistle; there ye will bide three days, and if in that time we dinna send ye ony mair dispatches, ye will gang on to London, and give this letter into our ambassador's ain hand, and he will gie ye a letter to bring down to us; but maybe ye'll need to wait on't twa or three

weeks in London. Now, fling on your cloak, put up your purse, step lightly, and follow us."

In total silence, James and his companion stole through the corridor, and descended a private staircase, at the foot of which was a well-secured door, of which James quickly produced the key, and softly undoing the heavy chains and strong bars, he made a sign to Logie to pass out. He secured the door, and then, followed by Logie, walked quickly on till he arrived at the place where waited, ready appointed, a strong and mettlesome steed. Logie leapt into the saddle, made an obeisance to the King, and rode off at a round pace, while James with stealthy steps regained the door, and passed unobserved to his chamber.

CHAPTER V.

The dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
The night's long hours, still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

I have no joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

MOORE.

THE succeeding day was one of unclouded beauty, and at an early hour many of the fair dames who adorned the Court had already prepared for an excursion, from which they expected to derive much enjoyment. The white sails of the vessel which was to carry this fair freight, glittered in the clear sunshine, and the gay cavalcade was on the point of setting out when it was discovered

that Logie had not joined them. The messenger sent to his apartment brought back intelligence of his absence. His attendant said he had seen him in bed at midnight, but knew nothing farther of his motions. The dress he wore in the revel of the preceding evening lay scattered around the chamber; but a travelling suit, his rapier and pistols, were missing. Anne of Denmark, however, would not allow this mysterious occurrence to interrupt her promised pleasure, but, after some intreaty, consented to dispense with the attendance of the fair Dane, and, accompanied by many of her ladies and nobles, set out on her excursion.

Soon after this, and while Margaret was giving herself up to tears and grief, James (who, under pretence of state business, had declined going with the Queen,) suddenly entered her apartment. Somewhat ashamed of her excessive affliction, Margaret drew her flaxen locks over her face, and tried to hide her fast-falling tears.

"What, all alone, pretty Margaret? Come, come, you must not weep so bitterly. Has nae-thing been heard o' Logie?"

"Nothing," replied Margaret, with a fresh burst of grief.

"Beshrew me! but this is strange. Left he nae letter nor message for you?"

"Neither, your Grace."

"By my soul, sweetheart, he deserves not that

ye should waste sae mony tears on him. I doubt what I hae heard is ower true, that he's aff and ower the Border wi' some gay quean."

"'Tis a base falsehood, your Majesty. I will stake my life on his truth."

"True or false," replied James, "it matters little. We mean ye a greater match. The Queen's favourite should look higher. We maun put a coronet on that bonny brent brow."

"Your Grace is pleased to mock me. You cannot mean me to break my plighted troth?"

"You need hae small scruple, since your lover has run away from ye. Think nae mair o' him, Mistress Margaret. I hae settled a match for ye that would do honour to the proudest dame in Scotland. Your glancing blue een and flaxen locks hae taken captive the noble Earl of Moray, and our will is that ye shall be his bride."

Believing the King jested, Margaret shook back her fair hair, and, half-smiling, turned her eyes on him; but on meeting his severe and determined glance, her heart sunk within her, the colour left her cheek, and before he could prevent her, she threw herself at his feet, and clasped his knees. "Oh! gracious King, recall these words! I can love no one but Logie. Break not the heart of the poor stranger maiden. For love of Wemyss I left my parents, my sisters, my native land; and never shall any other man call me bride."

" How! minion, dare you dispute our will? Rise," continued he, as Margaret still clasped his knees, bending her head till her ringlets swept the ground. " Ye're far ower young to ken what will make or mar your happiness. We promised your parents to take a fatherly care o' ye, and we will acquit our promise by matching you wi' the highest noble in the land."

" Be not so cruel !"——

" Silence, I command you !" answered James, in a tone which made her tremble; " silence, and hear our determination. In three days a ship sails for Denmark, and by my soul, if by that time ye are no betrothed to Moray, ye shall sail in her."

And with these words the King flung from her, and hastened out of the apartment. In utter despair Margaret paced up and down, wringing her hands, and weeping bitterly. The mysterious disappearance of Logie filled her with the most gloomy apprehensions: to this was now added the harshness and severity of the King, and the sickening dread that he would put his threats into execution, and banish her from Scotland, before she had time to learn the fate of her lover. The Queen, too, was absent; and her only friend, the Lady Magdalene Gordon, was so seriously indisposed, as to render it impossible for her to counsel the miserable young creature, who now, oppressed with a sense of utter forlornness and de-

solation, covered her face with her hands and wept aloud. She had not continued long in this state when she felt her hand touched gently, and a voice say, " What afflicts my fair friend so grievously?"

Margaret looked up, and saw Huntly kindly regarding her.

" What can I do to comfort you?" asked he, soothingly.

" Oh, much, much," answered Margaret; " I am overwhelmed with affliction; and without a friend, without an adviser, I am ready to die of grief. Will you then stand in the place of my dear absent brothers, and give me a brother's counsel and support?"

The Earl was silent, and his dark countenance became disturbed by conflicting feelings.

" Oh, do not hesitate, noble Huntly! help me in my utmost need. Think if your sister were in a foreign land!"——

" Fair Margaret, what could induce you, guileless and unambitious as you are, to enter the precincts of a court? Know you not that here the presiding deities are Hatred, Envy, and Revenge, and to them are sacrificed every good feeling of our nature? Fly it then before you make shipwreck of virtue and happiness. No one can breathe its poisoned atmosphere uninjured: here you must either be a persecutor or a victim. You

are not formed for scenes like these, but to diffuse joy and gladness over a happy home."

"To such a life alone my wishes point; but never, never will they be realized."

And she went on to detail all that had passed with the King, to which he listened with profound attention; but when she proceeded to say that she proposed begging the Queen to intercede for her with his Majesty, and implore him to allow her to fulfil her engagement with Logie, his eyes sparkled with ill-concealed joy, and an air of triumph was spread over his whole person.

"You cannot possibly adopt a better mode, fair Margaret; this must succeed, and we shall soon see your sunny smile again."

"Think you this will do?" replied Margaret, eagerly.

"Unquestionably; but advise the Queen not to be discouraged by a first refusal, nor dismayed, should he appear displeased; she must persevere in her entreaties, and she will come off victorious."

"You know not what a weight you have taken from my mind. How shall I ever repay you?"

"Spare me your thanks, fair damsel, and pardon me for leaving you; but I have some affairs to transact, which must not be neglected. Take comfort, and hope for the best." And in saying these words, Huntly quickly left the apartment in

quest of the King, whom he found in the park, seated under the shade of a spreading tree.

As soon as he approached, the King accosted him,—" What's the reason, man, that ye're no at this fine ploy up the water? We thought we had the palace amaist a' to oursel;—what keepit you at hame?"

" My sister, an' please your Grace, is still indisposed, and I was unwilling to leave her. But I find I am not the only truant; Logie has disappeared, and the fair Mistress Margaret seems inconsolable."

" Deil a fear o' her. Hout, man, she'll soon come to hersel; there's naething sae gude to make a woman forget an auld lover as a new ane, and she'll no want that. The Earl of Moray, they say, has gane gyte about her, and so we hae settled that match."

" Indeed! I did not expect that the Queen would have consented—that is to say, approved. —But does her Majesty know of this?"

" The Queen kens naething about it; it's a plan o' my ain, man."

" I doubt very much," replied Huntly, " that her Majesty will not consent."

" Deil-ma-care; the matter has our consent, and that's enough."

" And so the Earl *professes* to love fair Mistress Margaret?—that's a good stroke!"

"What the sorrow are ye driving at, Huntly?" said James, hastily; "ye hae a gude Scotch tongue in your head—speak out, man."

"Nay, an please your Grace, I have nothing to tell, only some fancies of my own, that this marriage will never take place. No doubt it would be natural for the Queen to like to see her favourite damsel well married—but to the Earl, I doubt—but all this is mere conjecture. I may be wrong, and unquestionably, now that your Majesty has declared your wishes, the Queen will use her influence with her protegée, to induce her to obey your commands.—Has your Majesty spoken to the Earl?"

"Not yet."

"Humph! he will be somewhat surprised. It is what he could never expect, knowing her attachment to Logie. Time alone will show how this will end."

"End! It will end in a merry wedding, for a' ye threep the contrary. Methought ye had mair rummlegumption than to believe we would mind the whigmaleeries o' a whingein' lassie."

"Heaven grant it!" replied Huntly, with a solemnity which startled James out of his good humour; "I trust it may be so; no one will rejoice more truly than your faithful servant. Of course, none but very powerful reasons will induce the Queen to oppose the advancement of her favourite."

"I wouldna redd her," said James, rising hastily, and walking towards the palace; "but we'll soon see; time tries a', as the winter tries the kail." And with this sage remark, the conversation ended.

Huntly's malicious insinuations, however, had the effect intended, and his dark hints, his doubts of the Queen's approval of the plan in agitation, revived, in full force, those suspicions which had been allayed by his conversation with Lady Magdalene, and James now became morose, restless, and gloomy; and while in this state of mind, the intelligence he now received, that the Earl of Bothwell (who had been committed close prisoner for an alleged conspiracy with sundry noted witches, against the life of his Sovereign,) had escaped from the Castle, and was fled to England, rendered him almost frantic.

At this unpropitious moment, the Queen and her party alighted at the palace-gate, and her Majesty proceeded to her apartment, where she found Margaret in waiting, whose sorrowful looks attracting her attention, she questioned her as to the cause; and amidst a burst of grief, Margaret related all that had passed between the King and herself, and painted, in lively colours, her affliction at the mysterious disappearance of Logie, and her abhorrence to listen to any other lover.

"What say you, minion?" answered the Queen,

reddening with passion: "The King break off your engagement with Logie, and contract you to the Earl, without consulting *us*? The thing is impossible. What said the King?"

Margaret repeated their conversation.—"In three days to be betrothed or exiled, and without asking our pleasure in a matter which so nearly concerns us? This must be seen to.—Go, child, and ask where the King may be spoken with." Margaret obeyed, and soon returning, informed the Queen that his Majesty was in his private chamber.

This arbitrary disposal of her protegée roused the indignation of the Queen, who, with a flushed and disturbed countenance, and hasty step, entered the presence of the King, and instantly commenced a most spirited and vehement remonstrance; but no sooner was James aware of the scope of her discourse, than he broke out into the most violent rage, and overwhelmed her with such a torrent of invective, mingled with oaths, as completely subdued even her proud spirit, and awed her into silence; and she was so stunned and bewildered, that the King had twice to command her to leave the room before she had power to obey. In utter consternation, the Queen returned to her apartment; and her account of the interview threw Margaret into the deepest affliction.

"My gracious mistress," said Margaret, weep-

ing, "I grieve that your kind intercession for me has drawn on you the displeasure of his Majesty. You must not again venture on the subject, but leave me to take my own measures. I have already thought on a plan, which, if successful, will release me from the necessity of obeying the King's commands, or of leaving a country which contains all that is dear to me. Ask me not what steps I mean to pursue—mine be the risk. Oh, that I may be successful! Heaven, perhaps, will hear my prayers."

"Walk warily, Margaret, in this matter," replied the Queen, "for we never, in our life, saw the King so chafed. But it is near the time for the evening banquet; go and repose yourself in your chamber till we summon you to attend us there."

Most joyfully did the fair Dane avail herself of this permission, and speeding to her chamber, she hastily wrote a short billet, which she had scarcely finished, when she was summoned to the banquet. But on this evening there was an evident want of the careless mirth which usually prevailed;—the Queen was silent and abstracted; the courtiers spoke, in whispers, of the unwonted absence of the King, and a feeling of apprehension and uneasiness gradually diffused itself over the whole party. During the confusion incident to the Queen rising to leave the apartment, a little

billet fell at Moray's feet; he took it up, and read these words:—

"An unfortunate being, who has no hope but in your succour, implores you to meet her at midnight, near the jessamine bower, on the south side of the garden. To signify your assent, unsheath and examine your rapier."

The Earl, in some surprise, obeyed the instructions of his unknown correspondent; then, quickly returning his weapon into the sheath, he glanced around; but his hurried and singular action having drawn all eyes on him, he had no means of ascertaining which of the fair dames it was that watched for the signal; and the Queen and her attendants having now left the apartment, Moray repaired to his chamber, there to wait the arrival of the appointed hour.

CHAPTER VI.

When in yon fading sky
  Summer light closes,
And the lone spirit's sigh
  Steals o'er the roses;
When in the waters still
  Twilight is sleeping,
And on the purple hill
  Night-dews are weeping,
Where, o'er the slumbering lake.
  Droops the fond willow,
While the breeze cannot wake
  Even a billow;
When there is silence in each leafy bower,
There be our meeting—alone—in that hour

T. K. HERVEY.

THE great clock in the western tower was yet striking the hour of midnight, when the fair Margaret softly unclosed her chamber door and looked forth into the corridor, where a few half-extinguished lamps gave a flickering and uncertain light. In breathless anxiety she paused and listened; but the stillness of the night was unbroken save by the sound of an Eolian harp, which some lover of its wild strains had placed so as to catch the passing breeze, which brought forth the most

mournful and unearthly sounds. On finding all was quiet, she stepped gently back into her chamber and enveloped herself in a large plaid; and drawing its folds over her head, its ample dimensions completely screened her whole person. She then unclosed her casement and scrutinized the garden, where the shrubs and flowers, bathed in dew, glittered in the bright moonlight. There also all was still; and gathering courage from the deep repose which breathed around, she once more issued from her chamber. At this moment the rising breeze rushing through the open casement, swept the strings of the harp, which returned a melancholy and wailing sound, and the door of the chamber was closed with a startling noise.

For an instant Margaret stood appalled, and uncertain whether to advance or retreat; but on finding all remained quiet, she swiftly crossed the corridor, turned into a high vaulted passage, descended a narrow flight of stairs, and then proceeding onward a few paces, tapped gently three times on a low door, which opened on the appointed signal, and a youthful female came forth, who, making a gesture of silence, stepped softly on, and gently unlocking a postern door, our fair heroine, in another instant, found herself standing alone, beneath the palace walls. It was now only that all the hazard, the temerity of her enterprise,

flashed on her mind; and she was about to retrace her steps, when the distant sound of the waves, breaking on the sea-shore, recalled to her the threatened banishment; and nerved by despair, she started from her place of concealment, nor paused until she found herself within a few paces of the place of rendezvous.

As soon as the Earl of Moray heard the light steps for which he listened, he stepped forward to meet her, and taking her trembling hand in his, led her into the arbour, where she sunk on a seat while he remained standing before her, anxious to discover the cause of the deep sighs which proceeded from his silent companion. The Earl addressed to her some words of sympathy and kindness, and gently endeavoured to remove the covering from her face. This, however, Margaret resisted, but replied, "Well did I know I should receive comfort and assistance from the noble Moray."

The Earl started at the sound of her voice—his eyes sparkled, and, dropping on one knee, he exclaimed, "Beauteous Margaret, teach me how I can show myself worthy of your confidence. Command my fortune, my life."

"Rise, rise, my lord, I cannot listen to you in that posture. It is I who am the suppliant. I throw myself on you for brotherly support and counsel."

The Earl sighed, and seated himself beside her.

"Tell me, then, fair Margaret, in what can I assist you—whence proceeds this grief?—Nay, nay, compose yourself, all may yet be well; speak to me as to one ready to devote himself to your succour."

"Noble Moray," replied Margaret, "your generous kindness to a forlorn stranger merits her warmest thanks. I wish to confide in you, but cannot bring myself to declare the cause of my grief; and yet," continued she, with a more steady voice, "why should I blush to own, that the mysterious disappearance of the gallant Logie has overwhelmed me with apprehension and grief?"

"You afflict yourself needlessly, sweet Margaret; something has occurred to occasion his sudden absence, and he may have intrusted a billet to a careless messenger, or a thousand obstacles may have intervened to prevent him from apprising you of his motions."

"Bless you for that comfort," replied Margaret, with warmth; "yes, it must be so! I cannot doubt his truth, nor will I believe those base slanderers, who say he has fled with another love."

"How!" exclaimed the Earl, "can this be so!"

"No, no, do not believe it; he is incapable of such treachery—my life for his fidelity; but this is not all. Some enemy to my peace has prepossessed the King with the idea that Logie has deserted me; and, alas! the evil has not stopped

there. He also believes that I am beloved by one of his nobles, one whom I esteem with my whole heart, but whom I can never love; and the King has sworn, that if I do not consent in three days to receive his suit, I am to be exiled from Scotland, and never hear of Logie more. Ah, my lord, if you have ever loved, pity and counsel me!"

"*If* I have loved, beauteous Margaret!—but it matters not. Knows your destined lover of his happiness? and tell me if he does homage to your charms?"

"He is yet ignorant of the King's intentions; and as to your other question, he is far too generous and noble to wish to sever two faithful hearts."

"If he is the character you represent him to be, fair Margaret, and if he is indifferent to your charms, he will not hesitate to resign his claims. But, Margaret, if he loves you, think not he will ever relinquish the hope of calling you his. If he does love you, Margaret, his love will cease but with his life."

"But," replied Margaret, with a faltering voice, "he has never talked to me of love; and why should I think that he who may choose among the highest and fairest of the Scottish dames, has bestowed his noble heart on an unambitious lowly maiden?"

"Since, then," replied the Earl, "he has shown

you no tokens of love, believe me, he feels not that passion which never can be concealed; take comfort, then, and tell me if you have formed any plan to extricate yourself out of this matter?"

"Alas, my lord, this trial came so suddenly on me, and the time for action is so short, that I could think of nothing better than appealing to the generosity of him whom the King destines for me, prepare him for the King's proposal, and receive his sacred promise to reject my offered hand."

"This were a dangerous experiment, sweet maiden," replied the Earl; "beauty is never so powerful as when in sorrow, and your tears and entreaties might kindle a flame in a heart which may haply have resisted your smiles. Let me, then, do your errand."

"Be it so; to you, noble Moray, to you I intrust this mission. Oh, plead for me—paint my unalterable affection, my grief—say that I admire, I esteem him—that my heart would have been his, had it not been defended by a loved image—and, oh, fail not to urge, that, forlorn, desolate as I am, I have no refuge from misery but in his generosity—no shield but his honour."

"Cheer up, fair Margaret," said the Earl, "cheer up, rely on me—Yes, I will plead for you, even as if I were pleading for my own soul; but

you have not named the man who is so happy as to possess your esteem and confidence."

Margaret's heart beat high—her lips moved, but no sound escaped them. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a trembling hand she drew her mantle over her face, rose suddenly, and faltering out, "He is called the noble Earl of Moray," sprung past him, and had reached the entrance of the arbour, when he threw himself before her, fell at her feet, and, seizing her hand, he covered it with passionate kisses.

"Release me, Moray; unhand me, I say!" cried Margaret, struggling to break from him. "Oh, my only stay, my sole support and comfort, force me not to withdraw my esteem, my confiding trust in your generosity! Ah, do not abandon me!"

"Margaret, Margaret!" exclaimed the Earl, as he resisted her endeavours to escape, "try me not beyond my strength—nay, you must, you shall hear me. Ah, compassionate, I implore you, the agonies, the struggles I have endured—yes, I have long loved you, passionately loved you—not in hope and joy, but in anguish and despair. Ah, cruel maiden, do you show me a glimpse of heaven only to plunge me deeper into torments! Nay, you shall not go! hear me, I implore you. While I saw a happy rival blessed with your love, I refrained from showing my unhappy passion; but

now that he himself has broken your bonds, may I not hope——"

"Dare not to hope," replied Margaret, in excessive agitation. "If Wemyss is lost to me by death, or, worse than death, by infidelity, my heart will never own another master—my doom then is fixed. Farewell, Moray, farewell—when the ocean rolls between us, your heart may smite you for your cruelty to one, who, in the desolation of her soul, turned to you for succour. Alas! I left my native land gay as the blithest bird—I return as the stricken deer."

"Oh, beloved Margaret, torture me not. Now, by Heaven, I swear your trust in me shall not be in vain—Withdraw not your confidence from me—declare your wishes, and I vow to accomplish them, were it even to the bestowing you myself on my happy rival."

"There spoke the noble Moray! Friend, brother, how shall I thank you?—Rise, I implore you," she continued, giving him her hand.

"Nay, leave me here; ask me not to look on you, lest it prove too great a trial. Speak, then, dearest Margaret, what shall I do to promote your happiness?"

"Refuse my hand when it is offered to you by the King; conceal your unhappy love, and promise me that you will endeavour to conquer it."

"In all but the last I shall obey you. Ah,

Margaret, can you truly love, and yet not pity me?"

"What shall I say to comfort you!—will my everlasting gratitude——"

"No, Margaret, no,—gratitude sounds coldly to a lover's ear; but there is one little boon—"

"It is granted—speak your wishes."

"Give me, then, one flaxen tress to bind on my breaking heart."

"It is yours, noble Moray; and I hope the time will soon come when you will view it without emotion, and lose it without pain."

The Earl passionately kissed the gift, and placed it in his bosom; then, drawing her plaid around her, he supported Margaret along the narrow path, until they reached the postern door, which, on Margaret making the concerted signal, was softly opened. "Farewell, my best friend, my kind preserver," whispered Margaret. Moray held her a moment in his embrace, and then released her. Margaret hastily crossed the threshold, and the door closed behind her.

A circumstance occurred next day, which, by engaging the attention of the King, delayed his proposed conversation with Moray, and afforded the Earl time to arrange his plans. Intelligence reached the court of the cruel murder of George Home of Spot; and James Douglas, his son-in-law, was strongly suspected to be the instigator of this foul deed, to which it was averred he was induced by the

fear that Home intended to settle some lands on his nephew Sir George Home, which Douglas thought ought to belong to him, in right of his wife.

In consequence of this accusation, several of Douglas's retainers were seized and confined in the palace; and, as they would not acknowledge any participation in the outrage, a day was appointed for their being put to the torture, in order to extort a full confession of the murder. This affair having occupied the King the whole day, it was not till a late hour in the evening that Moray was summoned to attend him. Conscious of his inward agitation, and afraid of his countenance betraying it, Moray, on entering, was relieved to find that there was no light in the chamber save that which proceeded from a blazing fire, near which James stood, leaning on the mantel, an elaborately carved piece of dark oak. Moray advanced a few steps, made a low obeisance to the King, and then stood silent, as awaiting his commands.

"Come in, my lord, come in, and dinna fash us with so much ceremony," said James in an impatient tone. "We are sair disjaskit with this day's wark. By my saul, there seems to be no end to murders, reiving, and robbing. Our sister of England must think us little better than a nose-o'-wax to allow such doings; but, by the word of a crowned king, we shall skail the haill byke o' the

misleer't scoundrels, that show nae mair respect to their ain prince than if he was a pease-bogle; but we'll say nae mair anent this, for we have sent for you to speak about other gear.—My Lord of Moray, we hae heard that there is purpose of marriage between you and the bonny Mistress Margaret Twinstoun?"

"So please your Grace, whoever informed you——"

"Hout, man, think nae shame o' the matter. We warrant her to hae as good blood in her veins as ony Stewart amang ye; and dinna let want o' siller stop ye, for she shall be as weel-tochered a quean as ony in braid Scotland."

"The kindness of your Majesty overpowers me," replied Moray; "but Mistress Margaret Twinstoun can never be my bride."

"What the de'il ails ye at her, Moray? Surely ye cannot deny that there's no a dame at our Court that can compare with her. We ourselves never saw a fairer creature."

"Without doubt she is fair—passing fair. But whatever may be the merits and the charms of Mistress Margaret, I assure your Grace there is no prospect of marriage between us."

"By my saul but this is strange! They say ye hae every token of love about ye. Speak out, man, and if it's no bonny Mistress Margaret, tell

us who has cast glamour o'er ye, and we'll see if we cannot smooth your way."

"I feel most deeply grateful for your Majesty's condescension; but allow me to repeat, that I have no thoughts of marriage at present."

"In that case, my lord, we recommend you to withdraw from Court, and make room for others who will be mair sensible of our condescension and favour. My Lord of Moray, you may retire," said James, whose heightened colour spoke his wrath and indignation at this confirmation of his worst suspicions.

Surprised at James's vehemence, the Earl remained silent, and making a profound obeisance, was preparing to leave the chamber, when unhappily the King's quick eye detected the ringlet which lay within his vest. Rendered furious by the sight, James rushed on the Earl, grasped the golden tress, whose beauteous length almost touched the ground, and swinging it round with a look of fury, suddenly threw it on the blazing wood. Moray darted forward and thrust his hand into the fire, rescued a part of his treasure, which he again secured in his bosom; and unclasping his cloak, which was in flames around him, threw the burning fragments on the hearth, and left the apartment before the King had recovered from the surprise and consternation with which the boldness and audacity of the Earl had filled him.

Moray instantly sought an interview with Margaret, who was horror-struck on learning what had passed. It was evident that the King was deeply irritated against Moray, and she besought him to fly from the impending danger. Moray long resisted her entreaties, till seeing her become almost frantic with apprehension, he yielded to her persuasions. " Farewell, dearest Margaret—farewell; my foreboding heart whispers me we shall never meet again."

" Oh ! go not yet, noble Moray ! Alas ! how can I part with my only protector ?"

" Let me stay, then, sweetest Margaret—let me stay to shield you from every ill. Forbid me not to watch over you."

" No, no, it must not be; you have already remained too long here. But stay yet one moment." And as she spoke, she unfastened her scarf, and with it bound up his wounded hand.

" Farewell, noble Moray—farewell. The blessings and prayers of a friendless maiden go with you."

In speechless emotion the Earl gazed upon her, knelt at her feet a brief space. Then suddenly rising, he rushed from the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

> Time lags and slights his duty. I remember
> The days when he would fly. How sweet they were!
> Then I rebuked his speed, and now—and now
> I drench his wing with tears. How heavily
> The minutes pass!
>
> BARRY CORNWALL.

QUITE unsuspicious of the evil which impended over him, young Logie gaily proceeded on his journey, pleasing himself with the idea that if he executed his mission with fidelity and success, he would receive for his reward the hand of his fair mistress, which the Queen delayed to give him on account of their extreme youth. According to his instructions, he took the least-frequented roads, stopping occasionally at some lone cottage, where his winning mirthful smile, and frank speech, never failed to procure for him the food and shelter which he asked, and for which he liberally recompensed the grateful inmates.

In this manner he journeyed on till he arrived at the house mentioned by the King, which stood

sullenly apart from the few scattered cottages which formed the hamlet, and presented an appearance so little inviting, that Logie fervently hoped he would escape the necessity of remaining long beneath its wretched roof. On entering this miserable abode, Logie found it destitute of every comfort. The wind whistled through innumerable chinks and crannies—the garden was choked with weeds—the landlord was sullen and taciturn—his wife looked sad and heart-broken.

Logie, however, was not of a temper to be discomposed by trifling inconveniences; and knowing that his penance would continue only three days, he submitted cheerfully to the discomforts of his situation. On seeing his horse dressed and fed, he partook of his host's homely fare, then retired to the only sleeping apartment which the house afforded, which, entering through the kitchen, was separated from it by a wooden partition, full of rents and chinks, through which glanced at intervals the light of the lamp, as the dame moved about in her household occupations.

Logie laid his pistols and rapier within his reach—threw himself on the bed, and thought of his beautiful Margaret, till a deep repose fell on him, from which he did not awake till the sun was high in the heavens.

As the day passed on, Logie began to feel the irksomeness of his situation. Without occupation,

society, or amusement, never before had he passed his time so heavily. At last the shades of evening fell, and in complete weariness of spirit he retired early to rest, in hopes of sleeping away the lagging hours. But whether from the want of his usual active exercises, or from the storm which howled round the lonely dwelling, certain it is that this experiment did not succeed. Every instant he started up, fancying that wailings and cries of distress were borne on the blast which raved through the neighbouring wood; and once or twice he thought he distinguished the rapid tread of a steed. He rose and examined his pistols, unsheathed his rapier, and opening the casement, listened attentively, but no sounds were heard but the howlings of the storm. It was now past midnight, and, exhausted by his vigil, Logie threw himself on the bed, and endeavoured to obtain some repose. Soon again he fancied he heard a horseman approaching, nay, even stopping at the door; and being now completely roused, he distinctly heard his host rise and go out, and in a few moments, accompanied by a man muffled up in a horseman's cloak, and leading a strong black horse, evidently much spent with travel, he passed his window to the stable, where they remained a short time, and then softly repassing, entered the kitchen. At first they conversed in so low a tone, that Logie could with difficulty make out that the

host was well acquainted with the traveller, who spoke of his anxiety to reach Durham that night, which the storm had prevented.

The host mentioned that he had a stranger guest, on which his companion made some slight remark, and then returned to his former subject. This convinced Logie that he was not the expected messenger, and he endeavoured not to listen to a conversation which was certainly not intended for his ear. In spite of himself, however, he could not avoid hearing much of what passed, from which he gathered that the stranger was one of the royal household at Holyrood, and that, unknown to the King, he had ventured to absent himself on account of his brother's life being in danger, who, having been engaged in some affray on the Borders, was now concealed in Durham. But when the host asked, "What news from the Court?" Logie listened with deep attention.

"In truth, master," replied the stranger, "there are strange rumours afloat, and many things suspected, that it would not be safe to talk of in the Palace; but here one may venture to speak out without fear. Ye'll hae heard of the escape of the Earl of Bothwell?"

"Has he escaped?" replied the host. "Then, by my faith, we'll hear news o't."

"They say," rejoined his companion, "that he has fled to England, and the King is in such a

rage with his keepers, that hanging and beheading are the best words in his mouth. And the gallant young Laird o' Logie has disappeared, and the tear has never since been out of the eye of the bonny Mistress Margaret Twinstoun. She can hear no tidings of him, and she'll no believe what the King himsell told her, that he's ower the Border with another love; and she does naething but gang up and down wringing her hands, and crying he may be dead, but never unfaithful. Now, friend, I jealouse the King kens mair about Logie than he lets on, for ye see folks say that he thinks the Queen likes the Earl of Moray better than she should do. Now, the bonny Earl loves nane but Mistress Margaret, and folks dinna scruple to say that Logie is sent out o' the way till the King gets the Earl married to the Danish maiden; but sure am I they'll never succeed by fair means, for when a' the nobles o' the Court were crowding round her, nane got a smile but Logie. It's a sin and shame to part such lovers."

"They'll no die o' grief," replied the host.

"Maybe no; and there's one thing certain, which is, that Mistress Margaret met the Earl in the garden at mirk midnight. But what noise is that?" said he, on hearing Logie spring out of bed.

"Oh, something the wind has driven down. But how do ye ken a' this?"

"Ye see I have the charge of a postern door,

and my wife came and told me that I maun give her the key to let out the maiden, who said she maun see the Earl secretly on a matter of life and death. She took on so grievously, and said, if she didna get the Earl to do her bidding, she would be sent to Denmark in a ship that was ready to sail, and she would never see Logie again. And, to make a long tale short, my wife let her out at midnight, and it was the best part of an hour before she struck three times on the door, which was the signal to be let in again; the signal that I make also when I return."

It is impossible to paint the feelings with which young Wemyss listened to this dialogue. The whole truth burst suddenly upon him, and with it the agonizing fear that he might be too late. Not a moment was to be lost; he hastily threw on his travelling dress, seized his rapier and pistols, and leaving a piece of gold on the table, he sprung lightly through the opened casement, hurried to the stable, saddled and led out his good steed, and mounted, saying, "More than my life hangs on thy speed, noble Rayner;" gave him the spur, and galloped onward in a state of mind which rendered him unconscious of fatigue, and insensible to the warring elements.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Lament, lament na, may Margaret,
And of your weeping let me be;
For ye maun to the King himsel,
To seek the life of young Logie."

May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,
And she has curl'd back her yellow hair,—
"If I canna get young Logie's life,
Farewell to Scotland for evermair."

When she came before the King,
She knelit lowly on her knee,—
"O what's the matter, may Margaret?
And what needs a' this courtesie?"

"A boon, a boon, my noble liege,
A boon, a boon, I beg o' thee;
And the first boon that I come to crave,
Is to grant me the life of young Logie.

"O na, O na, may Margaret,
Forsooth, and so it manna be,
For a' the gowd o' fair Scotland
Shall not save the life of young Logie.'

The Laird o' Logie.

It was the dead hour of the succeeding night when Logie, spent with travel, arrived in the vicinity of Holyrood. Having fastened his horse to a tree, he quickly bent his steps to the palace, where all seemed buried in deep repose: he soon

reached the postern door, and on making the appointed signal, it was softly opened, and a female voice whispered, "I did not look for you so soon; but be silent, tread gently, and follow me." The female now led the way into a small room adjoining the gate, into which Logie had no sooner entered than he closed and fastened the door, and advancing, said, "Keep silence, on your life.—Nay, be not alarmed," continued he; "do you not know me?"

"Oh, sir, right glad am I to see you back again! my heart's wae for bonny Mistress Margaret."

"I must have speech of her on the instant—I beseech you steal to her apartment and bring her hither."

"That will be soon done, for the poor young thing spends the most of the night walking up and down her chamber; and it's no half an hour since I saw a light beneath her door, so I'll soon bring her. May ill befall them that would part ye." And on saying this, she departed on her errand.

In a fever of impatience Wemyss waited the appearance of his faithful Margaret, and his heart beat high as he caught the well-known sound of her light step: but when she stood before him,—when he looked on her cheek, pallid through grief for his absence,—on her eyes, dimmed with tears,

his feelings overpowered him; he fell at her feet, and hiding his face in her robe, shed tears of mingled bitterness and joy.

"Rise, dearest Logie, rise, my beloved, and let me look on you. Alas! I deemed we had parted, never to meet again."

"But we have met, Margaret," said Logie, pressing her to his heart, and wiping away her tears; "and the joy of this reunion almost repays me for all my sufferings."

Logie now related what had passed with the King, who, it was evident, had feigned the mission to secure his absence; and who, it appeared, had counselled him to avoid the frequented roads, lest he should hear any rumours of what was passing at Court.

Margaret now, in her turn, became the narrator; and her story was frequently interrupted by Logie's passionate bursts of indignation, as he listened to a detail of the cold-blooded treachery of James. "Base churl, dishonour to his name and blood, dared he to say I had deserted my faithful love?—foul slanderer!"

At this moment there arose a sudden and confused noise at the palace gates, which every instant became louder. The lovers paused, and listened anxiously: the tumult increased rapidly, and now was distinctly heard the cry of "Justice! Justice! A Bothwell! a Bothwell!" And loud threats, oaths, and execrations, came mingled with

the sound of the hammers and mells with which the assailants were battering the gate, which gave way with an appalling crash.

"By heavens!" cried Logie, "this must be Bothwell and his followers. Hark! they have forced the gates.—Fly, Margaret, to your chamber;—now shall I have a glorious revenge, and the treacherous King shall be defended by the man he would basely have betrayed." And he hurried Margaret on, till they reached her apartment.

"Logie, as you love me, guard your life!"

"You make life dear to me," he replied; and, drawing his rapier, he rushed through the passage, and turning quickly into the corridor, he encountered a person flying with such headlong speed, as nearly to run himself on the naked weapon which Logie held in his hand.

"Stand!" cried Logie, seizing him by the collar. The prisoner struggled violently, and hearing approaching steps, called out, "Help, my lords, help for your prince,—secure the traitor!" And before Logie had recovered from his surprise, he found himself disarmed, bound, and forced into an adjoining chamber, which was secured outside by a strong bar and chain.

James, for it was he, with a countenance pale as death, continued his flight to the tower, where he shut himself up; nor did he breathe freely till he had shot every bolt, and planted every heavy piece

of furniture against the door. But his heart sunk within him as he listened to the increasing tumult. Now he heard the war-cry of the Douglas, as they broke into the place where those of their clan were confined on suspicion of the murder of Home, and loud shouts of triumph announced their release. Now they came rushing on to the Queen's chamber, where they believed James to be; and shouting again, "Bide me fair! A Bothwell, a Bothwell!" furiously attacked the door. The Queen's apartment being directly beneath James's retreat, he distinctly heard every effort which was made to force the door, which was gallantly defended by Harry Lindsay of Kilfauns. Knowing that his safety lay in the belief that he was in the Queen's chamber, James, in an agony of fear, listened to the strokes of the hammers and the battle-axes, and the cries of the Earl and his ferocious followers.

The royal household being now completely roused, and hurrying to the rescue, Bothwell saw there was not an instant to be lost: "Bring fire, bring fire," he shouted; and, with a yell of joy, a part of his band rushed to obey him.

"I am lost," cried James, clasping his hands, "I am lost!—Nay, by heaven, there is still hope," he exclaimed, as he heard the great bell of the town rung out, and the citizens, with loud shouts, hurrying to the palace. And this indeed proved

his safety; for Bothwell, fearing his retreat would be cut off, fled through the gallery, and escaped, leaving several of his followers prisoners.

When the tumult was quelled, and order restored to the palace, James ventured from his hiding-place, and his nobles crowded round him to offer their congratulation on his escape from Bothwell, whose aim was to secure the person of the King, and to remove the Chancellor Maitland, to whose counsels he attributed his imprisonment, and the harshness and severity with which the King had treated him.

The indignation James felt at the audacity of the enterprise, was mingled with shame at the recollection of the pusillanimity he had displayed; and the consciousness that Logie had discovered his meditated treachery, completed the confusion and irritation of his mind. When to these reflections were added, the cold sarcasms of the Queen on his desertion of her, he became nearly frantic with passion; but it was some alleviation to his wrath to find that eight of Bothwell's followers had been secured, and now waited their doom.

"Hang them a', hang them a' *instanter!* Away to the gallows with the fause loons! The base traitors shall ne'er see the light o' anither day;—and see that ye make sure o' that limb o' Satan, young Logie, who nearly run his cursed shable into our royal person. Hang him high abune a'

the lave, and at the Abbey gate, that I may hear the dunt o' the hammers putting up the gallows-tree."

This sad intelligence was quickly conveyed to Margaret, who, struck with horror, stood for a space the image of despair. What! Logie denounced as a traitor—condemned, without inquiry, to die the death of a felon, and in a few brief hours! —The thing surpassed belief; but the sound of the workmen preparing the fatal scaffold, forced conviction on her.

James was still in consultation with his nobles, when Margaret rushed in and threw herself frantically at his feet. The excess of her emotion deprived her of utterance; but her bloodless cheek, and the anguish which overspread her countenance, moved the heart of every one, but him who was the master of her fate.

"Rise, minion, rise," said James, "we will not grant grace to the traitor—he shall die the death. If he had fifty lives, they are a' forfeited. Sma' thanks to him that we're no laid on the braid o' our back wi' a yard o' cauld steel in us. By my saul, we could hang him wi' our ain hands."

"He is innocent, he is innocent; oh, hear me, gracious prince,—spare him, spare him!"

"If he were our ain mother's son, we wouldna spare him; as we are a crowned King, he shall never see another sun. Awa' wi' her—let go our

mantle.—By heavens, she hauds me wi' a death-grip!—Lindsay, undo her hands."

Harry Lindsay advanced, but his interference was unnecessary; the savage and relentless wrath of the King took from her every hope; and as this conviction forced itself on her heart, all consciousness forsook her, and she sunk at James's feet in a state of insensibility.

"Carry her to the Queen, Lindsay, and say it is our will that she remains in the royal chamber a' night, for her heart is sae sair set on Logie, we wouldna wonder if she devised some plot to save his life; and in craftiness, when a lover is concerned, women would ding the deil himsel. So, for this night, we'll keep Mistress Margaret under our ain een."

No one but James could look without commiseration, on the death-like countenance of the heart-stricken maiden; and more than one of the rough nobles, who witnessed the scene, felt a wish to rescue the youth who was the object of a love strong as death; but they lost all hope on finding guards stationed, not only at the door of the chamber where he was confined, but also beneath the window, and even that was at a great distance from the ground.

At a late hour James repaired to the Queen's chamber, who was already in bed, and, in high indignation at his unconcern for her safety, deigned

not to address one word to him; and by feigning to be asleep, precluded all conversation. On a couch, in a turret-chamber, entering through the royal apartment, lay Margaret; one hand hung lifelessly over the couch, the other pressed to her heart—her flaxen hair fell in disorder over her face, and rested on her bosom. The King approached and looked upon her; but his step was unheard, his gaze unheeded. Her cheek was colourless; nor did her eyes unclose to the flash of the night lamp which James held over her. Hers seemed the stupor of despair.

"It is better it should be so, till all is over," said James; "but we maun take some rest, after the awful doings of this day." And throwing himself in bed, he was soon buried in profound repose.

CHAPTER IX.

And they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they cam to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted doun.

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in;
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"For this night my fair lady I've win."

The Douglas Tragedy.

O fy, gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors agen;
For sche's be burnt, and hee's be slean,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

The day had not yet dawned, when Margaret began to recover from the stupor in which her senses had been steeped. Her perceptions at first were confused and indistinct; but the ominous sound of the hammers startled her into despair. She sprung from her couch, and throwing open the casement, gazed wildly on the clear heavens, where innumerable stars yet faintly glimmered. Suddenly a gleam of joy flashed in her eyes.

"I shall save him, or die," she softly exclaim-

ed, as she turned from the window; and entering the royal chamber, ascertained that the Queen slept, and that James also seemed in deep slumber. With a trembling hand she unfastened the door, and stepped into the corridor. Here all was still, and hurrying onwards she turned into a narrow passage, at the end of which were two soldiers fully armed, pacing before the door of the chamber where Logie was confined.

"There is no passage this way, lady," said one of the soldiers, accosting her; "our orders are strict and peremptory, that no one speaks to the prisoner."

"Such were the King's commands," replied Margaret; "but the Queen has deigned to intercede for the unhappy youth, and his Majesty has graciously consented to grant him an opportunity of establishing his innocence of the crime of which he is accused. His Majesty, therefore, by me, commands that you shall bring the prisoner forth, and guard him to the royal chamber, at the door of which he enjoins you to keep strict watch, until you are summoned to take him again under your charge. Haste, friends, for his Majesty likes not delay, and the night wears apace."

Without farther parley, the soldiers unfastened the door, and Margaret, rushing in, threw herself into Logie's arms. In an ecstasy of joy, Wemyss pressed her to his heart. "Are we then permit-

ted to take an everlasting farewell? Beloved Margaret, this is indeed an unexpected mercy. Nay, weep not so bitterly, we shall meet again."—But though he strove to comfort her, he was unable to control his own grief at being thus suddenly wrenched from life and love; his manly voice faltered, and a tear trembled in his eye.

"I should die in your arms, dearest love, were I not supported by a hope that you may yet be saved. You are commanded instantly to repair to the royal chamber, which, I trust, you will leave in freedom. Oh haste,—hear you not these horrid sounds?"

In silent amazement Logie obeyed, and supporting Margaret, and closely followed by the soldiers, he left his prison, and in a few moments found himself at the door of the Queen's apartment, which Margaret softly opened. He followed her, the door was closed, and the soldiers slowly paced the corridor.

The instant the lovers entered the chamber, Margaret signed to Logie to observe the most perfect silence. The opening of the door had disturbed the King's slumbers; he moved, and muttered, —"He shall die—he shall die—Away, I tell you, nothing shall save him! But let not that poor young thing Margaret look on the scaffold, it would break her heart outright."

The blood curdled in Margaret's veins, and with

difficulty she suppressed a cry as she stood at the foot of the bed, listening with intense interest to every sound. In a few moments, the deep breathing of the King was hailed by her with almost frantic joy; she stole softly across the apartment, and, followed by Logie, entered her little chamber. Here she instantly began to undo the cords of her couch, and in a short time had untwisted as much as was requisite for her purpose; she then motioned Logie to fasten it, and when all was ready, she gently opened the casement, which occasioning a slight noise, again disturbed the repose of James, who, though still asleep, was heard to mutter,—" Seize the traitor—Seize him —Guard him, on your lives."—Again all was still, and, with the firmness of desperation, the lovers prepared for flight. Logie first essayed the perilous experiment, and reached the ground in safety, and in another instant Margaret dropped into his arms. In total silence they fled, nor paused until they reached the spot where stood Logie's gallant steed. Here Logie unclasped his travelling cloak, wrapped it round Margaret, and placing her on his horse before him, gave the spur to the noble animal, and never drew bridle-rein until he arrived at the abode of his mother, in whose protecting arms he laid his faithful Margaret.

We shall not pause in our story to relate the wrath of James on discovering the escape of Logie,

nor the joy of Lady Magdalene on hearing of the successful stratagem of her friend, in whose happiness she felt so deep an interest. This agreeable intelligence appeared to have suddenly restored her health; and when, next day, the Earl visited her chamber, he was surprised to observe her rapid recovery.

"Fair sister," said the Earl, "I rejoice to find your indisposition has left you; but if it had not, I have news to tell which would have put every ailment to flight. The King has been informed that the Earl of Moray was engaged in the tumult last night."

"Indeed; and was it so?"

"That is little to the purpose—he has been told so; and," continued the Earl, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "the King has commanded *me* to cross to Dinnibirsle, and bring him here to answer to the charge; and if he should scruple to put himself under my care, as perchance he may, why there may be a skirmish, and perhaps some chance pistol-shot, or random blow may finish the career of the courtly Earl. I see, Magdalene, you have the true spirit of a Gordon; you cannot hear this with indifference," said Huntly, as he marked her varying cheek. "Nay, be not ashamed of participating in the feelings of your clan and race; you are doubly dear to me from the hatred which you bear this enemy of our house. Think

you that I have not marked your averted eye when he addressed you—your shrinking horror when he touched your hand—your avoidance of all converse with him?—But never more shall he offend your sight—his doom is sealed."

"When go you on this enterprise, Huntly?"

"An hour before midnight we embark. All is prepared, and, as the greatest secrecy has been observed, the victim shall not escape.—Why so pale, Magdalene? Dost thou fear for my life? In sooth, you have no cause. The Earl is unsuspicious of the blow which awaits him, and is attended only by domestics; while my band are *Gordons*—yes, *Gordons*, breathing hatred and revenge. Farewell, and should you keep vigil this night, perchance you may mistake a lurid glare on the coast of Fife for the bright beams of the dawning day. Farewell!"

CHAPTER X.

Oh, winds of winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
CAMPBELL.

THE shades of evening were beginning to fall, when a little skiff, with every sail set, was seen flying across the Frith. The moment the shallop touched the opposite shore, a youth in the dress of a page sprung on land, and ran with the speed of lightning to the Castle of Dinnibirsle. His shouts and cries soon awakened the domestics, who, fearing no danger from an unattended youth, admitted him within the walls, and, moved by the earnestness of his entreaties, consented to carry to the Earl his petition for an interview. The request was instantly granted, and the youth was marshalled to the presence of the Earl, who was sitting near a window which looked out on the silver waves of the Forth, which lay between him and his beloved, on whom his thoughts rested.—Moray held in his hand a flaxen ringlet, which,

on the near approach of the page, he hid again in his bosom.

"Good youth," said the Earl in a sweet and gentle tone, "your mission seems one of haste and urgency. I pray that you bring no evil tidings. Come you from Holyrood? Is all well there?"

"Noble Moray," replied the page, "stay not to question. Fly, I implore you—delay is ruin—hesitation destruction! Oh, leave this place, seek safety in the woods before your destroyers come."

"What frenzy is this, boy? Fly from my castle! Wherefore? What danger threatens?"

"The worst of dangers—a revengeful foe armed with power. Last night Bothwell broke into the palace, and attempted to seize the King. It is said that you also were among them, and your enemies are even now on their way to drag you before the King to answer this charge."

"Let them come," replied Moray proudly. "I will accompany them, and vindicate my honour."

"Hope it not; fly before it is too late—before Huntly carries fire and sword through your halls. Merciful Heaven! they are here, and you are lost."

"Is it even so?" said the Earl; "nay, then, since Huntly is sent on this mission, my destruction is resolved on."

Soon were heard the dashing of the oars, and

the loud shouts of the Gordons as they advanced to the assault.

At this moment Dunbar, the youthful friend of Moray, hurried to him. "Moray, it is useless to contend.—Fly, I implore you. The eastern postern is still unguarded.—Escape, I conjure you.—Farewell." And, wringing his hand, Dunbar resolved to save his friend by the sacrifice of himself, rushed into the thickest of the fight, and shouting the war-cry of the Earl, called out, "On—on, brave friends! Follow your lord.—I will conquer, or perish!"

His noble stratagem had the intended effect; that of drawing all the assailants tc that side of the castle, in the belief that it was the Earl who led on the small band which now issued from the gates. With a yell of mingled hatred and revenge, the bloodthirsty Gordons rushed on their prey. Then came the fierce encounter—the desperate struggle. The clash of weapons was mixed with loud cries of, "A Stewart—a Stewart!" and "A Gordon—a Gordon!"

Cut off from his followers, hemmed around with enemies, Dunbar felt that his last hour was at hand; but, determined to sell his life dear, he dealt such blows as despair only can give, and performed prodigies of valour, till Huntly, pressing through the throng, and assailing him from behind, thrust him through with his sword. "Dastard, you have

basely slain him on whose face thou dared'st not look. May Moray's bitterest curse pursue thee!" As he uttered these words, many weapons were sheathed in his body, and the heroic youth expired without a groan.

As soon as Dunbar left them, Moray addressed the page. "Good youth, save yourself. Take this purse as a small token of my gratitude. The rocks on the east side will afford you concealment till my foes depart. They seek me only. Fly, then, good youth, and let not my last moments be embittered by witnessing your destruction." Moray turned to leave the apartment. The page fell at his feet, and clasped his knees.

"Moray, disdain not to seek safety in flight. O, hear me, I implore you, were it only to vindicate yourself from the aspersions of your enemies. Let us fly.—Oh! horror, what do I see? They have fired the castle!"

"It is even so," replied the Earl. "Boy, detain me not. I shall die as a soldier should, sword in hand, amidst my foes. But escape is yet in your power. If life be dear to you, lose not an instant." The roar of the flames, the crashing of beams, and the shrieks of the Gordons, became every moment more terrific.

"Oh! noble Moray, hear me yet again. Let us fly. We may yet be saved.—Hear me, as you value your soul's peace!"

"By Heavens! boy, sooner than sully mine honour by flight, I will bury myself under the smouldering ruins."

"Then," said the page, rising, "we shall perish together. Oh! Heavenly Powers, that is Huntly's voice—he comes this way!" and the page, in an agony of fear, covered his face with his small and delicately shaped hands.

The truth flashed on Moray. He drew aside the hand, and glanced at the high commanding forehead, the raven locks, and the bloodless cheek. "Generous woman," he exclaimed, raising her in his arms, "I will save you, or perish."

Feeling that not an instant was to be lost, Moray hurried Lady Magdalene along the passage that led to the east postern. Perilous was the attempt; for on every side of the way which they must tread, the flames were bursting forth, and from time to time burning rafters and half-consumed beams fell almost on their path. But the cries of their pursuers, who had discovered that they were cheated of their prey, were borne to them on the blast, and with a courage arising from despair, the Earl and his companion braved the devouring flames, and gaining the postern, fled to the rocks. Here Moray seated his preserver, who averted her eyes from the blazing castle, but Moray gazed on the scene with a look of stern determination. At times the building was enveloped

in a dark cloud of smoke; then again the red flames burst forth, and by their light, Moray could discern the slaughter of his people by his merciless foes, whose savage shouts of exultation and triumph gave added horror to the scene. "By Heaven!" said the Earl, starting up, "I were a base craven to sit here in safety, and see my faithful people murdered!"

"In safety, saidst thou?" cried Huntly, whose sword gleamed on high.

Lady Magdalene threw herself before Moray, and the weapon of her brother passed through her heart. Unconscious who was his victim, Huntly spurned the body aside, and rushed on Moray. The struggle was fierce, but brief. On the slippery rocks, Huntly stumbled and fell. Moray stood over him, and already was the death-blow descending, when, with a savage yell, a band of Gordons sprung on him, pierced him with innumerable wounds, and thus died the noble Earl of Moray.

CHAPTER XI.

Four-and-twenty nobles sit in the King's ha',
Bonny Glenlogie is the flower amang them a'.
CHAMBERS'S *Rhymes of Scotland.*

LET us turn from scenes of bloodshed and violence to our faithful lovers, now most happily rescued from misery and death. The destruction of the Earl of Moray having removed James's greatest inducement to oppose the union of Logie with the fair Margaret, he was easily prevailed on to pardon the lovers; nay, so unsteady and facile was his disposition, he was the first to jest on Mistress Margaret's stratagem, and even to applaud himself for having prophesied that love would teach her a way to cheat them all. "Didna we tell ye," said James, to Harry Lindsay, "didna we tell ye, that a lassie in love would ding the de'il himself at cheatrie? Now, Logie, ye're but a glaiket chiel; but see that ye guide right this bonny bird —and mind, should ony ill befall ye, you'll aye hae a friend in James of Scotland. And so you

bairns are going to set up your rest at Logie. Your Prince and Master whiles wishes himsel that he could fling his crown o'er Arthur's Seat, and don the shepherd's bonnet; but that cannot be. But, Logie, man, keep a sharp ee upon your wife, for ye ken she has got an ill gate o' louping out o' windows. But we'll hae a braw wedding, that we're resolved on. And Lindsay, man, set pen and ink before us, and we will ourselves indite a letter to our billy, Sandie Fotheringhame, the Laird o' Powrie, to ask the lend o' his silk stockings for us to dance at the bridal."

Writing materials being placed before him, the royal scribe wrote thus :—

"SANDIE,

"WE would be sair affronted that ye deprived "yoursel o' the sunshine o' our princely favour, "did we no ken that it is mair for want o' power "than will.

"We hae therefore resolved to make use o' pen "speech to tell you, that we are to hae a blythe "bridal here; and that we may show all fitting "honour to the bride, we hae gane near to the bot-"tom o' our purse, whilk our Treasurer (may the "muckle deil take him,) keeps as lath as a hazel "wand, and as toom as a beggar's bicker. We "therefore desire you to send to us, your ain lo-"ving Prince and Maister, the new silk hose whilk

" ye had on when last in our royal presence; in
" the whilk we doubt not you will pleasure us, and
" merit our special thanks. Now, see that ye do
" all diligence in repairing to our Court, for here
" is a Danish lurdane bragging that he has ne'er
" yet met wi' his match in a bowze. He has ower-
" come already twa or three Fife lairds, and ye ken
" that's no saying little; but our billy, Sir Robert
" Lawrie, the laird of Maxwelton, has taken up the
" clubs for the honour of Scotland, and they have
" been drinking thegither for three days. By my
" faith, I would gie twenty rose nobles to hear
" Maxwelton blaw the last blast on the wee black
" whistle.

" From Halyroodhouse, where we are drinking
" and driving in the auld manner.

" JAMES, R.

" *Postscriptum.*—Scotland for ever! The Dane's
" beneath the table, and Rab's on the tap o't, blaw-
" ing like the deevil.*

" *Right trusty friend the*
" *Laird of Powrie, Fotheringhame, Elder.*"†

---

* Is the blood of old Maxwelton degenerated, or why should another house, however eminent, quietly be permitted to wear his hard-won honours? This whistle, as every man knows, after a severe contest, was, in 1792, gained by Ferguson of Craigdarroch, in whose family it still remains.

James kept his royal word; and on the day of Margaret's bridal, the walls of Holyrood echoed to the sounds of mirth and revelry. The homely dishes of powsowdie and rummletethumps, were displaced by venison, goose, grice, capon, crane, swan, coney, partridge, plover, duck, brissel-cock, pawnies, and capercaillies; and the stewards, baxters, cooks, and potingers, showed their skill in the confections and dainties which graced the desert; and brimming cups of aquavitæ, hippocras, malvasy,

---

There may be worse fields for such warfare than a civic banquet; and, as our excellent friend Alderman Sir P. Laurie, although not the representative of the jolly old Bacchanalian, we believe, traces his pedigree to the same root, we would suggest, that he cannot better commemorate his approaching inaugural feast on attaining his mayoralty, than by challenging a new contest for the "wee black whistle." Let there at least be no lack of wine and vivers. He is but the second Scotchman who has aspired to that distinguished office; and the lieges must not be stinted, if he would have the air rent with his Majesty's acclamation of—"Scotland for ever!"

† This royal epistle must cost us another foot-note. We have no doubt that many will look upon it as absurd enough, and accuse us of injustice to James's Master of the Robes, by insinuating that his wardrobe was so scantily furnished; but we can assure all such critics, that this is probably the least fictitious part of our narrative. James actually wrote such a letter—containing such a request—and the original is still preserved in the repositories of the gallant descendant of the Laird of Powrie.

and muskadel, went round to the healths of the bridegroom and bride.

On the conclusion of the banquet, the Queen retired, followed by all her ladies, and James for some time caroused to his heart's content. His mirth, however, received an interruption in the shape of a message from the Queen. "An please your Majesty," said Harry Lindsay, "I am commanded by the Queen's grace to say she waits your presence."

"Let the Queen's grace just wait on," replied James, in a huff. "By my saul, she maun hae her finger in every pie. Can we no birl the bowl a while without her allowance?"

"So please your Majesty, her grace says you promised to tread a measure with the bride."

"By my faith, and so we did. Weel, my lords, ye see we maun a' rin when our wives cry bizz. Away wi' ye, Lindsay, and tell her grace (faith, she has little grace or manners either, to disturb us before we hae weel warmed in our seats)—away wi' ye, and say we'll no be lang ahint ye."

Somewhat out of humour at the sudden termination of his carousal, James, with a tardy step, proceeded to join the Queen and her fair bevy; but his discontent rapidly faded away before the mirth and gaiety which prevailed among them, and he hastened to the upper end of the tapestried chamber, where stood the Queen supporting and en-

couraging the fair Margaret, the blaze of whose youthful beauty cast that of all others into the shade. " Come hither, truant," said the Queen, gaily; " we claim your promise to lead a measure with our fair bride. By my faith, she looks worthy of a royal mate. Saw you ever a fairer damsel?"

" Ay," replied James, " at Upslo."

" Go to, flatterer," answered the Queen, evidently gratified with this homage to her charms. " You shall not so cozen us. But what think you of her tire? The carkanet of emeralds becomes her indifferent well. We ourself fancied her kirtle."

" The carkanet sets her no that ill," answered James; " but, by my troth, ye might hae made the kirtle a thought shorter.—Harry Lindsay, bid the music strike up!"

We regret that tradition has not handed down to us any further particulars respecting these festivities, except James's speech on the conclusion of the revels.—" Gude safe us, Lindsay, if we havena driven a score o' holes in Powrie's new silk hose!"

THE ELOPEMENT.

THE ELOPEMENT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MUSAEUS.

O love! What art thou, love? The ace of hearts,
Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its suits;
A player, masquerading many parts
In life's odd carnival;—a boy that shoots,
From ladies' eyes, such mortal woundy darts;
A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots!
HOOD'S *Whims and Oddities.*

ON the banks of the rivulet Lockwitz, in Hungary, and upon the borders of Thuringia, where a convent formerly stood, which was destroyed in the time of the Hussites, is situated the Castle of Lauenstein. This church property, in process of time, came under the secular arm, and became the possession of the Count of Orlamunda, who gave this deserted domain as a fcu to one of his vassals, who, upon the ruins of the convent, built himself a castle, and either gave his name to the property, or took his from it, for he was called the Baron of Lauenstein.

It soon became manifest that the property of the church does not prosper in the hands of the

laity, and that such sacrilege is always punished in one way or another. The bones of the holy nuns, which for ages had reposed in peace in the gloomy caverns of the grave, could not, with indifference, endure this profanation of their sanctuary. These mouldy dead bones rebelled against the violation, rattled and rustled in the silence of night, and raised a fearful clattering and noise in the passage leading to the church, which had not been destroyed. The nuns, with solemn pomp, often made a procession round the Castle, wandered through the apartments, opened and dashed to the doors, by which the Baron was disturbed in his sleep, and could not get rest in his bed. They raged in the hall, or in the stables, terrified the maids, twitched and pinched them, sometimes here, sometimes there;—plagued the cattle—the cows were drained of their milk, and the horses pranced and snorted, and beat their stalls to pieces. This mischievous behaviour of the pious sisters, and their incessant tricks, which embittered the life of both man and beast, took away all spirit from every member of the household, down to the very bull-dog.

The Baron spared no expense, by means of the most renowned exorcists, to bring these tumultuary inmates to peace and silence; but the most powerful exorcisms, before which the whole kingdom of Belial trembled, and the sprinkling brush dipped

in holy water, which generally chases away the evil spirits, as a fly-flap chases away the flies from the apartment, for a long time could do nothing against the obstinacy of those spectre Amazons, who so stoutly maintained their right to their former possessions, that the exorcists, with the holy implements of relics, were sometimes obliged to take to flight, and leave them masters of the field. At last, a conjuror, who was travelling about the country for the purpose of spying out witches, catching goblins, and delivering the possessed from the brood of evil spirits, succeeded in bringing the spectral night revellers to obedience, and again shut them up in their gloomy vaults, with permission there to wag their skulls, and rattle and clatter their bones, as much as they pleased.

All was now quiet in the Castle, the nuns again slept the still sleep of death ; but after seven years, one unquiet sister spirit again awoke, and once more made her appearance in the night, and for some time continued her former pranks, until she tired, then rested seven years, and then paid another visit to the upper world, and re-visited the Casttle. In time the family became accusomed to the apparition; only, when the period of her appearance approached, the domestics took care to avoid the passage through which she was to come, and kept close to their apartments.

After the decease of the first possessors, the inheritance fell to the next in descent, and there never had failed a male heir, until the time of the thirty years' war, when the last branch of the Lauensteins flourished, in whose production nature appeared to have exhausted her power. So lavish had she been of the stuff which composed his body, that at the period when it had reached its highest perfection, so enormous was his size, that he weighed nearly as much as the far-famed Franz Finatzie of Presburg, and his corpulence was only a few inches less than that of the well fed Holstener, known by the name of Paul Butterbread, who formerly exhibited himself as a show to Parisian belles. However, Baron Siegmund was a very stately man till this period, when his body resembled a tun; he lived well, and though he did not waste the inheritance of his fathers, he spared himself none of the enjoyments of life. No sooner had his progenitors made way for him, and he found himself in possession of Lauenstein, than, after the manner of his fathers, he married, and at the end of a year he became a father; but, alas! it was of a girl, and as he had no hopes of succeeding children, with this he was forced to be content. The thrifty mother, who at her marriage took charge of the domestic concerns, now commenced the education of her daughter. The more papa's paunch

gained the upper hand, the more obtuse became his mind, till at length the Baron took no notice of any thing, except what was either roasted or boiled.

From the accumulation of family affairs, Fraulein Emily was, for the most part, left to the care of mother Nature, and thereby found herself never the worse. This secret artist, who does not like to put her reputation at stake, and generally makes up by a master-stroke, for any error she commits, had better proportioned the body and talents of the daughter than those of the father—she was beautiful, clever, and witty. As the charms of the young Fraulein expanded, the views of the mother increased, and she resolved, that through her the splendour of their expiring race should again be restored. The lady possessed a secret pride which was not remarked in the common occurrences of life, except in regard to her pedigree, which she considered the most glorious ornament of their house; and so high were her pretensions, that, except the family of the Counts of Reiuss, there was no race in Hungary sufficiently ancient and noble, into which she would choose to transplant the last blossom of the Lauenstein stem. And much as the young gentlemen in the neighbourhood wished to secure the rich prize, the crafty mother always contrived to frustrate their intentions. She watched the heart of the Fraulein with as much care as a customhouse

officer does the harbour, lest any contraband goods should slip through; overturned every speculation of match-making aunts and cousins; and had such high expectations for her daughter, that no young man ventured to approach her. As long as the heart of a maiden listens to advice, it resembles a boat upon the calm unruffled sea, which sails wherever the rudder directs it; but when the winds and waves arise and rock the light bark, it no longer obeys the helm, but follows the current of the stream.

So it was with the tractable Emily, who willingly allowed herself to be led on the path of pride by the maternal leading-strings, for her still unsophisticated heart was susceptible of every impression. She at least expected a Prince or Count to do homage to her charms; and any less high born paladins who paid their court to her, were repulsed with cold disdain. But before a suitable adorer could be found for the Lauenstein Grace, a circumstance occurred which disappointed all the matrimonial schemes of the mother; and such were its effects, that, had all the princes and counts of the Roman and German empire sued for the heart and hand of the fair Fraulein, they would have found themselves too late.

In the troubled times of the thirty years' war, the army of the brave Wallenstein came into Hungary for winter quarters, and Baron Siegmund

received many uninvited guests into the castle, who did more mischief than the former hobgoblins; for, although they had even less right to the property than the former, no sorcerer could exorcise them away. The proprietor saw himself forced to put a good face on this wicked game, for the purpose of keeping these commanding gentlemen in good humour, and so induce them to keep up proper discipline in the castle. Banquets and balls succeeded each other without intermission; at the first the lady presided, at the latter the daughter. And whenever the military band began to play the accompanying favourite waltz, it was the signal for the gallant Fritz to lead the fair Emily to the dance. These splendid feasts made the rough warriors more pliant; they respected the house which had so hospitably entertained them, and guests and host were satisfied with each other.

Among these warriors there were many young heroes, who might even have tempted limping Vulcan's beautiful helpmate to become unfaithful. But there was one in particular who eclipsed them all. A young officer, called the handsome Fritz, had the appearance of a helmed god of love. To an elegant figure, this young Apollo joined the most engaging manners; he was gentle, modest, agreeable, of a lively disposition, and, above all, a charming dancer. Until this moment no one had made the slightest impression on the heart of Emily, but this

youth raised in her innocent bosom a new sensation, which filled her soul with inexpressible delight. But the wonder was, that this enchanting Adonis was neither called the handsome Count, nor the handsome Prince, but neither more nor less than the handsome Fritz. She interrogated his brother officers, one after another, about the young man's name and descent, but no one could enlighten her upon the subject. All praised the handsome Fritz as a brave man, and a good officer, and who possessed the most amiable character, but at the same time it appeared that all was not right in regard to his pedigree. There were as many reports of his birth as of that of the well known and enigmatical Count Cagliostro, who was sometimes said to be the descendant of the Grand Master of Malta, and by the maternal side, nephew to the Grand Seignior; sometimes the son of a Neapolitan coachman, then a full brother of Zannowichs, pretended Prince of Albania, and by profession a worker of miracles; and then it was rumoured that he was a wig-maker. All these reports arose from the handsome Fritz having raised himself from the pike to the sash, and all agreed, that, should fortune again favour him, he would reach the highest situations in the army. The secret inquiries of the inquisitive Emily were not long concealed from the object of them. His companions thought to flatter him with the intelligence, and generally accompanied it with

p

8

f

p

8

f

"Waltz."

WALTZ.

all sorts of favourable conjectures. His modesty attributed her advances to jest and mockery; nevertheless, the inquiries of the young damsel pleased him well, for the first look had inspired him with an ecstasy, which is the usual harbinger of love.

No language possesses such energy, and is likewise so well understood, as the sweet feeling of sympathy; through the operation of which, a first acquaintance sooner rises into love than one can rise from the pike to the sash.

Some time elapsed before the lovers came to a verbal explanation, but they were aware of each other's sentiments, their looks met half-way, and said what timid love dared not disclose. From the uproar in the house, the negligent mother had, at a very wrong season, removed the watch over the heart of her beloved daughter; and seeing this important post unoccupied, the crafty smuggler Love seized his opportunity, and secretly stole in. No sooner had he obtained possession than he taught the Fraulein quite a different lesson from mamma. The sworn enemy of all ceremony, he immediately removed the prejudices of his obedient scholar, and soon taught her to think, that birth and rank were not to be put in competition with all-conquering Love, and that lovers should not be classed like beetles and worms in a collection of insects.

The frosty pride of ancestry melted as quickly in

her soul as the figures upon a frozen window dissolve when the rays of the sun begin to warm the atmosphere; till at length Emily cared not whether her lover had pedigree or not, and she even carried her political heresy so far as to maintain, that the prerogatives of high birth, in comparison with love, were the most insufferable yoke with which the freedom of mankind had ever been burdened.

The handsome Fritz, who adored the Fraulein, with joy perceived that his fortune in love was as propitious as his fortune in war. He seized the first opportunity which offered of disclosing the situation of his heart. She received his declaration with blushes, but with inward delight, and the lovers exchanged vows of inviolable fidelity. They enjoyed the present moment, but shuddered at the future. The return of spring again called the army into tents, and the sorrowful moment approached which was to separate the lovers. They now held a serious consultation on ratifying their vows of love, so as that nothing but death could part them. The Fraulein acquainted her lover with the sentiments of her mother on the subject of marriage; and that it was not to be expected that the proud lady would deviate one hair's-breadth from her darling system, to sanction a union of affection.

A hundred plans were adopted and rejected, for with each there was always some difficulty in the

way which rendered its success doubtful. Meanwhile the young hero found his betrothed determined to take any course which would accomplish their wishes; upon which he proposed an elopement, as the surest way which love had yet thought of, which has succeeded innumerable times, and which will succeed in destroying the plans of parents, and in vanquishing their obstinacy. Emily considered for a little, and then consented; one thing was still to be considered, how she would escape from the walls and bulwarks of the castle, to throw herself into the arms of the welcome robber; for well she knew the moment that the Wallenstein garrison marched out of the castle, the vigilant mother would again take possession of her post, and her steps would be so watched she would never be allowed to go out of her sight. But inventive Love conquers every difficulty. It was well known to the Fraulein, that, according to tradition, on All-souls Day, in the approaching autumn, the Spectre Nun, after a lapse of seven years, would again revisit the castle. The terror of the inmates at the expectation of her appearance was also well known to her; she therefore determined upon the bold freak of playing the nun's part. Accordingly she secretly prepared a nun's dress, and under this disguise resolved to elope.

The handsome Fritz was delighted with this invention, and although the time of the thirty years'

war was too early for freethinking, yet the young officer was enough of a philosopher to doubt the existence of spirits, or at least to trouble himself very little about the matter.

Their plans being thus arranged, Fritz threw himself into his saddle, and commending himself to the protection of Love, departed at the head of his squadron. It appeared that Love had heard his prayer, for although he exposed himself to all dangers, the campaign terminated most prosperously, and he escaped unhurt. Meanwhile Emily lived between hope and fear; she trembled for the life of her faithful Amadis—she sought diligently to obtain intelligence how it went with them in the field. Every new rumour of a skirmish put her in terror and anxiety, which her mother took for the sign of a feeling heart, without its creating any suspicion. The hero let no opportunity slip of privately corresponding with his beloved, and through the channel of a trusty waiting-maid, he from time to time gave her intelligence of his fate, and through the same messenger received accounts from her. As soon as the campaign was ended, he prepared everything for his secret expedition, bought four steeds and a travelling carriage, and looked carefully in the Calendar for the day on which he was to be at the appointed place of meeting, in the little grove not far from the castle. On All-souls Day Emily, with the assistance of her at-

tendant, prepared to carry her plan into execution. As had been agreed upon, she feigned herself a little indisposed, and retired early to her apartment, where she immediately transformed herself into the prettiest hobgoblin that had ever haunted the earth. The evening hours, by Emily's calculation, seemed to have doubled themselves, and as she thought of the work she had in hand, every moment increased her wish to accomplish her adventure. Meanwhile the pale Luna, the secret friend of lovers, with her soft glimmer, shone on the castle of Lauenstein, in which the tumult of the busy day was by degrees lost in the solemn stillness of the night. None were awake in the castle but the housekeeper, who sat late in the night calculating the expenses of the kitchen—the capon-stuffer, who was plucking for the breakfast of the household a score of larks—the porter, who had also the office of watchman, and called out the hours, and Hector, the vigilant house-dog, which with his howls bayed the rising moon.

As the midnight hour sounded, the intrepid Emily set out upon her way. She had provided herself with a master-key which opened all the doors. Softly and secretly she descended the steps that led through the cloister, in crossing which she observed there was still a light in the kitchen. Upon this she rattled her bunch of keys with all her might, dashed to the doors with a deafening

noise, and boldly opened the house-door and the wicket without accident. As soon as the four waking inmates of the castle heard this unusual noise, they looked for the appearance of the roving Nun. The capon-stuffer, terrified, fled into a closet; the housekeeper into bed; the watch-dog into his kennel; and the porter into the straw beside his wife. The Fraulein soon arrived in the open field, and hastened to the grove, where she thought she saw at a distance the carriage and fleet horses waiting her appearance. But on a nearer approach she discovered it was only the deceitful shadow of a tree. From this she concluded she had mistaken the place of appointment. She crossed and recrossed the shrubbery from one end to another, but her knight, with his equipage, was nowhere to be found. Astonished at this circumstance, she knew not what to think. After an appointed rendezvous, not to appear, is considered among lovers a high misdemeanour; but in the present case to fail, was little less than high-treason against Love; the thing was to her incomprehensible. After having waited, but in vain, for an hour long, and her heart trembling from anxiety and cold, she began to wail and weep. "Ah! the perfidious one," she exclaimed, "he lies in the arms of some coquet, from whom he cannot tear himself away; he mocks me, and has forgot my true love."

This thought suddenly brought the long-forgot-

ten pedigree to her recollection, and she felt ashamed of having so far demeaned herself as to love a man without a name, or noble feeling. In this moment when the intoxication of passion had somewhat subsided, and reason had resumed her sway, this faithful counsellor advised her to redeem this false step, by immediately returning to the castle, and trying to forget the false perjurer. The first she did without delay; and, to the great surprise of her faithful confidante, to whom she revealed everything, she reached her chamber safe and sound; but the second point she resolved to reflect upon at leisure.

Nevertheless, the man without a name, was not so much to blame as the enraged Emily supposed. He had not failed to be punctual at the place of meeting. With a heart full of rapture, he waited with impatience for the moment which was to put him in possession of his lovely treasure. As the midnight hour approached, he secretly hastened to the castle, and listened when the little gate would open. Sooner than he supposed possible, the beloved figure of the nun stepped out. He immediately rushed from his concealment towards her, seized her in his arms, exclaiming, "I have thee—I hold thee. Never shall I leave thee. Dear love, thou art mine—I am thine with body and soul."

Joyfully he bore his lovely burden to the carriage, and soon they rattled over stock and stones,

up hills and down valleys. The horses plunged and snorted, shook their manes, and became so wild and unmanageable, that they would no longer obey the reins. A wheel flew off, and the sudden shock precipitated the coachmen to the ground; and carriage and horses, and man and mouse, all rolled over a steep abyss into a gulf below. The fond lover knew not what had happened; his body was bruised, his head was crushed, and, from the severity of the fall, he lost all recollection; but when he came to himself, he missed his beloved companion. After spending the rest of the night in this helpless situation, he was found by some peasants in the morning, who carried him to the nearest village.

The carriage was dashed to pieces, the four horses had broken their necks., This loss, however, grieved him little; but the fate of the beautiful Emily plunged him in the greatest distress. He dispatched people in every direction, to try and gain some tidings of her; but they all returned as they went, nothing was to be heard of the runaway. The midnight hour was the first thing which cleared up this mystery. As the clock struck twelve, the door opened, and his lost travelling companion stepped into the apartment, not however in the form of the beautiful Emily, but of the Spectre Nun, a hideous skeleton. The handsome Fritz, with horror, perceived that he himself had made

this dreadful mistake. Death-cold perspirations burst over him; he began to cross and bless himself, and ejaculate every prayer he could think of.

The nun little heeded this; she stepped up to the bed, stroked his burning cheeks with her withered ice-cold hand, and said, " Fritz, Fritz, be resigned to it. I am thine—thou art mine, with body and soul." She thus continued to torture him with her presence for an hour, and then vanished. This game she acted every night, and she even followed him into the place where his regiment was quartered. He had neither peace nor repose from the love of this hobgoblin, which so grieved and fretted him, that he lost all spirit; so much so, that his companions began to remark his deep melancholy; and these gallant officers truly sympathized with his distress. They could not imagine what had happened to their former lively associate, for he carefully shunned the horrible secret, which he divulged to no one.

Among his companions, Fritz had one very intimate friend, whom rumour reported master of all magical arts, and who possessed the lost art of making himself invulnerable, could call up spirits, and had every day a free shot. This experienced warrior, with affectionate impatience, urged his friend to disclose the secret grief which so evidently oppressed him. This martyr of love, who was sick of his existence, at length, under the seal

of secrecy, was prevailed on to divulge it. "Brother, is this all?" said the exorcist, with a smile; "I shall soon release you from this torment.—Follow me into my quarters." He began by making secret preparations, drew several circles and characters upon the floor; and, at the summons of the exorcist, in a dark chamber which was lighted only by a magician's lamp, the midnight guest for this time appeared at the mid-day hour. He scolded her very much, and banished her and her mischievous pranks to a hollow willow in a lonely valley, with strict commands at that very hour to set out to this Patmos.

The spectre vanished, but at the same moment there arose such a storm and whirlwind, as set the whole town in commotion. It was an old pious custom when a high wind blew, that twelve deputed citizens should instantly take horse, and make a solemn pilgrimage through the streets, chanting a song of repentance to sing the wind away. As soon as the twelve booted and well-mounted apostles had rode out, the howling voice of the hurricane ceased, and the spirit never again appeared.* Fritz now perceived that this devilish ape's play was intended to entrap his poor soul, and was rejoiced that the tormenting spirit had left him.

* We may mention here, that it is still the custom in this town for this wind-laying cavalcade to perambulate the streets during a storm.

He again prepared to join the formidable Wallenstein in Pomerania, where he finished three campaigns without hearing anything of the lovely Emily, and behaved with such bravery, that on his return to Bohemia, he commanded a regiment of horse. He took his way through Hungary, and when he came in sight of the Castle of Lauenstein, his heart began to beat with anxiety and doubt, lest, in his absence, his beloved had been forgetful of him. He merely announced himself as a friend of the family, and, according to the rites of hospitality, gates and doors were soon thrown open to him.

Ah! how astonished was the lovely Emily, when her supposed faithless lover, the handsome Fritz, stepped into the apartment! Joy and anger by turns assailed her soul. She could not resolve to vouchsafe him one friendly look, and yet this league with her beautiful eyes cost her the greatest difficulty.

For three long years she had debated with herself whether she would forget, or not, her nameless, and, as she believed, faithless lover, and therefore he was never one moment from her thoughts. His image floated continually before her; and, besides, it appeared that the God of Dreams was his patron, for the innumerable dreams that the Fraulein had of him ever since his absence, either excused or defended him. The stately Colonel, whose

high rank the harsh survey of the mother somewhat softened, soon found an opportunity the apparent coldness of his beloved to try. He related to her the horrible adventure of the Elopement, and she frankly acknowledged to him the pain the thoughts of his faithlessness had given her. The lovers now agreed to reveal their secret to mamma, and endeavour to prevail with her to favour their attachment.

The good lady was as much astonished at the secret attachment of the cunning Emily, as at the communication of the *species facti* of the Elopement. She thought it just that love, which had stood so severe a trial, should be rewarded. It was only the man without a name that was offensive to her; and, as the Fraulein observed, that it was incomparably more sensible to marry a man without a name, than a name without a man, against this argument she had nothing to reply.

They were married, and as the secret treaty had already prospered, and no Count lay at the bottom of her heart, the good dame gave her maternal consent to it. The handsome Fritz embraced his lovely bride, and quietly and happily accomplished his marriage, without the slightest interruption on the part of the Spectre Nun.

AUGUSTUS EHRMAN.

AUGUSTUS EHRMAN.

FROM THE DANISH OF RAHBEK.

O thou pervading power of Love! thou art to some sweet as the bubbling fountain of freshness to the burning brow of the desert-worn traveller, but to others terrible as the fiery pestilence, or the breath of the unmerciful Simoom.

ALARIC A. WATTS.

AT Lisenhain, a beautiful villa in the vicinity of Hamburgh, and on the delightful banks of a broad river, three people lived as happy a life as paternal and filial love, brotherly and sisterly affection, could bestow. These three people were Balthasar Ehrman, formerly a merchant in Hamburgh, where he was highly respected; his daughter Magdala; and his nephew Augustus, a young student, who had been brought up by Balthasar from his infancy with the same care he would have bestowed upon his own son, and who now, as some little return for his kindness, undertook Magdala's instruction and education.

When Magdala was nine years old, she lost her estimable mother, Elise Ehrman, whose only child she was. Balthasar, who was sensible he never

could find a woman to equal his beloved Elise, and who was, as he himself expressed it, sufficiently wealthy to preserve his only daughter from future misfortune, resigned his business to a young man whom he had recently taken into partnership, and who had married a distant connexion of his deceased wife. He disposed of his property to his successor, left Hamburgh, and withdrew to his country-seat, to live there in calm retirement with both his children, for Augustus was quite as dear to him as his daughter. So long as Elise lived, she had been Magdala's only instructress, and it would perhaps have been as impossible to find any one possessed of her singular powers of mind, as of her goodness of heart, to properly discharge this important task. An uncommonly good education was the only inheritance Elise derived from her father, a very learned but poor country clergyman. However, she had made this inheritance, during her whole life, produce such abundant fruit, that it might be said with justice that she had doubled it; and the knowledge which she had acquired for her own pleasure and improvement became inexpressibly dear to her, when she found the use she could make of it in her daughter's education. In her ninth year, Magdala already knew the French language, was not quite ignorant of the English, and had read in her own everything that was suitable to her age, without, however, neglecting do-

mestic cares and duties, when she was of an age to be instructed in them; and all these had been taught her by her mother, who, active as she was as a housewife, had still found sufficient time for other things, because she did not daily flaunt to French or German comedies—had no eternal round of balls and entertainments to occupy her—no uninterrupted chain of amusements to carry on. Her labour was also very light to her, for Magdala was as docile and teachable as a child, who is early led to study by judicious tenderness, is generally found to be. Magdala fervently loved her mother; it was her delight to please her; and this cause alone would have been sufficient to make her diligent, even although Elise had not known how to adapt her instructions so well as to make them an agreeable task, in place of a tiresome duty, to her daughter. She lost this excellent mother, and her father, who, although a man of good understanding, had never had the opportunity of acquiring his wife's knowledge, possessed that superiority of mind which is capable of appreciating its full value; and he was exceedingly happy to find in his nephew one who was so capable in this respect of rendering him assistance. Augustus had just finished his course of studies at Kiel, and left the university followed by the esteem of his masters and the love of his fellow-students, when Elise died. It had formerly been Balthasar's in-

tention that Augustus should travel for some time after leaving the university, but now, he said, he had too much need of him to part with him; and with secret joy Augustus exchanged the pleasure of visiting foreign countries for the happiness of living with his benefactor and with Magdala. There could not have been found one who was better qualified to impart all the instruction required than Augustus. He was a very welcome tutor to Magdala. As long as she could remember, it had always been a holiday to her when Augustus, during the time he was at school, every Sunday, and afterwards at the different periods of the university vacations, returned home; and she was delighted to hear that he would now be constantly with them, should study with her, should be her and her father's daily companion; and she did not rejoice without good reason. With great satisfaction Augustus entered upon his new occupation, and it daily became more dear to him; for daily Magdala became more delighted to study with him, and to make rapid progress under his tuition. She did not merely learn by heart, which is often only time lost, but received his instructions with her whole soul; with mind and heart united. They had no appointed hours for lessons; they did not require it, for they were together the whole day, and the whole day was a time of instruction for them; and one might say, in

another respect, that every day was a holiday for them. It was as little labour to teach as to learn. Even those parts of instruction, which otherwise are necessarily the most dry and wearisome, became to them nothing more than a pastime and amusement. For instance, Magdala, in sport, would gather a variety of fine flowers from the garden, and binding them up into a bouquet, would present them to Augustus, naming them at the same time by all their French or English names, which she had taught herself in the morning. On her father's or Augustus's birth-day, she would surprise them by sometimes presenting to the former a beautifully written manuscript, translated from some work or other in French or English, or now she would recite, in her sweet and exquisite voice, some verses to Augustus, which she had selected for the occasion, from some foreign work. Then Augustus would congratulate her on her birth-day, in a French, English, or Italian letter, or some little poem; and these were naturally not merely read with attention, but learnt by heart. And all these little circumstances took place, as one may easily suppose, without any affectation, any art of teaching, and occurred continually and naturally with people who sought their enjoyments only amongst themselves, and their happiness from each other, and to whom every occurrence brought entertainment and enjoyment. When Magdala employed

herself in needlework, Augustus read aloud an amusing book; and she had not been fashionably enough educated to think that no books could be amusing except plays and romances. Travels, biography, natural history, &c. pleased her in the highest degree; and such subjects became still more interesting when Balthasar sometimes interrupted Augustus in his reading, and discussed the subject with him.

Balthasar was very fond of music, and as Magdala possessed considerable talent and a fine voice, he was anxious for their cultivation; and part of the evening was always devoted to music. Was it a prophetic spirit that made her so often sing the following simple ballad?

"O WEEP FOR THE FATE."

A Ballad.

Oh weep for the fate of the lowly maid,
Who loved not the sunshine, but lived in the shade,
Whose roses scarce bloom'd ere they 'gan to fade,
And all through cruel love.

A knight from the wars came,—alas the day!
He gazed with delight on the maiden gay,
And he stole her poor guileless heart away,
And all through cruel love!

When he came it was a bright Autumn morn,
And the leaves along by the wind were borne,
Sighing soft through the trees, like those who mourn
When 'tis felt that grief is near.

When he went away it was wintry cold,
How the waters raged, and the billows roll'd!
A heart must he have both true and bold
To cross them without fear.

"THE LOWLY MAID,"

A Ballad by H. C.



Voice.

Piano Forte.

Oh weep for the fate of the low_ _ly maid, Who lov'd not the sunshine but liv'd in the shade; Whose ro_ses scarce bloom'd ere they 'gan to fade and all through cru_el love. A

Knight from the Wars came a_ _ _ las the day! He

gaz'd with de_ _ light on the Maid_ _ _ en gay; And he

stole her pure guile_ less heart a_ way, And all through

cru_ _ el love!

8 8

Sf

Sf

Like the autumn bright she met him with smiles,
She knew not his arts, she knew not his wiles;
How a few soft words such a heart beguiles,
And how soon away 'twill fly.

Her cheek is now pale as chill winter's snow,
Her tears like its fast-falling rain-drops flow,
And her quivering lip tells all her woe,—
She has only now to die.

Alas! it is not difficult for me to suppose that many of my readers will think, at this description—their mode of life must have been the most tiresome in the world. There are, indeed, but few who can have any idea how happy people may be, who are disposed and willing to enjoy themselves.

In this manner four joyous happy years passed away almost like one day. No sorrow, no misfortune, no sickness, disturbed their tranquillity; all were as active and cheerful as health, happiness, and a country life could make them. Magdala, who now approached her thirteenth year, bloomed like a sweet bud, which every day shows forth new beauty; and Augustus, who was eleven years older, was in all the glory of youthful beauty which man at his age can possess, while he is yet innocent and happy, unconsumed by passion, and uncorrupted by the world. Balthasar was still, comparatively speaking, a young man, but he had, as the poets say, "a green old age." The death of his Elise had sunk deeply into his heart, and he never forgot her loss; but his feelings were more a longing desire than grief. Deeply impressed

by the consoling doctrines of Christianity, he looked upon her death only as a short separation, which would quickly be rewarded by an eternal reunion. More than once he compared his present days to the long period when he, both before and after their engagement, looked forward to the moment when they would be united.

With internal pleasure, which lost nothing of its sweetness by being mixed with sorrow, he often related how he had become everything he now was through the means of his Elise—how he had been received into the merchant's house, where she had resided since her father's death, an orphan, without fortune or expectations; and having been attacked soon after his arrival by a severe illness, during which she had attended him with infinite care and tenderness, this had laid the foundation of that gratitude and affection which had afterwards, as he said, given the turn to his whole life. To please her, he had bent his mind to steadiness and diligence, and by this means had obtained the favour of his master, who, in order to encourage and reward him, frequently said that he would be a respectable and rising man. He now began by degrees to hazard thoughts of the possibility in such a case of her becoming his wife. In this wish, this hope, he became still more and more diligent, while his master, who had expected so much from him, at length took him into partnership. The

Almighty, as he often said with a full heart, blessed his labour and economy, for his Elise's sake, and he became a prosperous and a happy man, and now enjoyed the fruits of his labour and privations.

Far from sinking into grief at her loss, he rejoiced rather at their approaching re-union, and cheered himself with the reflection that he lived for her Magdala, and saw her amiable and happy. His general frame of mind was cheerful rather than gay, and it was mingled with a humanity of disposition which is often met with in those of his rank in life. In a word, they possessed what the poets say is mankind's greatest desire,—"A sound mind in a healthy body." But the first blow came that, for a time, destroyed their happiness and peace; and, although it passed away, still it might be viewed, with some reason, not merely as a foreboding, but as the *cause* from which such dreadful consequences flow.

Like all unsophisticated beings, and particularly children, Magdala was charitable and humane.—One day, during a very heavy shower of rain, she saw from her window a beggar woman standing opposite with two children nearly starved with cold and hunger, and who did not even attempt to seek refuge in the hall. She supposed that the door must be locked, and flew down to open it, but found that it was already open. She now called the wo-

man, who said she did not dare to enter; and at the same time, taking the wet and tattered clothes from the children, she exposed them to Magdala's compassionate but shuddering look, covered with small-pox. Magdala nearly fainted at this sight, without knowing what was the matter with the children; but at this moment the old housekeeper appeared, and would have driven away the beggar woman in a rage, lest she should infect the house. Magdala took the woman under her protection; both made their representations to Balthasar, who gave Magdala so much countenance as to permit the woman to be conducted to some place where she and her children could be sheltered till the weather cleared up; but he did not the less commend the housekeeper's caution on Magdala's account; and he now learned that she had already been exposed to the danger. Perhaps the fright may have increased the illness with which Magdala was immediately seized. She had a severe attack of fever, and the small-pox broke out upon her, and she was more than sufficiently ill to seriously alarm her father and Augustus. They both sat by her couch, and Augustus, without paying any attention to his never having had the small-pox himself, watched over her day and night, enjoying no peace, no rest, till the physician assured them, to use an old proverb, that the fear had been greater than the danger. Thanks to the manner of her

being brought up, and her excellent constitution, Magdala had not even so much as a single mark; but Augustus, who took the infection from her, was less fortunate. From perpetual watching, and continual disquietude of mind on her account, he was ill prepared for the attack, and the small-pox had scarcely broken out upon him before it was seen that they were of the very worst kind. With the greatest difficulty, the first physicians of Altona were enabled to save his life; and not only was one eye much injured, but the whole of his left side, particularly the arm and foot, were maimed.

The hitherto active, youthful, and handsome Augustus was now a cripple; but his danger had been so great that he, as well as those around him, rejoiced too much over his almost hopeless recovery to regard the injuries he had received. He imagined that it would only render him the more dear to Magdala, since she could never behold him without remembering how much he had suffered for her sake. When all danger was over, they began anew their former mode of life, their former employments, and their former happiness; and thus passed away two more happy years, but with them their felicity came to as unexpected as mournful a termination.

At the Fishery, which lay within view of the window of Lisenhain, there unfortunately happen-

ed, one wet and stormy October evening, a great conflagration; they could hear the horrible shrieks of the women and children, could see them running wildly from amongst the flames, and no assistance could be rendered them by their fathers and husbands, who were then out at sea. It did not require so evident and urgent a danger to put the humane and active Balthasar in motion. At the first reflection of the flames, he started from his bed, quickly dressed himself, took his handspike, and, accompanied by some of the domestics, went down to the scene of distress, having first bespoke his daughter's care and attention to the children and sick that he should send up to her; and Augustus, who insisted upon following him, but of whose debilitated health he was more careful than his own, he desired to take care of the goods and furniture which the sufferers might be able to save from destruction.

Without regarding fatigue or danger, he toiled with all the enthusiasm of youth, and with youth's strength, the whole night through; and he had the happiness to save with his own hand more than half of what had been given up for lost. Nor did he quit the spot till all danger was entirely past, and he had extended a comforting hand to those he had come to succour. Wet, and worn out with fatigue, he felt on his return home a slight attack of fever; but relying upon the strength of his con-

stitution, he trusted he should be able to restore himself by some simple remedies which he took, and hurried to bed; but it was in vain—the cold was more severe than he apprehended. After an unquiet slumber, he awoke with an increase of fever, which the physician, whom they immediately summoned, declared to be a severe nervous attack. Without sense, without speech, without seeming to know any one, or to see or hear anything, he lay for eight days as if in a stupor. On the ninth he appeared to awake as from a deep sleep. He fixed his eye stedfastly upon Magdala and Augustus, who during the whole of his illness had watched together by the side of his couch. Too weak to speak, he made a slight motion with his hand for them to come near to him—raised himself a little, took a hand of each in his, and appeared to be about to place them in each other, but at the same moment he heaved a deep sigh, sunk back on his pillow and expired. In their overwhelming grief for his sudden death, Augustus and Magdala did not remember what seemed to be his intention; but in after days, when Augustus in despair saw Magdala more and more hurried on to the brink of destruction, over which he would willingly have precipitated himself to save her; when Magdala, comfortless, wrung her hands in agonizing remembrance of his far distant grave, then

they recalled Balthasar's last wish, and felt that all their happiness had died with him.

They were still in the first stunning moments of grief, when a dashing travelling carriage, with servants in rich liveries, drove into the court-yard. Not waiting either to be announced, or denied, two young ladies, dressed in mourning to be sure, but so splendidly, so fastidiously, that they might have entered a theatre or ball-room, descended from the carriage and entered the house. After them, assisted by his attendants, came a stiff but handsome middle-aged man. Augustus went to meet them, in order to say, that in consequence of the recent death of Magdala's father, she was quite unable to see any stranger; but to his astonishment he found that he was now the stranger in the house—that the stiff old gentleman was Balthasar's friend, the Prussian Commerceraad Trattheim, who on the first intelligence of Ehrman's death, as Magdala's nearest friend, (for Augustus, as being a person of no consequence, could not be taken into account,) had made himself be named by the magistrates of Hamburgh her guardian, and had now come to take everything into his management and possession. He conducted himself as sole master of the house; directed everything—assumed the command over all, and particularly over Augustus, whom he treated partly as a kind of domestic, and partly as one who was re-

tained on charity. Unaccustomed as he was to such treatment, the amiable Augustus would not at any other time have permitted it, but he was too deeply grieved to be easily displeased or offended. At first, when der Herz Commerceraad spoke occasionally of his deceased fatherly benefactor with a kind of compassionate contempt, as a man whose simple goodness allowed him to be imposed upon by every one; when, not contented with having everything put with the most offensive vigilance under lock and key—he looked around him with a continual motion which seemed to say that justice was already too late, but that what was away, was away; and when he furthermore talked to Augustus about board wages till term-day;—he lost all patience, and assured Herz Commerceraad, that amongst his deceased father's numerous benefits, it was not one of the least that he had bestowed upon him so excellent an education, that it was unnecessary for him to receive assistance from any one. The Commerceraad had by this conduct, and the continual glances of suspicion he threw upon the disinterested young man, made it quite impossible for Augustus to make any opposition to his commands, in what respected Magdala as well as the rest of the household.

Meanwhile the two young ladies had taken possession of Magdala, and had not talked five minutes with her before they began to *thou* her with

as familiar an air, as if they had been acquainted the whole of their lives; overwhelmed her with caresses and flattery, and had more delight in their looks than Magdala, when they expatiated upon her appearance, which had never been made a subject of commendation to her before, and of which she had not yet learnt to be vain. But she was somewhat surprised when they pressed her to get ready to accompany them to Hamburgh. She had little inclination to leave, not merely her dear home, but her beloved father's remains, and her brother Augustus. They brought her the message, however, as if the thing was already settled, and that there could not be the slightest opposition or question about the matter. They continually repeated to her, not merely what their father had commanded upon this occasion, but how much both he and they had sacrificed on its account—he a post day, and they a much-admired comic opera at the French theatre. They called the servants, and desired them to throw hurriedly into a trunk some of their young lady's linens, &c. &c. as the Commerceraad would set out immediately. She would not require, they added, to take many clothes with her, as she would get everything new in Hamburgh; and till she procured these things, she could make use of theirs. And now they let loose their tongues, and so obligingly described everything she should require; how delighted she would be

with her new dresses, and how charmingly mourning would set off her fair complexion and her beautiful flaxen hair. Magdala set little value on all these proffered services; but they overpowered her, and from her natural obligingness of disposition, she could not do otherwise than comply with their wishes; and thus was laid the foundation of that friendship which she afterwards made with them, and which had so great an influence upon her future fate.

When Herr Commerceraad had finished looking after, locking up, discharging, and giving commands respecting what was to be carried away, he sent a servant to inquire if his niece would soon be ready to set out. Magdala could not answer for her tears, but her self-appointed cousins answered for her, ordered her trunk to be carried down and strapped to the carriage, threw a mantle hastily around her, and led her down to their father, who, already wrapped up in his cloak, and with his calash on, stood before the carriage, for he had too much politeness to take the *pas* of a lady, unless she insisted upon it. Magdala had not even been allowed so much time as to take leave of Augustus, or of any one in the house, for Herr Commerceraad was already at the carriage-door, and could not let himself run the risk of taking cold. They flew with her down the stairs, jumped into the carriage, and the moment they

were seated, drew down the blinds, not because the sight of all the well-known and beloved objects she was about to leave, might renew Magdala's grief, but because the rheumatic Commerceraad feared the draught of the evening air.

In the carriage, after a short and cold condolence, which he had not had an opportunity of offering before, the Commerceraad began to speak to Magdala about the situation of her property, but Magdala's only answer was a flood of tears. Her cousins endeavoured to comfort her by comparisons between the life of enjoyment she should now lead, and the monotony of her former life. But the more they talked to her of the happy days that were gone, the more bitterly Magdala wept, and the father and daughters soon left her to her own meditations, with the remark that she was a child. There is surely some difference between childish tears and the tears of filial sorrow, which such a daughter might naturally be expected to shed on the loss of a father who had been so kind and dear to her.

An erroneous opinion, however, must not be formed of the two young ladies. They were, what are generally called in great cities, delightful, charming girls—possessed some trifling accomplishments, tolerable conversational talents, but without any culture of the heart or mind—smattered the French and English languages, but would

have found it difficult to get through even the lightest work, not merely in these, but in their own language—they had execution, as it is called, in music, but without having the slightest feeling or genius for it; and, as usual in the gay world, had five hundred dear friends for whom they did not care a rush. They were charitable as far as their giddy and dissipated life permitted, but without taking any real interest in the objects of their bounty; a little inclined to speak ill of their neighbours, without, however, meaning any harm in the world by it. In short, they were exactly such as are to be met with every day in the fashionable circles of a great city; had just so much pretension to beauty as to escape being called ugly, and were totally indifferent to everything which did not administer either to their pride or pleasure. According to their own mode of thinking they had judged Magdala. They could not deny her great natural beauty, but they flattered themselves, that her country breeding would serve as a foil to their brilliant accomplishments; and she was the more welcome, because, under pretence of giving pleasure to their newly-arrived cousin, they could, with some show of reason, redouble their amusements and entertainments; and accordingly they now dedicated their whole time to an incessant round of diversions.

Magdala meanwhile believed their assertions, that all this was done merely to please her, and she was too well-bred not to show that she took pleasure in what was intended for her amusement. At first she felt the most lively grief at her father's death, her separation from Augustus, and the change from the calm routine of her former life; but she was at that age when novelty is generally sure to please, and the perpetual round of dissipation in which she was soon engaged, made her almost as thoughtless and giddy as themselves. Her two cousins rushed through every kind of amusement with so much avidity, crowded pleasures so fast upon one another, that enjoyment in them could not long continue, and Magdala at length confessed she began to be tired of them; and no doubt she would have been really so, had not her cousins meanwhile let her into the great secret to enjoy the only pleasure which human pride cannot so easily resign. In her virtuous father's house, Magdala had always been told to be *good;* and to become so was her most anxious hope and zealous endeavour. But now she never was told to be anything but *pretty;* for beauty in a lady's drawing-room is the only qualification which obtains attention and respect, and before which everything else gives way. An honourable man, a *good* man, in Trattheim's language, meant one who could command some hundred thousand pounds; and, in

accordance with this mode of judging, his niece was, in more than poetical language, a *charming girl*, whose dress and manners were so much the fashion, no one dared to doubt for a moment that she was anything less than beautiful.

Anticipating this result, her cousins had given all possible assistance to accomplish Magdala in these important qualifications; and, to tell the truth, they succeeded better than perhaps they wished; for, although she undoubtedly never appeared more engaging than in her usual neat and simple attire, with her beautiful hair in ringlets of nature's own forming, yet still it was not possible for any mode of dress, however unbecoming, to obscure her dazling beauty.

She heard this so often repeated, that she became daily more assured of its truth, and more pleased with the certainty of it. She was now not satisfied with knowing it herself, without seeing, at the same time, that it was acknowledged by others. She quickly began to feel that she had no enjoyment but in a crowd, and only enjoyed *that* according to the homage she received from it. In short, she became quite a fine lady.

Some may perhaps be surprised, that, with Magdala's education, she should be so soon and so much changed; but it should be remembered, that her being placed in such circumstances had never been contemplated, nor guarded against. Baltha-

sar had steadfastly determined that his daughter should be led by his paternal hand alone, until he could resign her to the arms of an honourable and beloved husband; and there was no doubt that he destined Augustus for her. He could never imagine that they would both be torn so suddenly from her; and that she, without a guide, without a friend, should be thrown into a deceitful and enticing world. He, as well as Augustus, had taken care not to destroy her happy confidence in human nature, by making her acquainted with the vice and misery that exist in the world: it would be like, as he once remarked, filling the heads of German children with the fear of lions, tigers, crocodiles, and rattlesnakes.

Accustomed to truth and nature alone, Magdala could not be otherwise than deceived by—all that the great world has to boast of—a courteous and smiling exterior. She saw but this, and naturally believed that friendship and happiness were to be found in it. The only one who could have undeceived and awakened her from this intoxication of pleasure, and warned her against the flowery path she now trod, was Augustus; but he had been so long separated from her, he was ignorant and unconscious of the dangers that surrounded her; and when, by degrees, his eyes were afterwards opened to them, his tenderness not only appeared to increase, but his whole nature

seemed to undergo a total change. From childhood they had been accustomed to love each other as brother and sister. This affection had grown up with them: but it had passed away, and the happiness of their lives had fled with it. When Balthasar was so suddenly taken from them, their grief was too intense for any other feeling to have room in their hearts; and the greatest affliction attending their own separation was, that each was now parted from the only one with whom they could speak of, and weep over, their deceased parent.

In the overwhelming vortex into which Magdala was afterwards thrown, this feeling became deadened in her, without giving place to any other; but the solitary joyless life which Augustus led, chained him to his remembrances and sorrows, and compelled him to occupy himself solely with these.

From the conversation already alluded to, it may easily be supposed that Augustus disdained to receive any pecuniary aid from Trattheim; and, as soon as the body of his benefactor was removed by Trattheim's orders to Hamburg, to be laid at the side of his Elise, there remained nothing to bind Augustus to Lisenhain. He fled from it to Hamburg, with the secret conviction, that, together with the shutting up of his former blissful dwelling, all happiness in this world was closed to him.

Known and respected as he was by many of Altona and Hamburg's most learned men, some of whom had formerly been his own masters, he found no difficulty, with his knowledge and attainments, in gaining a livelihood. From the many different paths that were open to him, he chose to undertake the instruction of the living languages; and as Hamburg at that time was more than ever the resort of foreigners, who had been obliged to seek a new country for themselves, and who, consequently, required to learn its language; and as it also became more necessary for the inhabitants themselves to learn various foreign languages, he did not wait long till he was sought after, and taught like a T. C. Bruun amongst us. He soon acquired more than was sufficient for the support of a single man; but, alas! this is not all that is requisite for life: his labour was without reward, and his rest without recreation.

I will not speak of the indescribable difference between instructing the ingenuous, docile, and amiable Magdala, and the time devoted to the conceited, presumptuous, stupid fine lady of Hamburg, who took a language-master only because it was the fashion, and who had neither wish, time, nor understanding to learn anything of him; and who, in the midst of her task, would speak with contempt of the barbarous dialect she was obliged to learn, and conclude by expressing her anger at

the bitter necessity which constrained her to sully her lips and memory with it. But what was worse than all, when Augustus had toiled through the long and weary day—What did he toil for? Who took any interest in his exertions? What enjoyment had he from them? What was the result?

There were certainly in Hamburg sufficient means of flying from this solitude, a sufficient number of places of amusement, dissipations of various kinds; but for him who had once lived in such a home as Lisenhain, the wildest desert was less drear than the brilliant, cold, heartless circles of fashionable life. He avoided them all; and when his daily task was done, he went home to his solitary chamber, and nourished his melancholy by recalling the torturing, but dear remembrances of past days. At first, Balthasar's figure was always the most prominent in this recollection of past happiness; but the more Augustus's thoughts were occupied with it, the oftener Magdala's form presented itself before him. He had heard, with deep regret, at Lisenhain, that Magdala was to be hurried off to Trattheim's, because he was convinced it was impossible that she could be happy there; and, perhaps, although he did not acknowledge it to himself, because it was the place where he himself had the greatest dislike to go: but when, contrary to his expectations, he afterwards learned that Magdala was exceedingly happy; when he

saw, heard, and knew that she was the idol of the day—the queen of every revel;—when he could not go a step without encountering her name—her deification—when silly fops drove him from the table of the *Auberge*, with bawling out her name for their first toast; when calculating fortune-hunters and pretended adorers demanded a description of her from him, and asked his advice and instruction how to become better acquainted with the beautiful and rich heiress;—when, in the places of amusement in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, he could seldom look at a window without seeing her name engraved on the glass, and often joined to heart-breaking complaints in every different language;—when he evidently saw that Magdala enjoyed, sought all this homage—Oh! then well might he remember with grief, what she had been, and what she had promised to become. Involuntarily the thought pressed more and more upon him, what the deceased Balthasar had intended to do, when death tore him, too soon for their happiness, away.

Yet, however frequently the vision presented itself, Augustus's heart was not yet awakened by it. He still firmly believed that he loved Magdala merely as a sister—the storm had not yet begun which was to rouse this tender brotherly affection to all the miseries of a lover's wildest passion. Meanwhile, many considerable changes had taken

place in Augustus. By degrees, the continual mention *honorable*, of Magdala, began to give place to *une chronique*, at least *demi scandaleuse*; and many who had no particular fault to find with her, began more and more to be surprised that they *had* none, and continued to make remarks upon everything she did, on everything that concerned her, in the hope that, by this means, they might discover some failing, as one seeks to find spots in the sun. But, painful as it was for Augustus to listen to such remarks, he sought every opportunity of hearing conversation of any kind regarding Magdala, with as much anxiety as he had at first avoided it; and he now began to frequent all public places where he expected to meet with her, to have a watchful eye upon her, as he persuaded himself, but more truly that he might gaze upon her. And now, in spite of all his aversion for Trattheim's house, he came more constantly to it; and at length was daily with Magdala, with the intention of speaking seriously, and in a brotherly manner to her, of the dangers into which she was precipitating herself. This was an excuse to himself, but he went in vain; for he always found her surrounded by attenders and admirers, adorers and female friends, and particularly the two cousins, who were anything but friendly towards him. Although he was daily more convinced of the impossibility of being able to say a reasonable word to

her again, and every day went away with the firm determination of never returning, yet he found himself, without being aware of it, always at the same hour at Magdala's door.

Magdala still behaved with apparent kindness towards him; but so much the worse, for scarcely was the first salutation past, before a hundred things, of not the smallest consequence, claimed her attention, and she afterwards had not another glance for him. It may easily be imagined what effect it had upon the passionately-loving Augustus, to be interrupted on account of some ornament to be better arranged, or his presence totally forgotten in the important study of an *Almanac des Modes*. In particular, when he was in the midst of a warm and animated description of past days, and past happiness, Magdala interrupted him by asking one of her fine lady cousins, what kind of gauze they should wear in the slight court-mourning which had just occurred? This extreme thoughtlessness made him tremble for Magdala's happiness; the more so, as he plainly saw it would be impossible to make her feel there could be any blame in devoting herself to things which were not of so much consequence as to make one say they were wrong in themselves.

While Magdala occupied herself so little with him, the two cousins hated him most cordially; partly on account of their father, who looked upon

him as an insolent book-worm, partly on their own, from the sarcastic and cutting remarks he sometimes made, upon the despotic sway which fashion had over them. Too giddy to have any admiration for the beauties of his heart and mind, they perceived only three things regarding him,—that he was nobody, that he was bitter and sarcastic, which indeed his situation rendered him more and more every day, and that he was an ugly creature. This last was a most heinous fault in their eyes, unless there was a fortune of a million to cover the defect. They possessed the power of mimicry, and constantly used it, to place him in a ridiculous light. Even from the first, they had endeavoured to obtain Magdala's approval of her being denied to him, and to shut her door against him, for by this means they would be quit of a troublesome observer; but that was in vain, since Magdala made it known, by every means in her power, that the early friend of her youth was not less dear to her than when they lived together at Lisenhain; and their only hope and consolation was to render him ridiculous. At first Magdala's naturally good heart shrunk within her, when she remembered it was his brotherly tenderness for her that occasioned him the illness, the consequences of which they were heartless enough to make a mock of; but latterly it did not continue to pain her so much, and the two young ladies were in-

exhaustible in finding drolleries, in which a man with Augustus's defective limb would make the most laughable figure. As soon as they knew he was coming, they barricadoed the place where Magdala sat, with stools, chairs, and all sorts of furniture; and to make his way through them was like a journey over the Alps. They then took care to drop something which he could not take up without extreme difficulty; and the youngest, who, with her master's assistance, did not draw amiss, sketched caricatures of him in a thousand absurd positions.

In short, they took so many means to surprise Magdala into laughing at him, that she had at last great amusement, first in seeing, and then herself putting him into ridiculous situations. Poor inconsiderate girl, she did not reflect that every time she attempted to degrade him, she took nothing from his worth, but only lowered herself. Meanwhile Augustus, without Magdala being aware of it, gradually sunk in her estimation; and he suddenly got a new opponent in her affections, who soon completely ended everything between him and Magdala, and whose influence and importance continually increased in even a greater degree than that of Augustus diminished.

Amongst other things, the Commerceraad, without well knowing the right or wrong, the why or wherefore, made many pretensions to be a great

politician; and when some, whose powers of mind, penetration, and judgement, he doubted not, but envied, were celebrated for being violent democrats, he threw himself boldly into the arms of the opposite party, forgetting that he himself was the citizen of a free state. He detested everything that bore the name of republic and republicanism. In consequence of his well-known opinions, his house was the rendezvous of all the idle and gay emigrants who were in Hamburg, who ate at his table, drank his wine to the success of a counter-revolution, made love to his daughters, and deified him for his political orthodoxy.

In this hospitable and brilliant mansion, which, in the emigrants' circle, was honoured with the name of *Le Petit Coblentz*, every newly-arrived emigrant of *ton* and *qualité* was naturally introduced and made welcome. But, though many stars of the first magnitude then sparkled in this firmament, they were all obscured by one, when the Vicomte of Beaufort Joyeuse appeared amongst them. Descended from one of the noblest families of France, (though by a kind of left-handed marriage,) born to immense possessions, and filling high official employments, he had played a distinguished part at the Court of France, particularly as he had been from his earliest youth lavishly extravagant, and the companion of the infamous Egalité, in every description of wild dis-

order, flattering himself he had far out-done all of his rank and age, in wickedness and excess. Entirely unacquainted with any useful occupation, wearied from his childhood with amusements of every kind, he could not find the least enjoyment in innocent pleasures. Deep play and dissipation were now his amusements; and, from idleness, habit, and pride, he was a libertine and a gamester. To all these vices he united not merely that external elegance and refinement which are generally acquired in the same school, but also excelled in all gentlemanly accomplishments—had an uncommonly handsome person, highly polished manners; was perfect in all the thousand trifles that are considered marks of a finished education, and possessed great knowledge of the world. Judging of others according to his own prepossessions, he believed that all men either were, or might be, as depraved as himself; but he possessed various esteemed qualities, which in truth arose from his vices. He had met and defied so many dangers in his libertine adventures, that he feared none; he was lavish of money when his purposes, his luxury, or his humour demanded it: but his character would require more space and time to depict than we have to spare.

An accomplished young nobleman could not show himself in Hamburg without immediately becoming the idol of the day. The most fashionable circles were open to him, and the beauties of Ham-

burg vied with each other for the pleasure of seeing and of being seen by him. A look, a bow, a smile from him, was a happiness which they sought at the sacrifice of money, time, and—what in old-fashioned days was called—decorum. The only beauty of the day who never appeared to seek his notice was Magdala; not but that she was sufficiently vain to desire his attentions, but she was proud enough to wish that it should be said he sought her, and not she him. This conduct, no doubt, was partly the cause that she, above all the rest, constantly attracted his notice. At their first introduction, he paid her more than common attention, and his experienced eye quickly discovered that she did not the more despise his homage, although she would not appear to seek it.

If Magdala was flattered by seeing the worshipped idol of the day in attendance upon her, her triumph was not a little heightened by quickly perceiving the envy these attentions had excited in the breasts of all the beauties of Hamburg, and particularly in those of her two cousins, who had been, till this moment, extremely kind and friendly towards her. In truth, had they been bribed by Beaufort Joyeuse to heighten his influence with Magdala, and to make this conquest interesting to her, they could not have done it with more energy. They talked of him the whole day through—all his steps, his conduct, every word he said, was com-

mented upon, and they attacked his passion for Magdala with the bitterest sneers and sarcasms. They knew that at a magnificent ball recently given, he had at first refrained from dancing, and seemed to be reserving himself for some lady who had not yet made her appearance—that he was absent and pensive till Magdala entered; but that as soon as he had obtained a glance of her, he became immediately all spirit and animation. It was from these and a hundred similar trifles which Magdala herself had observed, and also from the public attentions he paid her, that she became assured of his devotion to her; but they received a higher interest, and still greater certainty, from what fell from the envious lips of her rivals.

Magdala became daily more deeply interested in this conquest; and when Beaufort Joyeuse could find no better mode in which to idle away his time, he treacherously endeavoured to confirm her in the certainty of the conquest she had made. At the first glance, he had discerned that Magdala would demand homage and worship from her lover, and he took care to pay it. Perfectly certain that no particular of his conduct would escape her observation, or remain unknown to her, he acted the part of a prudent and honourable lover, who endeavoured to conceal his tenderness, and only allowed it to escape when taken by surprise. This game he played so skilfully, that his passion soon

became, of course, a well-known secret, nor did it remain long unknown to Augustus, who could not go a step without hearing people talking of Magdala and Joyeuse, for it was the daily subject of conversation. This occurrence made a sudden change in the manners of the cousins towards Augustus. In place of making a jest of him as formerly, they now became amazingly polite, and in confidence, gave him many hints that he ought to counsel his young cousin upon her imprudent intimacy with this Frenchman. Although little acquainted with the great world, Augustus was not so entirely ignorant but that he could perceive they only wanted to use him as a shield to their envy, and to say to Magdala, through him, what would be taken for envy and jealousy from their own lips, and which, consequently, would be much more likely to flatter than to grieve her. He therefore carefully guarded against giving countenance to their malice; but it may readily be supposed that Magdala's conduct to Joyeuse could neither be indifferent nor agreeable to him. Still he did not believe that this libertine would in any way be dangerous to Magdala's peace. He viewed the whole thing as a mere affair of coquetry, but which was nevertheless exceedingly disagreeable to him, and he determined at once to speak seriously to Magdala when he chanced to encounter her. And, after all, what could he say to her? What repre-

hensible thing had she done? What but that a foreigner thought her beautiful, and she allowed herself to be adored by him? Did she transgress at any time the bounds of decorum? Was there, in the whole of his behaviour, the slightest thing that she could be displeased with? If she found pleasure in his devotion to her, was there anything to be found fault with in that? And why should Augustus speak of it now? Why should he find fault with that to-day upon which he had been silent yesterday? And if he himself acknowledged that Magdala was not to blame, ought he to take her cousins' envy and jealousy into account, envious as they were of her conquest of Beaufort Joyeuse? These reflections entirely closed his lips, and induced him to take Magdala's part against her cousins; and if he could not in his heart condemn their words, he as little approved of their motives.

But matters could not remain long in this state. What at first had been merely an affair of amusement to Beaufort Joyeuse, began shortly afterwards to be viewed in a different light by him. Remittances from France were received less regularly, then ceased altogether; and, for as great a politician as Trattheim was, and as firmly as he believed in a counter revolution, he was still so much of a merchant as not to venture a loan, or make any advances upon such security. A man of fashion such as Beaufort Joyeuse, required meanwhile frequent

and large supplies of money; and when he learnt that his new mistress was a rich heiress, (and if a beautiful young girl possesses thirty thousand dollars, they are sure to be magnified into ten times more), he did not feel much indisposed to mingle his noble blood with that of a plebeian, or at least to make the credulous Trattheim open his coffers, in the idea that he might afterwards indemnify himself from the fortune of his ward.

In pursuance of this plan, he began his operations without in the least betraying his designs upon Magdala; often consulted with Trattheim about estates or country-seats to be disposed of in the vicinity of Hamburg, where he could, as he expressed himself, live *en homme de qualité qui s'est retiré du monde;* not, he added, that he had the least doubt of his being speedily restored to his country and possessions, but because *circumstances* of a *particular* nature *might* make him desirous of choosing another place of residence. In this mysterious tone, he talked so much about these *particular circumstances*, it was at last easily seen in what these circumstances consisted, and he now acted still more the devoted and circumspect lover, who vainly strove to conceal the passion which he found it impossible to subdue.

The sentimental tone which had been for a time the fashion amongst the libertine courtiers of France, had not been so long forgotten or disused

by him but that he could make use of it in a far higher degree than was necessary to deceive a simple and vain girl, who was already very willing to believe whatever flattered her vanity, and who had not learned from her own experience how easy it is to sport with the feelings. He was certain that Magdala's eyes and ears followed him everywhere, and he made apparent efforts to restrain himself in her presence, only to betray himself more strongly, when he seemed to believe that he was unobserved by her. In the midst of the most interesting political conversation at Trattheim's table, and when his vociferous compatriots were fighting their way with fire and sword to their former possessions, he depicted, with all the colouring of Rousseau and Florian, the superiority of calm domestic life, with a loved companion, retired from the noise and tumults of the world; but alas! it was not permitted to a Beaufort Joyeuse to think thus—And then he would break off with a half-suppressed sigh, change the subject, or remain during the rest of the time in thoughtful silence, which was not difficult to be understood. His whole air and manner underwent a visible change. He was more careless of his dress, less brilliant in conversation, entirely indifferent to all the pleasures upon which he formerly seemed to set most value, and even his *politesse* appeared at times to desert him. His thoughts often wandered; he was sometimes inat-

tentive even to Magdala herself, and with others frequently irascible and abrupt. His birth, his rank, his high station, seemed to put a check upon his speech, for he certainly valued all these advantages too highly to throw them easily aside.

The whole of Hamburg noticed this change, and of course the whole of Hamburg knew what occasioned it. In order to marry a citizen's daughter, he must sacrifice what he had hitherto so greatly valued; and it was natural that such a sacrifice should cost him much, but every one believed that the day would be carried, and Magdala victorious. A short time must quickly show whether the affair would come to nothing, or whether they would have to congratulate Magdala upon so brilliant a conquest; and it is not to be wondered at that she should consider as a piece of great good fortune what friends and foes both combined to extol. She was now perfectly convinced that he loved her, and it did not require long time for examination to assure herself that she loved him no less. The gratification it afforded her vanity to be thus flattered by one so distinguished—the delight of being adored by so engaging and inconstant a man, the pride of having inspired him with so deep a passion as to make him sacrifice everything for her sake; and, in particular, when all around her with one voice affirmed that she loved, and could not do other-

wise than love, the adorable Vicomte, Magdala felt not the slightest doubt upon the subject.

Amongst those who certainly would have confirmed Magdala, had that been necessary, in this conviction, were her two cousins. However distant, cold, and unfriendly they had been towards her, when she had robbed them of an admirer, their vanity was gratified when it was supposed that she had the prospect of forming a connexion so brilliant. It would impart a certain degree of splendour to all her relations, and of course some of the rays would fall upon them. Much as they had formerly tormented her with taunts and sarcasms, when they believed it was merely an affair of coquetry, and although they still privately envied her, they set everything to rights by extolling the Vicomte to the skies, and never ceasing to talk of his love, &c. &c. &c.—and busied themselves in endeavouring to render him yet more amiable and agreeable to Magdala. He had nearly put their oratory and zeal in his favour to the highest proof, when a connexion was discovered which did not altogether agree with the enthusiastic and romantic passion he appeared to feel for Magdala. The story was this:—

A merchant had been robbed of a considerable sum of money, and the only circumstance known about the affair was, that the theft had been committed by means of a pick-lock of a very singu-

lar construction, but every trace of the perpetrator was entirely lost. This theft was commented on with all the severity with which a money affair is generally treated in Hamburg, and every one had a different version of it. It was said, however, that a famous French singer, who at that time was as much the earthly Venus of Hamburg as Magdala was the heavenly one, had got a most extraordinary key secretly made, and when she was examined about it, all the reply she gave in explanation was, that she had procured it for a countryman of her own, in order that he might come privately to her apartments, where she had a little library, and that that countryman was Beaufort Joyçuse.

This occurrence of course came to Magdala's ears; and so much still remained of her Lisenhain-ish ideas, it inexpressibly afflicted her. Her cousins, who had never been accustomed to view such things in a serious light, would at first have laughed it off; but when they found that Magdala was not yet ripe for their sort of philosophy, they quickly altered their tone, and endeavoured to prove that the whole affair was a mere fable. This would, nevertheless, have been somewhat difficult, had not Beaufort Joyeuse foreseen the blow which it would give to his designs upon Magdala, and known how to provide an apt intercessor with her, and also to give the whole affair a turn which, far from doing

him any injury, would, on the contrary, redound very much to his advantage.

As soon as he was aware that the business was likely to come to light, he went with much apparent perplexity of mind to Trattheim, and confidentially entreated him to take some pains to prevent the matter being examined into, there being a political secret of great importance concealed under it. A person whom he dared not name, but who of all people in the world was least imagined to be in Hamburg, had his secret rendezvous with him, and who would be highly displeased should the character of the singer suffer from her loyalty, and he feared his incognito was likely to be discovered by this fatal adventure. However earnestly he begged Trattheim's silence upon what he had entrusted to him, he knew him sufficiently well to doubt that it would be quite impossible for him to have a political secret of such importance in his possession without disburdening himself of it as quickly as possible. He knew his man—Trattheim was scarcely seated at table that very day, when his daughters began to talk of the story as a common idle report, but he, with a mysterious and important air, enjoined them to silence, and warned them that the less, at least in his house, there was any conversation upon the subject, the better; and when Magdala, who saw that he knew the whole circumstances, endeavoured, perhaps without be-

ing aware of her design, to draw them forth, he interrupted her with the assurance that the Vicomte was not only perfectly free from all blame, but that he had never appeared in so amiable a light as at that moment, when he permitted himself to be misjudged and defamed, in order not to——He interrupted himself significantly, then added, "He is in truth a noble, a great man—*un Chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche.*"—This assertion, made with so much confidence and solemnity, not merely satisfied Magdala, but caused her to feel displeased with herself at having for a moment doubted and condemned her lover without proof; and Joyeuse, who was sufficiently convinced that his device had succeeded, had the art to keep aloof from Magdala with a dejected and sorrowful air, as if he did not dare to approach her, in the certain supposition that she must be displeased with him, while he, alas, was unable to justify himself. She now thought herself obliged to meet him with redoubled courtesy and kindness, which he no sooner remarked, than he determined to make it the means of hastening on the unravelling of the plot. Hitherto he had stedfastly appeared to conceal his passion, and only occasionally, and as if unconsciously, betrayed it; but from the time this rumour began he became more circumspect than formerly. He had refrained entirely from speaking of settling in Holstein, but now, when Magdala met him so sweetly and gra-

ciously, his inward struggle appeared to redouble. He knew well, and with the ease of a Talma, how to fall from the most enthusiastic raptures of delight into the darkest paroxysms of despair; and at last, when they were alone in the English garden at Trattheim's villa, as if overcome by the excess of his feelings, he exclaimed,—"Ah, Magdala, Magdala! if I dared but believe—if I dared but imagine that you love me!"

"I love you," said the simple-hearted girl, who thought that, under all the circumstances, she owed him this acknowledgment. With well-feigned raptures, the artful impostor fell at her feet, and clasped his arms around her; but immediately restraining himself, he continued to act the part he had assumed of a man of honour, and of principle. "Amiable and beloved girl," said he; "since the feelings of our hearts have overpowered us, it is in vain to attempt any longer concealment of them; but it is not here, not in this sweet but dangerous solitude, that I ought to tell them to you. Let us go to your uncle."

Winged by joy, the delighted girl hastened with him to Trattheim, and, as a great secret, Beaufort Joyeuse entrusted him with his love for his beautiful niece; adding, that, transported by his passion, he had that moment confessed it, and now came to renew it in her uncle's presence. It was, he said, his intention to purchase an estate in Hol-

stein, but on account of political affairs of the greatest importance, which were at that moment in his hands, and upon which, perhaps, the deliverance of France depended, it was necessary that it should be concealed until his return from a secret expedition, which he was obliged to undertake upon these most weighty concerns; and, before he abandoned his own country for ever for love and domestic happiness, he hoped to be able to end his career by a distinguished service, that would secure him an honourable place in his country's grateful remembrance.

It did not require much art and eloquence to deceive Trattheim and Magdala, who believed him too willingly not to be credulous; but in the midst of all the rejoicings upon this event, (for Beaufort Joyeuse's secret was not better guarded than he expected, or than such secrets usually are,) the poor Augustus was a prey to the most agonizing despair. From the moment the Hamburgers began to believe that Beaufort Joyeuse's designs were of a serious nature, he had bitterly upbraided himself for his cautious, weak, and cowardly silence; and for having been deluded by the dream that Magdala would require a heart as well as hand from him who professed to love her; which could not be expected from a libertine. He had entirely forgotten how imperfectly an inexperienced, simple, and vain girl, could distinguish between glit-

ter and gold. It was now too late to break the silence he had preserved; and with what appearance of right and justice could he do it? Would not everything he could urge against him, as a libertine and deceiver, be refuted? And who, moreover, was Augustus, that he dared to speak against such an establishment as was tendered to his cousin? And to what cause would his conduct upon this occasion be attributed? Meanwhile, however, the adventure of the singer happened to be spoken of, and Augustus seized this opportunity to say, how bitterly he had upbraided himself for his silence; trusting that Magdala's heart could endure Beaufort Joyeuse no longer, and that the more she had formerly esteemed him, the more she would now disdain him, for conduct of a nature so dishonourable; but he came too late. She listened with extreme coldness to Augustus's relation of an adventure which she believed she knew much better than he did, and with great impatience interrupted him in his reflections upon Joyeuse's character. She was evidently supported in this by her two cousins, who, in consequence of their present reconciliation with Joyeuse, were naturally as inimical to Augustus as they had formerly been friendly; and when, in the continuation of the conversation, amongst other things, he let fall these words,— "that love was blind," the youngest cousin interrupted him by asking, "Whether he thought he

saw much better with one eye?" He would have passed over this rudeness with a look of contempt, but his glance fell upon Magdala; and he plainly perceived, by the unusually supercilious smile that dishonoured her beautiful lips, that she was not displeased with her cousin's unfeeling retort. That sight enlightened him at once —he saw now how Magdala and those around her interpreted his conduct—that every word he would have spoken against Beaufort Joyeuse was supposed to arise from a wretched, and, in him, a ridiculous passion. He threw his looks to the ground, took Magdala's hand in silence, kissed it with a deep sigh, and departed. He felt that it was all over between him and Magdala; and he felt, alas! at the same moment, that her cousins were right, that he loved her, and too surely not as a sister.

Meantime, by his supposed injustice towards Joyeuse, he had entirely destroyed Magdala's good-will and affection towards himself, and he incurred still farther her displeasure. He could not appear anywhere without hearing people talk of Magdala and Joyeuse; and they naturally addressed their conversation to him as Magdala's friend; and it was natural too, that Augustus, his whole soul full of bitterness against Joyeuse, should on these occasions suffer many sarcasms to escape him, whose gall was too much blended with wit, not to fly from mouth to mouth, and be repeated to Magdala, a

little embellished by those who envied her good fortune, or who hated Augustus. The dearer Joyeuse was to her, and the more she believed herself to be beloved by him, this unjust bitterness very naturally appeared an unpardonable crime in her eyes.

Neither was it unknown to Beaufort Joyeuse how Augustus talked of him, but he gave himself the air of contemning it; and when Trattheim, who hated Augustus with his whole heart, once at table asked Joyeuse how he could suffer such insolence, he replied, "*que ce seroit attenter aux droits de l'homme que de ravir à ce maître de langue l'usage libre du seul organe qui étoit à sa disposition: Au reste,*" at the same time whispering to Magdala, who was next to him at table, "*il a l'honneur de vous appartenir.*" And as this forbearance was to gratify Magdala, she thought it a duty incumbent upon herself to resent the injuries he received, and at every opportunity, particularly when Joyeuse could see it, was so cold, so distant, and so haughty in her manner to Augustus, that the latter, who now found it impossible to move a single step without being painfully reminded of what he had lost, determined not only to withdraw himself from all intercourse with her, but indeed to shut himself up from all society.

Having been so successful in his profession as a teacher of languages, as to enable him to put this

resolution in practice, he took up his abode, in the most retired manner, in the *Stadt Copenhagen*, an unfrequented hotel in the suburbs of Hamburg, which at that time contained no other guest of distinction save a French emigrant, who had also taken up his abode in it, and with whom Augustus soon contracted a close intimacy. This person was an Abbé, who during the Revolution had providentially escaped the bloody Septembrian murders that took place in the prison of St Firmin, where he and many more of his order were confined, and being forced to emigrate, he came to Hamburg. He possessed many accomplishments, and became particularly interesting to Augustus, from his acquaintance with the deeply affecting incidents connected with the revolution of his country, the fearful scenes of which he depicted with graphic power. But there was soon a closer bond of union between them. This emigrant, who called himself St Firmin, in memory of the place of his extraordinary deliverance from a horrible death, was Beaufort Joyeuse's sworn enemy. He had a tenderly beloved sister, whom this serpent, by a long course of the most satanic arts, got into his power, and afterwards deserted, and who, in consequence of such conduct, had been deprived of her senses.

Common sentiments now combined to unite them in close friendship; but there are times and

incidents in the world, when common hatred possesses firmer and more durable ties. For whole hours, nay, often whole nights, they sat together, and roused and increased their hatred to Beaufort Joyeuse. Augustus listened with all the eagerness of jealousy, while St Firmin, with embittered eloquence, described all the arts, the outrage, the baseness, which the abject wretch had practised to get his poor unhappy victim into his power, and the inhuman coldness with which, deaf to the voice of compassion and justice, he had forsaken her; and, secure in the impenetrable protection which his birth, rank, and riches afforded, mocked at the sister's grief and the brother's indignation.

Augustus did not suppose that a like fate awaited Magdala; but he felt, in the most lively manner, that she must of necessity be unhappy with such a man; and upon one occasion, after having listened to these details, he determined to forget all her former unkind treatment, and to present himself at her door. But there was no longer a Magdala for him; and even the domestics, who, courtier-like, had the tact to perceive how the wind blew, did not believe themselves at all bound to conceal from so unwelcome a visitor, that the ladies were not at home, and never would be so to him.

While Augustus was losing time in attempting all possible means for Magdala's rescue, his new friend was in a more promising way to ac-

complish it, without Augustus being aware of it. His participation in the anguish and sufferings of Augustus had awakened to renewed activity his fury against his sister's destroyer, and he continued firm in his resolution to frustrate his designs upon Magdala, which he did not imagine to be of a description so honourable as Augustus imagined they were. The means to accomplish this soon presented themselves. He had been an old acquaintance, in their own country, of the much-talked-of actress, and justly supposed that the secret understanding between her and Joyeuse had not been broken off by the picklock history. Fortunately there was a violent feud between Mimi and a newly arrived singer, who, with less science, had nevertheless gained considerable applause and support. In this war St Firmin took a very energetic part; and as he was a man of talent, and knew how to avail himself of all the Parisian theatrical weapons of sarcasms, impromptus, epigrams, &c. &c. victory appeared to incline to Mimi's side. It was natural that so zealous and ardent a defender should not be indifferent to her, and, on the first opportunity. she renewed her old acquaintance with him, and he soon became *l'ami de maison*. In this familiar intercourse, he quickly remarked that she was displeased with Joyeuse, who had refrained from supporting her by his decisive voice, which would have had inexpressible weight with his

countrymen, all of whom thought it an honour to imitate him, and who in their turn had a host of imitators among the young Hamburghers. From this spark St Firmin found it easy to raise a violent flame. When the irritation on account of her vanity as a singer had a little subsided, he excited her jealousy by declaring his conviction that Beaufort Joyeuse intended to sacrifice her to Magdala. At first she would not admit this, asserting that she knew him better, and that it was not her who would be deceived. But St Firmin continued to play the incredulous so long, that urged by irritated pride, and perhaps to calm the doubts which St Firmin had really awakened in her breast, she unfolded to him, what he had all along believed, a plan in which Magdala's happiness and Trattheim's wealth were concerned. Beaufort, she assured him, jested upon the sentimental languishing part which he was obliged to play at the feet of the little German simpleton; and when St Firmin still would not be convinced, she promised to put into his hands a convincing proof of the truth of her assertion.

Scarcely had St Firmin entered Mimi's house the following day, when she flew towards him with a triumphant air, and handed him the following billet:—

" *Te voila dans une grande colère, ma Mimi, et*

*le pis de l'affaire est, que je ne saurai te voir de trois jours, bien que j'aie des choses de la dernière importance à te communiquer. Mais de quoi diable t'es tu aussi avisée de faire la sotte, et de manquer au rendezvous hier au soir ; et tout cela, parceque tu prends la fantaisie tout d'un coup d'être jalouse de la pauvre langoureuse ? est ce, que tu n'as ni des yeux, ni des miroirs, petite innocente ? passe encore, si c'etoit la sentimentelle, qui s'avisoit d'être jalouse de toi : elle auroit bien raison, la pauvrette ! Mais trève de guerre ! des raisons, d'une nature très pressante, m'obligent de trancher le denouement de ma comédie ; et voila, que je vais très secrettement épouser ma Madeleine après demain à la maison campagnarde de Monsieur Trattheim ; l'oncle ayant demandé que nous fussions mariés par un prêtre tres inconstitutionel et non assermenté, j'ai pris la peine de faire un prêtre de ma façon ; et ce sera Monsieur Navarre, nôtre Mercure ordinaire, qui fera la cérémonie. Tu vois bien, mon ange ! que je serai marié de la bonne manière. Adieu, l'amour ! dans huit jours je partirai pour * * * * dont tu me feras un Paradis de Mahomet. Les preparatifs necessaires pour cet Impromptu de Campagne m'obligent de passer ces deux jours hors de la ville. Adieu, m'amour !*

"*B. J.*"

St Firmin shuddered to find the danger so horrible and so urgent. Still he had sufficient pre-

sence of mind to conceal his dismay, and engaged Mimi in such conversation, that she entirely forgot the billet; and taking an opportunity to snatch it up, he flew with it to Augustus, without taking time to explain to him how it fell into his hands. It was difficult to decide upon the measures to be adopted, for the threatened calamity was to take place next day.

St Firmin proposed a hundred plans. He would have the affair laid before the magistrates, and the self-appointed priest apprehended and examined—or they would seek Beaufort Joyeuse, and tell him to his face that the whole of his infamous plot was discovered, and command him to depart instantly from Hamburg; and if he made the least opposition, St Firmin was prepared to exchange shots with him—or, lastly, to make use of the access every emigrant had to Trattheim, and lay the whole affair before him. Not one of these plans, however, pleased Augustus. By either of them he dreaded Magdala would suffer, or that they would tear away Beaufort Joyeuse from her without being able at the same time to erase him from her heart. She, and she alone, should be made acquainted with the danger; and that she might be enabled promptly to form her own resolutions, he determined to address her as follows:—

"Magdala, your first and earliest friend, he

whom you have so often called your brother, entreats you to read the inclosed letter. Your whole happiness depends upon it. It will show you how horribly you are betrayed by the man you believe to be your lover. Think not that a selfish purpose prevails upon me to act in this matter. I am not foolish enough to hope that you can ever become mine; and I am willing never to see you more, if I dared but believe that you would be happy. This has been from your earliest childhood my first wish, and it will be my last—it is *now* my *only* one.

"AUGUSTUS EHRMAN."

Having inclosed Beaufort Joyeuse's letter, he sealed it, and went with it himself to Trattheim's. The servants would, according to custom, have denied him admittance; but he now asked for none, and only desired they would hasten to his cousin with the letter. He was scarcely in his chamber before a servant from Trattheim's delivered a packet from Magdala, saying that it required no answer; but Augustus having seen the servant, pressed a dollar into his hand, and desired St Firmin to detain him till he went and read its contents. He opened it—it was his own letter returned unopened, with a new repulse from Magdala, contained in the following lines :—

"The moment I received your letter, I conjectured its contents, and I consider it my duty not to permit you to speak of a person who is so dear to me, in a tone which has often grieved me. The only proof of friendship I now require from you is, that you will forget me and be happy."

Shortly after Augustus had retired, St Firmin and Trattheim's servant were alarmed by the report of a pistol. They rushed into the room, and found Augustus weltering in his blood. Upon his letter to Magdala he had written these words—"The dying Augustus Ehrman's farewell to his sister Magdala." Beside it lay a purse of gold, to which it was affixed, with this writing: "For the safe and immediate delivery of this letter according to address." The servant hesitated, but when every one, assembled upon the alarm, was ready to undertake it, he at length promised compliance, and rushed from the room where the poor Augustus lay in the agonies of death. Notwithstanding the short time that had elapsed, the rumour of this horrible catastrophe had already reached Trattheim, who was repeating it with the utmost coolness to his daughters and Magdala, when the servant entered with the letter. She received it, and tore it open, and having read its contents, fell to the ground. Upon reviving, she again demanded Augustus's letter—once more hastily perused it—

then without opening its enclosure, she addressed the following billet to Joyeuse :—

"The man who loved me from his heart, and who has sealed his devotion with his blood, has told me that the enclosure will show you to be a villain. I send it to you ; I neither desire nor require to read it—but I shall never cease to grieve that I have ever known you."

Joyeuse, whom Mimi had informed that his note to her had disappeared, hastened immediately to Hamburg, in order, if possible, by artifice, to ward off the blow. He had just arrived as Magdala's billet reached his house. On hearing the rest of the circumstances, he was glad to hasten away from Hamburg, with no other punishment than disgrace, particularly when St Firmin, in a note to Mimi, who had reproached him with betraying her confidence, signed himself "The brother of Lucretia the Nun, and her betrayer's eternal enemy till death."

After leading a vicious and contemptible life in various countries, this wretched being at last died a miserable death—made more horrible by the stings of conscience. Magdala's health and her peace of mind received a shock, which nothing could repair ; and she fled to Lisenhain, which she should never have quitted, and where a thousand

sorrowful and sad remembrances nourished while they soothed her grief; and where, in the poet's melancholy and beautiful expression—"she faded away like a lily of the field."

GUZZLE,

A FRAGMENT.

GUZZLE, *an Epicure.*

YOUNG GUZZLE, *his Son.*

TREVOR, *in love with* LUCY.

OTWAY, *in love with* SOPHIA.

MISS SAVEALL

LUCY, } *Wards of Guzzle*
SOPHIA, }

FLOUNCE, *Waiting-woman.*

GUZZLE,

A FRAGMENT.

Enter GUZZLE, *followed by Miss* SAVEALL, SOPHIA, *and* LUCY.

Miss S. I tell you, Mr Guzzle, you will never rest till you kill yourself.

Guz. Bring me a glass of beer.

Miss S. Beer, Mr Guzzle? don't you know that Accum says beer is a compound of Cocculus Indicus?

Lucy. Multum?

Soph. Capsicum?

Miss S. Copperas?

Lucy. Quassia?

Soph. Hartshorn shavings?

Miss S. Liquorice powder?

Lucy. Caraway seeds?

Soph. Orange powder?

Miss S. Ginger?

Guz. (*walks about in a rage.*) Accum may go to

the devil! A puppy—a fool—a—a—a meddling, impertinent fellow. Can a man not quench his thirst without all this riot? But just to show how little I care for the jackanapes, I'll have a glass of brandy this very moment.

Miss S. A glass of brandy! You may as well swallow oak saw-dust.

Lucy. Or spirituous tincture of raisin stones.

Soph. Or tincture of grains of paradise.

Guz. Confound your tincture of raisin stones, your grains of paradise! I tell you I will drink brandy,—ay, and gin too, if I please.

Miss S. Then I think it my duty to tell you that you will fill your stomach with oil of vitriol.

Lucy. Not to mention oil of almonds and turpentine.

Soph. Juniper berries.

Miss S. Lime water.

Lucy. Salt of tartar.

Soph. Spirit of wine.

Guz. Spirit of the devil!—If you don't stop your infernal harangue, you will drive me distracted—I wish to heaven that fellow had swallowed some of his own poisons; but I must away and inquire if John has returned with the mushroom catsup.

Miss S. Mushroom catsup!—treacherous luxury!

Lucy. Well might Seneca call it voluptuous poison.

Soph. Depend on it, you will be seized with a dimness in your eyes.

Miss S. A giddiness in your head.

Lucy. You will reel about like a drunken man.

Soph. You will feel oppressed with sleep.

Guz. I wish to heaven you were all asleep!

Miss S. You will have distressing pains in your legs.

Lucy. You will stare about you in a strange manner—you won't be able to shut your eyes.

Soph. You will have a beating at your heart.

Guz. I could beat the whole of you!

Miss S. You will feel as if you were swelled all over your body.

Soph. You will have long fainting fits, tremblings, palpitations, and hysteric affections.

Miss S. You will sicken and die.

Guz. I would rather die ten times over, than live to be worried by a parcel of meddling, teasing, provoking, incorrigible women!

[*Exit* GUZZLE, *followed by Miss* SAVEALL, LUCY, *and* SOPHIA.

Enter LUCY *and* SOPHIA.

Lucy. Was ever woman so harassed!—Can Mr Guzzle really suppose that a woman, with eyes in her head, would ever prefer his booby son to the handsome elegant Trevor, whom he has dismissed so peremptorily? Assist me, Sophia, in devising

some scheme to get your swain and mine introduced again into the house. Suppose we take young Guzzle into our counsels.

Soph. You cannot suppose that he will consent to recall a rival?—No, no, that plan will never do.

Lucy. But it shall do—I will persuade young Guzzle that I am desperately in love with him, and that my partiality for Trevor was all pretended, and merely to prove his affection for me. I have thought of a plan too, to get them in, which I shall explain—but here comes Flounce.

Enter FLOUNCE.

Flounce. (*Gives a letter to Lucy.*) Here, ma'am, —from Captain Trevor's servant, and he says his master is very impatient for an answer.

Lucy. Desire the servant to wait at the corner of the street.

Flounce. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit* FLOUNCE.

Lucy. (*Reading the letter.*) Ah, as I supposed—in love, in rage and despair—yes, yes—man may despair, but woman never—Now for action.

Soph. What does he say?—no message to me from Otway?

Lucy. Oh, yes, they are both dead with vexation at not being able to see us. But listen to my plan—we shall take advantage of old Guzzle's weak side, and introduce Trevor and Otway as a famous cook and his pupil.

Soph. A happy thought—but will not their ignorance betray them?

Lucy. I shall send them Kitchiner directly. But here comes my hopeful lover—follow my lead.

Enter Young GUZZLE.

Guz. (*With a pompous air.*) Well, madam, I hope you are reconciled to the dismissal of that empty, conceited fop, Captain Trevor?—A mighty loss, truly!

Lucy. (*With a sentimental air.*) What, my dear Guzzle, and were you too imposed upon? How blind some people are to their own attractions—No, no, my dear sir—I never balanced for a moment between you and Trevor. I assure you, I always thought you a very different person.

Guz. If I could but think so—But why did you pretend to be in love with him?

Lucy. Spare my blushes, dear Guzzle—Must I own that it was merely to prove your affection for me? Look at yourself, and then ask if you need fear any rival.

Guz. (*Regarding himself complacently.*) Ah, to be sure, it was very absurd in me to fear a rival in any man breathing.

Lucy. Most ridiculous!

Guz. But since you say that I have made a slight impression on you——

Lucy. Slight? the deepest impression.

Guz. When are we to be married?

Lucy. Ah! there is one grievous obstacle which you alone can remove. You know that it is universally believed that I was attached to Trevor—Now, the world will argue thus: would the beautiful, accomplished, bewitching Lucy Thornton ever have married that great heavy thick-skulled booby, young Guzzle, if she could have had Trevor?

Guz. Then the world would say what is cursedly impertinent.

Lucy. True, my beloved Guzzle; but we all know the world is not very nice in what it says; therefore I am determined never to marry you, till I have had an opportunity of proving to a censorious world, that I married you from true love; now this can only be done by my having it in my power to give Trevor a formal dismissal, which would completely prove what I have long felt, that you are capable of inspiring a deep and lasting attachment.

Guz. Do you think so?—But how shall we manage it?

Lucy. Ay, there's the difficulty.—Let me see.—Suppose now we should introduce Trevor as Dr Saucepan, a famous cook, and Otway as his pupil—this will give poor Sophia an opportunity of seeing her beloved;—believe me, I cannot en-

joy my own happiness unless her affairs also are in a fair train.

Guz. But what will my father say?

Lucy. Oh, never mind him! Consider what a triumph you will have, when I declare my attachment to you before the family—discover Master Trevor to your father, and get him turned out of the house.

Soph. Such a denouement might make any man vain.

Lucy. There is no doubt of it.

Guz. Well, I think I shall let them both come.

Soph. There is a dear sweet creature.

Lucy. What a blessed thing an obliging temper is,—how well it carries a man through the world, 'tis so taking (*coaxingly*).—I always say, give me a man with a good temper. Now, my dear friend, I shall let you into a secret,—you have another rival in the young surgeon over the way; but I sacrifice him to you.—Read these lines.

(Guzzle *reads.*)

O woman! born to pierce me to the heart,
And to transfix a lance in every part;
Deep are the wounds you've made in this poor frame,
And all my arts to cure them lose their aim.
List to me while I sing the sad disasters
I've made in mixing potions, pills, and plasters;
How a poor sinner I have dosed with rue,
And all, alas! from thinking upon you.

Nor is this all—the other day in vain,
A man consulted me about a sprain,
I felt the arm,—instead of ordering simples
I bade him take at night, a dose of dimples;
And when he ask'd if he'd do nothing more,
I said—pray take a pearly tooth at four.
I pamper'd next a man I should have bled,
And clapt a blister on an old wife's head;
Gave to a beau lime-water for his eye;
And for the gout prescribed the Spanish fly.
Since, then, 'tis you who've injured my fair fame,
And brought a blot upon a doctor's name,
'Tis right, dear madam, you should life impart;
Oh, spread a healing ointment on my heart!
Shed but the anodyne of your sweet smiles
On one you've too long physick'd with your wiles;
You're so impervious grown to Cupid's dart,
Sure you've a strengthening plaster on your heart.
Put me on any regimen you please,—
To breathe but in your presence gives me ease'

Your devoted slave,

GABRIEL GARGLE.

Postscript.
But should young Guzzle dare my soul to torture,
I'll quickly seize, and pound him in my mortar.

Guz. Impertinent puppy! Young Guzzle, indeed!—I shall beat him to an atomy!

Lucy. Oh, never mind! he is not worth cudgelling;—a stupid fellow, who can find no better word than mortar to rhyme with torture.

Guz. I wonder he did not think of cream of tartar, it would have been quite in his way.

Lucy. Capital. Ah! my dear Guzzle, if he

had your wit!—But let us retire to the library and arrange our future proceedings.

Guz. Anything to oblige you.

[SOPHIA *takes one arm*, LUCY *the other, and lead* GUZZLE *out, exclaiming:*

What a man! so good, so kind, so amiable, &c. &c.

Enter Old GUZZLE, *in his night-cap, followed by Miss* SAVEALL, LUCY, *and* SOPHIA.

Guz. (*holding his head.*)—I can't imagine what is the matter with me, I feel a strange sort of fulness here.

Miss S. (*touching her stomach.*)—If you felt a fulness here, it would surprise me less.—Have you not this moment finished three broils, a pigeon-pie, and a basin of turtle-soup?

Guz. Do you call that much for a stout man like me? And what is my breakfast? a mere nothing; a few cups of chocolate, half a dozen muffins, as many eggs, and a slice or two of mutton ham, by way of relish.

Miss S. It may be a relish to you; but I assure you I don't relish all this extravagance.

Lucy. And you call this a light breakfast? Ha, ha, ha!

Guz. Oh, my poor head!

Miss S. Yes, yes, this comes of your drinking porter.

Guz. And would you have me drink water, to corrode my liver? Does not your favourite Accum say, that water is loaded with earthy matter? the only sensible remark he ever made.

Miss S. I have it.—Yes, yes, I know what is the cause of your indisposition. You eat a whole plateful of custard at Dr Marrowfat's yesterday. Hear what Mr Accum says about custard.

Guz. I won't listen to a word of his nonsense. Oh, my poor head!

Miss S. (*reads pompously.*) "Poisonous custard. —The leaves of the cherry laurel, *primus lauro cerasus*, a poisonous plant, have a nutty flavour, resembling that of the kernels of peach-stones, or of bitter almonds, which to most palates is grateful. Well, these leaves have for many years been in use among cooks, to communicate an almond, or kernel-like flavour to custards, puddings, creams, blanc-mange, and other delicacies of the table"—but listen to this, sir.

Guz. (*impatiently.*) I have heard quite enough already.

Miss S. "Several children at a boarding-school, in the vicinity of Richmond, having partaken of some custard, flavoured with the leaves of the cherry laurel, as is frequently practised by cooks, four of the poor innocents——"

Guz. Confound your four innocents! What are they to me?

Miss S. Mr Guzzle, you shock me.—I say, sir, "four of the poor innocents were taken severely ill in consequence; two of them, a girl six years of age, and a fine boy of five years old——"

Guz. Hold your babble, I tell you!

Miss S. "This boy of five years old fell into a profound sleep—"

Guz. Miss Saveall, would you oblige me eternally?

Miss S. Mr Guzzle, you well know that my exertions for your welfare and happiness are unceasing.—What do you wish me to do?

Guz. Eat a plateful of custard directly.

Miss S. Barbarous man! Is this the reward for my anxiety to keep you out of your grave?—But you shall listen to me.—Where was I? Oh, here —"They fell into a profound sleep, out of which they could not be roused, notwithstanding the various medical exertions used; the boy remained in a stupor ten hours, and the girl nine hours; the other two complained of severe pains. Luckily, they all recovered after three days' illness."—Now, will any person of sense, or prudence, season his victuals with poison?

Guz. Oh, for Baptista Porta's book on Natural Magicke!

Miss S. Why? what good would that do you?

Guz. Good!—Why, it would teach me how to persuade a goose to roast herself!—Ha, ha, ha!

Miss S. Really, Mr Guzzle——

Enter YOUNG GUZZLE, TREVOR, *and* OTWAY.

Young Guz. My dear sir, allow me to introduce to you the celebrated Dr Saucepan, and his pupil Mr Allspice.

[TREVOR, OTWAY, *and* GUZZLE, *bow to each other.*

Old Guz. (*to Young Guz. aside.*) Who, say you, are these gentlemen?

Young Guz. Have you not heard of the famous Dr Saucepan, the first cook in Europe? he is travelling about inspecting our kitchens;—he means to publish, sir, so take care what you say before him.

Old Guz. Ay, ay, say you so? Will he stay to dinner?—Good lack, I must run to the larder.

Young Guz. 'Pon my faith, I don't know—he is pestered to death with invitations; but try to persuade him to remain a few days, he will be able to give the girls some lessons, and I have no doubt his visit here will make some noise.

[*Looks significantly at* LUCY *and* SOPHIA.

Old Guz. You are heartily welcome, gentlemen, to my house;—I hope you will do me the honour of dining with me.

Trevor. Oh, sir, the thing is impossible! I am over head and ears in engagements;—I have promised to dress my Lord Brainless's calf's-head, to season Lady Backbite's tongue—to make a float-

ing island for Sir John Lackland—to whip a trifle for my Lady Airey, and to make an Irish stew for the new Viceroy.

Old Guz. You must not deny me,—Lord Brainless will never miss you.—Sir John Lackland's island, and Lady Airey's trifle, may wait.—Lady Backbite's tongue will keep cold; and as for the Viceroy's Irish stew, there is no want of cooks for that.

Trevor (*conceitedly.*) Well, sir, since you insist on it, I believe I must consent.

Old Guz. You transport me.—Now, sir, may I venture to request you will give the ladies of my family some instruction?

Trevor. I shall be too happy.

Old Guz. There is my ward, Miss Lucy,—the last time she superintended the dressing of my calf's-head, she forgot to take the scum off my brains.

Trevor. Oh, fie! that was unpardonable.

Old Guz. Put neither sage leaves nor butter in them.

Trevor. The sage leaves would have been a great addition.

Old Guz. And to crown all, the careless baggage left the skin upon my tongue. I fear, Dr Saucepan, she will do you little credit.

Trevor. Don't say so; I hope to find her a very docile pupil.

Old Guz. Oh, I fear, I fear!—But tell me, Dr Saucepan, what would you advise me to do with my head?

Trevor. Oh, score it! Beat up the yolk of an egg, and rub it over your head with a feather,—powder it with parsley, pepper, and salt; give it a brown with a salamander, then sprinkle it over with melted butter.

Old Guz. Capital, capital! Let us set about it directly. [*Exeunt.*

THE NEWHAVEN PILOT.

THE NEWHAVEN PILOT.

CHAPTER I.

"And weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread."

No one can walk through the village of Newhaven without wishing that old Neptune, taking the hint from the Bog of Allan, would enlarge his boundaries, and pay the Newhavenites at least a quarterly visit, to sweep away the mounds of oyster shells, with which the front of every dwelling is so profusely ornamented. No, not every dwelling, for the domicile of Philip Jarvie formed one exception to this remark. This neat cottage, which stands a little apart from the others, is surrounded by a fragrant hawthorn hedge enclosing a small garden, where every weed is dislodged with as

much haste as is commonly used by parish officers towards such beggars and vagrants as are suspected of harbouring the atrocious design of obtaining a settlement in the parish. Honest Philip had laboured hard for the support of a numerous family; but as, with the exception of his youngest son and daughter, they were all settled in life, he considered himself privileged to abate somewhat of the severity of his toil; though he still continued his occupation of ensnaring the finny tribe, and of piloting vessels up the Frith.—Every day, foul or fair, did his portly wife, Effie Jarvie, trudge up to Edinburgh to dispose of her fish, leaving the care of the house to her daughter Peggy, now at the interesting age of seventeen, and the prettiest brunette in the world—at least, in the world of Newhaven.

"Thae Jarvies mak an unco sough about haeing a' thing clean," said Tibby Thornback to her cronie Nanny Tod; "Peggy's mither nae sooner comes down frae the town, than awa' the lassie rins to the well wi' the creel, and scours and scrapes at it, as if she were gaun to tak her dinner out o't;—troth, whan I come hame, I fling my creel ahint the bed, and tak up my pipe."

"Oh, ay," replied Nanny, "they haud themselves unco heigh; I trow they're neighbour-like for a' their new fashions. I canna gang to ony o' the gentry hereabouts to sell my fish, but I get

Effie Jarvie flung i' my teeth; and it's, Effie Jarvie doesnae ask twa prices, and she doesnae taigle the lassies fighting and prigging, but says at a word what she'll tak, and nae mair about it."

"Ne'er ye mind her smooth tongue. As for mysel, I'll no gi'e up prigging and scolding as lang as I hae a tongue to wag."

"They mak an unco wark wi' that lassie Peggy, —My Grizzie said ae day to Davie Collier, that she wondered what fouk saw in the Jarvies to mak a sang about, and how Peggy's three sisters were a' sae weel married, and decenter women standing; and what do ye think he had the impudence to say?—That lads liked a bird out o' a gude nest."

"My certie, he wasna blate! I wonder Grizzie keepit her hands aff him; but the Jarvies will get a downcome some day for a' their pride; and do ye ken they are no gaun to let Peggy come to the bit dance we are to hae, when the herring-fishing is ower? They said the whisky was ower plenty the last time,—the ill-tongued tinklers!"

"I would gang up and gie Mistress Effie a screed o' my mind, if I thought Philip was out o' the road, but I'm a wee fear'd for him."

"Ye neednae fear him, for Philip and Willie are baith awa' down the Firth."

"Tibby Thornback, am I to get ony dinner the day?" cried a rough voice.

"Oddsake! there's the gudeman in a carfuffle about his dinner; I maun let Effie alane till anither day." And away went Tibby homewards, while Nanny continued her route, bawling "Caller Haddies."

The information of Nanny Tod for once proved correct; for on that morning, when Philip Jarvie, and his son William, a fine youth of about nineteen, were fishing a good way down the Frith, they observed, at a considerable distance, a ship making signals for a pilot. It was but the work of a few minutes to haul up their lines, and the wind being in their favour, they were in a short time brought alongside of the Haabets Anker, from Copenhagen, commanded by Captain Jacob Schroeder. A rope being thrown them, they were soon on board.

"You have had stormy weather, master?" said Philip, addressing the mate, on observing the sails and rigging.

"Bad enough, in all conscience," rejoined the mate; "but when do you think we shall get into port? We are anxious to reach it upon the Captain's account, who has been seized with fever and ague."

"Not before the turn of the tide," replied Philip: "the wind seems rising."

While this conversation was passing between our pilot and the mate, a slim fair lad, about

eighteen, was eagerly listening to them, and examining Philip and his son, with a pair of the keenest, brightest blue eyes that ever shone in a head.

"What does the pilot say?" roared Captain Schroeder, from the cabin stairs.

"Go, Hans," said the mate to the young man; "go tell the Captain what the pilot says, for he is in such a bad humour, I don't care to come across him."

"No more do I, Joe," rejoined the youth; "go yourself." And giving his neat blue trowsers a twitch, he walked away to another part of the ship, followed by a large shaggy wolf-dog.

"Hollo!" roared the Captain once more; "Are you all deaf above? What are you about there? What does the pilot say?"

"We won't get in before the turn of the tide; and perhaps not then, if the wind rises," answered Joe.

"And it will rise, or I am no seaman," grumbled the Captain; "this bad luck has fallen upon me since I took that dare-devil (here the Captain gave a round Danish oath) Hans Muller, on board. But where is he now?" continued he;—"in some mischief, I'll be sworn. Order him down to the cabin,—if any harm happens to him, old Muller will lay all the blame upon me."

"Hans," cried the mate, "the Captain wants you in the cabin."

"What the deuce can he want with me, Joe?" replied the youth in an impatient tone; "I wont sit all day in the cabin doing nothing." On saying which, he gave his trowsers another jerk, and joined William Jarvie, whose open countenance seemed to have attracted his regard.

The Captain at length losing all patience, waddled up among them, his person enveloped in a large thick watch-coat, and his head adorned with a red nightcap.

"I'll tell you what, Hans Muller," cried he, his teeth chattering from the effects of fever and ague; "I'll tell you what, you shan't make another voyage with me—You have turned my ship almost upside down; and what is worse, since you came amongst them, my crew never mind a word I say."

"Who asked to come with you, Captain?" rejoined Hans, with a saucy smile; "if I had had the liberty of choosing my vessel, I never would have come on board of your old sleepy hulk, which crawls over the sea like a half-dead tortoise;" saying which, he gave the mate a roguish look.

"It is a lie!" roared Captain Jacob, who thought any reflection cast upon the Hope's Anchor was a much greater insult than if thrown upon himself. "'Tis a base falsehood. You want to provoke me,

as you did the Burgo-master—Ah, if you had not played your tricks upon him, you would not have been here to plague me."

At the mention of the Burgo-master, the youth gave a grin of uncontrolled delight.

"He deserved it all, Captain Jacob," replied Hans.

"If your good mother had lived, you would not have played these wild pranks, Hans Muller." At the mention of his mother, Hans turned away his head, and without further parley, followed the Captain to the cabin, where, taking a small sharp knife from his pocket, he seated himself quietly, and prepared to finish a small wooden likeness of his favourite dog Wolfgang.

Captain Schroeder, with all his bluntness, had a great regard for Hans, with whose father he had sailed many years, the former as captain, Schroeder as mate; and now that his old friend was dead, and poor Hans left an orphan, his heart warmed to the spirited boy, who by the recent loss of his mother, was now thrown upon the care of his uncle Muller, a respectable merchant in Copenhagen. The mercurial spirits of Hans, however, being by no means suited to the sober, methodical habits of old Muller, he willingly listened to the suggestions of Captain Schroeder to take Hans a voyage with him, that he might also be out of the way of an enraged Burgo-master, on whom Hans had played

some mischievous tricks, in revenge for his having treated his mother with harshness and injustice.

The illness of the Captain rapidly increasing, Hans persuaded him to go to bed, assuring him that Joe and himself would be upon the alert, and as the pilot seemed to understand his duty, he might with safety leave the management of the ship to him. Hans now went on deck, where he found the mate and Philip anxiously looking out.

"There is a squall coming," said Philip; "set all hands to work, for it will soon be on."

The pilot's predictions were verified, for the gale, which had been gradually increasing, now became a perfect hurricane, and the voice of the mate giving the necessary orders could scarcely be heard for the howling of the storm. The heaving of the ship was no sooner felt by Captain Schroeder, than he sprung from his bed and rushed upon deck. "She is drifting out to sea!" he exclaimed.

"So much the better, Captain," replied the pilot; "give us but plenty of sea-room, and there is no fear of her. But I wish the moon was up—the night is drawing on."

A cry at this moment arose—"The pilot's son is overboard!"

Philip rushed to the side of the ship, but Hans threw himself before him, and saying—"Hold the old man back!" the next instant plunged into the sea, followed by Wolfgang.

Before Hans could reach William Jarvie, he had sunk twice; but as he now again rose to the surface, the young Dane seized hold of him, and, assisted by the dog, supported him till a boat was lowered, and they were rescued from their perilous situation. Philip gave his son a hearty embrace, then turning to Hans, he grasped his hand, while a tear stood in his eye; but he had no time to express his gratitude, his duties as a pilot calling forth all his attention.

Through the whole of that dreadful night the storm raged without intermission; and by daybreak, when the wind began to fall, the ship had been driven so much out of her course, that the day was far advanced before she was safely moored at the pier of Leith.

CHAPTER II.

High roll'd the sea—all smiling sheen,
With beams and bowers of ever-green,
Lay stretch'd in light the land :
Glow'd to the sun's unclouded glow,
The billow's breast, whose heavings slow
Came parleying towards the strand .
As if in reconcilement sweet,
To clasp and kiss the dark rock's feet,
And pardon and oblivion pray,
For rude assault of stormier day.

ISMAEL FITZADAM.

"It's turned an awfu' day," said Nanny Tod to Effie Jarvie, as she stood at her door. "I'm right thankfu' my gudeman is no out; he was keepit at hame mending his net."

"I wish," rejoined Effie, "my gudeman and my puir laddie were come back; they gaed aff afore the skreigh o' day. I hae sent down Peggy to see if ony o' the neighbours' boats hae come in." At this moment pretty Peggy returned, her dark hair blown about her face, and with a small sunburnt hand holding on her cap, which the violence of the wind had discomposed. "Now, my bairn," said Effie, "hae ye heard ony word o' your faither ?"

"The men are a' come back, mother," replied Peggy; "and nane o' them hae seen him."

"Waes me," replied Effie, "they hae a hard life o't; but I'll gang down mysell to the shore, for I can settle to do naithing."

"I hae seen them out in as stormy a day, mother," rejoined Peggy, trying to smile, "and they aye came safe back."

But this did not allay her mother's fears, for the wind now blew a hurricane, and not a single boat was in sight. Long and dreary did the night appear to Effie and her daughter, as they sat listening with anxiety to the howling of the wind. Neither of them thought of going to bed; and at every footstep that approached their dwelling, Peggy started up in breathless agitation, but no one brought any tidings to the anxious wife and mother. At day-break, as the storm had rather abated, Peggy, after persuading her mother to go to bed for a short while, ran hastily down to the beach, where she found John Thornback preparing his line and bait.

"Peggy, lassie," said John, kindly, in answer to her anxious inquiries, "dinna let Effie and you fear yoursells about Philip and Willie. It's likely they hae run into Dunbar, or some o' the harbours on the coast o' Fife. I hae been out mysell the maist feck o' twa days, and Tibby ne'er made a noise about it. Keep a gude heart, my bonny bairn, your faither is no the gear that will tine; and he's a can-

nie hand, no like a glaicket laddie, that thinks there's nae danger, although the sea should be washing o'er the boat."

Peggy tried to believe him, and returned to comfort her mother with John's cheering prognostics. As the morning advanced, the usual busy hum was heard in the village—boats were seen sailing out, and others coming in, but none of the men could give any account of Philip and his son.

"I think," said Tibby Thornback to her daughter Bell, "I'll gang o'er and see how puir Effie and Peggy are."

"I maun awa to the town," replied Bell, "wi' what fish we hae got."

"Aweel," rejoined Tibby, "it's a' right. Now, take care, ye enemies," addressing some of her small fry who were playing about the hearth, "see that nane o' ye cast out, either about buckies or partan-taes, or I'll gie ye the best paid skins ye e'er got in your lives;" after which parental admonition, with kindly intentions, she repaired to Philip's dwelling, where she found Effie and Peggy full of heavy fears. "Effie," said she, "ye mauna tak on that gate. Ye couldna be mair demented if ye had heard the warst. I saw Andrew Telfer, and he says a muckle ship frae Noroway has been driven down the Frith, and that the sough gangs there's a pilot on board."

"I wish it may be true," rejoined Effie, while

the tears trickled over her face; "but I had an unco ill will to let them gang out." At this part of the conversation the door opened, and Nanny Greig entered.

"Hech, sirs!" said she, seating herself, "it's been an awfu' day and night. Preserve us, if the sea wasna like a sheet wi' whiteness!"

"Haud your tongue, Nanny," rejoined Tibby, "and no mak things waur than they are."

"I'm saying nought but the truth," said Nanny, in an angry tone. "I'm real vexed for puir Effie and Peggy there. But if it has pleased Providence to tak your gudeman and your laddie, it canna be helpit. We maun a' submit. I mind about this time last year," continued Nanny, "Gabriel Smellie was lost, and the laddie that was wi' him. It was thought that the boat had whumbled o'er wi' them. Neither o' their bodies were e'er gotten; and it was an unco heart-break to Gabriel's puir widow, that the corpses couldna get decent burial; but I hope it winna be the case wi' you, Effie, my woman."

To this crumb of comfort Effie had too full a heart to be able to make any reply.

After a little pause, Nanny once more took up the thread of her discourse. "Ye winna, I hope, tak it ill, if the warst comes to the warst, that I should ask ye to speak, Effie, to the maisters o' the

Trinity-House for the place o' pilot for my man? I'se warrant there will be plenty looking after it."

"Oh, woman," cried Tibby, "hae ye a heart o' flint to speak to Effie about such a matter? —set *your* man up, truly, wi' being pilot! My certie, I'se warrant there are better sailors in Newhaven than ever Tam Greig will be, who hardly kens a brig frae a sloop; and at this time to be speaking o' such a thing, when ye see puir Effie sae demented! Ye are ane o' Job's comforters, I reckon.—But ne'er fash your thumb, Effie," continued Tibby, "I'll wager a guinea to a brass farthing that baith your gudeman and your son will be hame afore the day is done."

"My troth, Mistress Tibby," replied Nanny indignantly, at the same time rising, "I'm no sae blind but I can see what's the reason ye are keeping sae fair a face to the Jarvies; but as I see my company is no agreeable, I winna stay to fash you."

"Gang your ways, woman," cried Tibby, as Nanny in great wrath flung out at the door, muttering to herself,—"No ken a brig frae a sloop! she's no blate, that I should say sae; but let the wind blaw what airt it likes, it ne'er brings ony luck to me or my family."

Soon after, the door was thrown hastily open by Effie's son-in-law. "Mother," said he, "they are come in safe to Leith. I hae ran every foot o' the road to tell ye."

"Heaven abune be praised!" said the grateful wife, while her tears fell rapidly. "But whare are ye gaun, Peggy?" exclaimed Effie, as she saw her daughter disappear.

"She is aff to Leith, I dinna doubt," said Tibby, "to see her faither."

Honest Philip was just in the act of stepping on the quay, when Peggy, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, forced her way through the crowd, and, running up to the old man, threw her arms round his neck, and burst into tears.

"The sorrow tak the lassie," cried Philip, affecting an air of unconcern; "are ye greeting at seeing us safe hame again?"

"Whare's Willie, father?"

"He's in the ship helping to get the Captain brought on shore. And now, run awa' hame, my bairn, and tell your mother I'll no be lang ahint ye: but I maun first see the Captain rightly settled, puir man, for he's no that weel."

Pretty Peggy retraced her steps homewards, and Philip rejoining the Captain, proffered his services to procure him a comfortable lodging.

"Ye see, sir," said he, "ye needna think o' gaun into the heart o' Leith, for the din's awfu' thereabouts, and it's enough to drive a hale bodie doited, far less a sick ane; sae if it's agreeable to you to come as far as Newhaven, there's ane Widow Johnston wha has twa bit clean rooms, and

if ye like I'll send my son Willie to tell her to mak them ready; for, to look at you," he continued, glancing at the Captain's woe-begone face, " ye will need to be sending for the doctor to put ye right."

After some little parley, this proposal was agreed to, and William was dispatched to Mrs Johnston's; his father, in the meantime, waiting until Hans and the Captain put up some apparel, proceeded with them to Newhaven.

CHAPTER III.

And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
In troth I'm like to greet.
The Mariner's Wife.

"COME awa, sirs," said Mrs Johnston, as they entered her abode; "I'm right glad my rooms are toom the now, for the sake, Mr Jarvie, o' this gentleman. Captain Crawford only sailed the day before yesterday, but everything is as neat as a new prin, although I say't that shouldna say't."

"It's no time the now, Lucky," replied Philip bluntly, "to be bleezing awa' about your house; wiser like ye were seeing the Captain's bed sorted, and your lassie sent awa' for the doctor."

"Gang to his bed!" rejoined Mrs Johnston; "he mauna think o' that till he gets something to eat. I would be no time in getting him a fine rizzared haddie, or a beef-steak wi' inguns till't; the bonny laddie, his son," continued she, "will nae doubt be right hungry?"

Captain Schroeder firmly declined partaking of

these savoury dishes; but in their place desired her to get him a cup of good strong coffee, which Mrs Johnston, after ushering him into his bedroom, prepared to make ready.

"Now, gudewife," said Philip Jarvie, as he followed Mrs Johnston to the kitchen; "ye mauna be fashing the Captain wi' speaking to him the now, but keep a calm sough, and mak nae din."

"Me fash him!" replied the dame, a little offended; "a'body kens, Mr Jarvie, that I am nane o' your claverers, whase tongues gang like the kirk bell. Na, na, I say nae mair than there's a downright needcessity for, gude be thanked."

"It's a lucky thing that," rejoined Philip, who, being impatient to get home, bid Mrs Johnston good day, and trudged on to his own dwelling.

We need hardly say that Effie's welcome-home-again to Philip was such as an affectionate wife should give, for he was in the main a good and respectable personage, although not entirely free from those little peculiarities to which the most worthy men are liable. His disposition was rather stern and severe, and he ruled in his family with despotic sway; being a strict disciplinarian, and withal a great advocate for subordination, which last quality he sometimes persevered in, in defiance of common sense and the wishes of his family. A propensity to regulate the disposal of his children, without allowing them a voice in the matter, had

indeed cost pretty Peggy many a sigh, who was aware that her father, in a carouse with old Saunders Renton, had promised her in marriage to his eldest son. Peggy, however, was young and light-hearted, and as the evil day and her lover (now away on a voyage to the Baltic) were still at a distance, she contented herself with thinking of the future as little as possible. The old man now gave them an account of his adventures, and of the narrow escape William had made from a watery grave.

"Blessings on him," cried Effie, as her husband described the generous intrepidity of Hans.—"What for did ye no bring the laddie hame wi' ye?"

"He couldna leave the Captain, who is down at Widow Johnston's, very far frae weel, honest man; but Effie," he continued, "is there ony news stirring in the town?"

"News?" replied Effie; "I dinna ken o' muckle, except that Archie Dunbar was here, and says he to me,—'Effie,' says he, 'ye should tell your gudeman to turn his house into a public. I'se warrant, woman, he would mak a gude penny, especially on the Sundays, whan sae mony fouks come down frae Embro' to walk about, and tak a smell o' the saut sea;' and, says I, I'se be bound my gudeman would sooner put his hand in the fire than do ony such thing. We hae enough to keep us without profaning the Sabbath, and setting our bairns an

ill example. A bonny like thing it would be, to hear a galoring, and rampauging, and a din in a decent man's dwelling, making the Sabbath like an ilka day; for, says I, there are ower mony publics already in the place, the mair's the pity."

"Ye served him right, wife," rejoined our pilot, dashing at the same time the ashes from his pipe; "I said the same thing to our gude-son Charlie, when some gowk had put it into his head to tak up a public, and leave the trade he had in a manner been born to; for his father, and his grandfather, and the maist o' his kith and kin, hae been fishermen at Newhaven. But I tell't him, if he demeaned himsell that gate, he needna look for ony mair siller frae me; howsomever, if he would stick to his trade like an honest man, and behave himsell, that I would divide shilling and shilling about wi' a' my bairns."

"I'm glad ye settled that foolish notion," rejoined Effie; "for it would hae been a heart-break to me to see my dochter Annie keeping a whisky-shop, and maybe learning to drink."

"There's nae fear o' either the tane or the tither. But, Peggy, my bairn, gang awa down to Mrs Johnston's, and see how Captain Schroeder is, poor man, for Willie may no be in this while, as he is seeing after the boat, or I would hae sent him."

Peggy, according to her father's desire, with light heart and lighter step proceeded to Mrs John-

ston's, and using the privilege of an old acquaintance, she opened the door, where her progress was arrested by a large dog, which, as Peggy offered to advance, began to growl. She was just on the point of retreating, when the fair head and merry face of Hans Muller was seen peeping out from the adjoining room, who quickly displaced Wolfgang; and smiling to Peggy, said, "Come in, pretty maid, come in." Our pretty maid seemed rather unwilling to accept the invitation; but, fortunately at this moment, Mrs Johnston made her appearance.

"Gang in, Peggy lassie," said she, "and dinna stand at the door like a beggar; the dog winna meddle wi' you, he's only been keeping the house till I came up frae Allan M'Lean's wi' a pound o' sugar for the Captain's coffee, honest man."

"My faither," said Peggy, modestly, "my faither sent me to ask how the Captain is, that came up the day?"

"Atweel," said Mrs Johnston, "I dinna think he'll get ower this tout in a hurry; for his teeth hae done naething but chatter in his head since he came in. I doubt, Peggy, he has got his deadle, and it's no easy cheating me;—the doctor winna allow him onything but gruel, and sic-like; and how he ever expects a muckle big man like the Captain to gather strength on that, is past my comprehension."

Peggy did not think herself competent to give any opinion upon this disputed point, and wishing Mrs Johnston good day, she took her leave, Hans with great gallantry opening the door for her.

"And how is the Captain?" asked Philip, when Peggy returned.

"Mrs Johnston disna think he is ony better, and she doubts he has got his deadle, and that he winna get ower this illness."

"She's just fou o' freets," replied Philip. "I'se warrant there's nae fear o' him."

"I got an unco fright," rejoined Peggy, "wi' a muckle black dog, that belangs to the Captain's son."

"He's nae mair his son," replied Philip, "than he's mine; for the mate telt me he's some friend o' the merchant to whom the ship belangs, and it seems he has been playing some pliskie or ither, an' they ha'e sent him out o' the gate till the sough blaw by; but he seems for a' that a spunkie creature, and weel liked by a' the crew."

"I was anxious," replied Peggy, "to say something about our being obliged to him for saving puir Willie, but he looked sae hard at me, I didna like to speak."

"It's just as weel," rejoined Philip; "but if Willie were come in, we will shut the door, and gang soon to our beds, for I had nae sleep last night."

Philip's word being a law, as soon as William made his appearance, and had taken his supper, the cottage was hushed in repose.

CHAPTER IV.

Did you never hear of sweet Molly's courtship?
  Courted by a sailor fain;
And he's made vows that he will have her,
  And she's made vows to him again.

Old Ballad.

So long as Captain Schroeder continued seriously ill, Hans never left him, but attended him with all the duty and affection of a son; as soon, however, as he was pronounced convalescent, and able to transact the business relating to his cargo, Hans was to be seen continually at the cottage of the Jarvies, where he was always a welcome guest. The old pilot liked him for his bold and dauntless spirit,—Effie admired him for his being so handy and useful,—William loved him for his ways of fun and frolic;—but in pretty Peggy's eyes he was perfection itself.

Little was honest Captain Schroeder aware, that while he was getting rapidly out of danger, his volatile charge was as quickly getting into it. Satisfied with knowing that he was in safe company, the Captain gave a free consent to his fre-

quent visits to Philip's cottage, not at all suspecting the danger which threatened Hans, in the shape of a lovely laughing brunette of seventeen.

"May I come in, pretty Peggy?" said Hans, as he stood one day at the door of Philip's dwelling.

"You're kindly welcome," said Peggy; "though I'm feared ye will weary, for baith my father and Willie are at the fishing, and my mother is up at the town; but ye may come in, if you like." And Hans, so invited, followed Peggy into the kitchen.

"We're baking the day," said Peggy, as soon as Hans had seated himself. "I fancy ye never saw a farle o' cake in Norroway; ye will be strange to our customs."

"I think I could soon learn them," replied her lover.

"I doubt ye," said Peggy, with a saucy smile; "but if ye want to learn, ye may begin wi' toasting the cakes, and see ye dinna let them burn."

A cake was quickly placed on the girdle, and Hans watched and turned it at the proper moment; and when sufficiently done, deposited it in safety on the shelf.

"You see how useful I could be in a house, Peggy, my dear," said Hans.

"Ye had better no be bragging ower soon; we will see how ye come on wi' this ane."

Hans continued to watch the cake for a few

minutes; but soon forgetting his duty, he turned to Peggy, saying,—" I don't think I will go back to Copenhagen; I've a good mind to stay in this country.—What would you advise?"

" I dinna ken."

" You won't say then, Peggy, that you want me to stay?"

" Me want you to stay!" she replied, with all the coquetry of her sex.—" What puts that in your head?"

" Come now, Peggy," said Hans, " don't teaze me.—Why won't you speak your mind? You know you told me the other night, you never would have Jamie Renton."

" Ay; but maybe I may change my mind and tak my word again, for Jamie was up here last night."

" Farewell then, Peggy," exclaimed Hans, as he strode indignantly to the door.

" But," said Peggy, " I sent him awa' as douff as he came."

" Oh, Peggy," said Hans, quickly returning to the provoking merry girl, " why won't you give me a kind word?"

" Ye weel deserve that indeed! only look at the gude cake burnt as black as the crown o' your hat."

" Give it to Wolfgang," said Hans; " he will find no fault with the colour."

"I may as weel gie it to the puir thing; but what would my mother say to see such waistrie?" And she stooped down and stroked the long hair of Wolfgang.

"Ah, Peggy! I see you know the old saying,—'Love me, love my dog.'"

"I wouldna wonder, if he turned out the best o' the twa; but stand out o' my road till I put on this cake, for my baking maunna be stopped this way by a glaiket callant."

"You must let me try again," said Hans.—But Peggy refused, and Hans persisted; and in the midst of a laughing struggle, Nanny Tod bounced in, crying out—"My word, but you twa are playing bonny pliskies. I wonder, Peggy, what your father would say to see ye sae furthy wi' a lad that's amaist a stranger i' the place, and his very dog worrying your mother's gude cakes.—Jamie Renton had need to look about him."

"What do ye want?" said Peggy, with some spirit in her voice and manner.

"I cam' up to see if I could get the lend o' your brass pan to boil some berries; but I fancy I maun wait till Effie comes in, as ye are far ower thrang to speak to me—so I'll just sit down and rest a wee."

With the friendly intention of watching the lovers, she was in the act of taking possession of a seat, when Hans giving a hint to Wolfgang, he

sprung upon Nanny, and in a moment tore away the half of her upper petticoat.

"The sorra tak the brute," cried she; "he deserves to be brained. What maks him rive folk's claes that gate?"

"My good woman," said Hans, "my dog can't endure the sight of a yellow petticoat."

"What the mischief," cried Nanny, in a rage, "is it to him, whether my coat is green or yellow?"

"Dear me, Nanny," said Effie, who entered at this moment, "what's a' this din about?"

"Din!" she replied; "it sets ye ill to speak o' din, when your dochter and this Norroway lad hae been making a skirling like the Bars o' Ayr. —Troth, Effie, it's a friend's advice,—tak Peggy up to the town wi' you."

"What's this I hear, Peggy?" said Effie, in an angry tone.

"Now, mother, dinna be angry wi' me, for we were only laughing at the burning o' a farle o' cake."

"Aweel, my bairn, I believe ye; ye'll be douce enough in time.—What was't ye were wanting, Nanny?" continued she;—and Nanny, having obtained her request, went off, in a very sulky humour, to repair the breach made in her apparel by Wolfgang.

"Now, bairns," said Effie, gravely, "I'm sorry

to think that ye hae gi'en that lang-tongued randy ony occasion to speak ill o' ye; for I ken, if your father hear o't, Peggy, Hans will be forbidden ever to set his foot within the door."

"My good mother," said Hans, "do speak to your husband to let me have Peggy for a wife."

"Whisht, whisht, laddie, it's out o' a' reason for twa such young creatures to be thinking o' marriage; and forbye, I ken Philip winna gie Peggy to ony but a Newhaven lad, and ye belang, Hans, to anither country, and would be for taking Peggy awa' amang your ain friends."

"If that is all," rejoined Hans, eagerly, "I will swear never to leave this country; I have no friends in Copenhagen that I care much about—and as my father left me a good many dollars, I can marry when I like, without being a burthen upon any one."

"Weel, weel," replied Effie, somewhat mollified by the mention of the dollars, "keep yoursels quiet for a while, and if Philip comes round, I'll no hinder you frae pleasing yoursels."

Hans was forced to content himself for the present with this portion of encouragement, and finding that Effie meant to remain at home, and that there was no chance of another *tête-à-tête*, he returned to see how Captain Schroeder had been during his absence.

Notwithstanding all Mrs Johnston's predictions,

Captain Jacob Schroeder did recover—the ship had unloaded her cargo, taken another on board, and it was expected she would be ready for sea again, in the course of a few days.

"Now, my boy," said the Captain to Hans, and taking out some money, "if you wish to buy any thing to take home with you, it must be done to-morrow, as we shall likely start with the first fair wind for Copenhagen."

"Thank you, Captain," replied Hans, putting the money into his pocket; "but you see I shan't go back with you this trip."

"Not go back!" reiterated the Captain, in amazement, and laying down his pipe.

"Not this time, Captain Jacob," rejoined Hans, with an independent air.

"Come, come, Hans, none of your tricks upon me; this will not pass. Let me tell you that you have not got the Burgomaster to deal with; so go, like a good lad, and get your things in order, for I expect Joe and two of the men to carry our trunks on board."

"I have made up my mind," replied Hans, coolly, "so it's useless saying any more about the matter."

"We shall see whether there is not a rope's-end to be got in the ship, my boy," cried the Captain. "I'll have you tied neck and heels; for go you shall, and when once I have fairly delivered you into

your uncle's care, if he were to offer me the half of what he is worth, I'll be hanged if ever I take you another voyage."

"I should like to see the man," rejoined Hans, "who shall dare, Captain Jacob, to lay a finger upon me;" and as he said this, he drew himself up, while his eyes sparkled like a pair of brilliants.

"Give me back my money—you shall know what it is to be left in a strange country without a stiver."

"Take it," cried Hans, indignantly, throwing it upon the table; and, giving a whistle to Wolfgang, he sprang out of the room, leaving Captain Jacob stamping and swearing, in which agreeable humour his mate Joe found him.

"Don't think of trying force, Captain," said Joe, after hearing the cause of his present irritation. "We must try and coax the boy, for he would think no more of throwing himself into the sea, than I would do to reef the sail. But where is he?"

"Who the deuce can tell that?" replied the Captain. "He bounced away in a passion because I asked him to give me back the money.—Holloa! you, there," roared the Captain to the sailors, who were waiting below, and who immediately obeyed his summons, and a very animated debate ensued as to what should be done in this dilemma.

"Preserve me!" cried Mrs Johnston to her

niece, " what can be the matter wi' the Captain and his men !—the house is ringing like the Tower o' Babel."

" Holloa !" once more roared the Captain, " can you tell me, my good woman, where that younker Hans Muller is ?"

" I'se warrant, Captain," replied Mrs Johnston, " he will be found at Philip Jarvie's ; for my part, I think the laddie is bewitched, for he's there a' hours o' the day."

" Well, my good woman," rejoined the Captain, " I wish you would send your girl there for him."

" Atweel I can do that, sir ; but it's no likely he will come, unless it pleases himsel."

On hearing this, Joe the mate proposed going himself to Philip's cottage, where Hans was found seated very comfortably near the fire, while Peggy was busy knitting a stocking. The appearance of Joe was by no means relished by Hans, and as Joe, with a sly look at Peggy, said to Hans, in Danish, " I see what you want to stay here for," Hans started up and replied, " Take care what you say, Joe ; for jokes don't suit me," then walked out of the house.

" Joe," said Hans, when they had got at a little distance, " I have resolved to stay a few months in Scotland, and I know my uncle wishes me to learn to speak the language."

"Oh! master," said Joe, smiling, "you have chosen a very pretty teacher. However, that is not my affair; but at least you must take leave of the Captain, and give him a letter for your uncle."

This sudden acquiescence struck Hans as being rather suspicious; but dissembling his feelings, he said, "Well, let us make haste, or he will be growling like a bear at us."

On reaching Mrs Johnston's, Joe stept quickly up stairs to give the Captain a hint how to secure the youth, when Hans, seizing the opportunity, escaped from the house, and running down a lane, took refuge in an old barn, covered himself with straw, and lay as still as death.

Great was the indignation of the Captain and his mate on finding themselves outwitted. They scoured the village in every direction, but without success; nor did the Captain again see the runaway till he was fairly out to sea, when, looking through his telescope, the first object which met his sight was Hans on the quay, cutting a thousand capers as he watched the lessening sails of the Haabets Anker.

As Captain Schroeder was tolerably certain that Hans would make his appearance in Newhaven as soon as he was out of the way, before going on board, he paid Mrs Johnston in advance for Hans's lodging and maintenance several months, and sending for Philip, entrusted him with a small sum

for Hans's use, so that he might not be entirely destitute until his return, or till old Muller had decided what was to be done. Philip promised to look after Hans, and to keep him out of mischief, and the Captain then embarked; and the wind being in his favour, he was, as has been already stated, far down the Frith, while Hans and Wolfgang played their gambols on the quay, much to the amusement of the numerous idlers who frequent that attractive scene.

CHAPTER V.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
  How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;
And stout Achilles at his jaunting car,
  Dragg'd mighty Hector with a bloody crown;
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
  In garb of Greece, most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with folly, wandering up and down,
  Because, at once, in seven cities born;
And so of parish rights was all his days forlorn.

Hood's *Whims and Oddities.*

No one could see Hans Muller and Peggy Jarvie together, without fancying that they were born for each other. The same hilarity of disposition, love of frolic, good feeling, and good temper, characterized them. If Peggy gloried in the applause bestowed on her lover by the old fishermen, who praised his dexterity and cleverness in their laborious occupation, Hans was no less proud of having gained the favour of the beauty of the village, who, though surrounded by admirers, seemed only to value the attentions of Hans, except, perhaps, when he, prompted by the goodness of his heart, would assist Bell Thornback to haul up her father's boat upon the beach. Such apostacy Peggy would

punish by engaging in a flirtation with William Goldie, another of her admirers, pelting him with oyster shells, and practising those arts of coquetry, in which, it is said, the female sex are so well versed. The different occupations of our lovers kept them apart during the day, but this served only to deepen their enjoyment of the delightful evening rambles on the shore. Sometimes Peggy would take her work down to the beach, and seating herself on a stone, would ply her needle with industry. It was then Hans's great delight to come softly behind her and cut her thread, or, giving a private signal to Wolfgang, see him seize her work, and run off with the prize. He would then stand laughing, and allow himself to be soundly beaten by her little sun-burnt hand, till he recalled Wolfgang, and the stolen property was restored. Thus happily did many of the bright days of summer pass away.

When the occupations of Peggy kept her within doors, Hans, on these evenings, always found an excuse for visiting Philip's cottage, where he generally found Lowry Longstave the precentor, and several other worthies assembled to discuss with Philip the occurrences of the day, and to sit in judgment on the state of the nation.

" I think I saw you, Maister Lowry," said Philip, " last night, coming out o' Mr Cleekup's the school-master."

"Oh, ay, he asked me to come in to hear some o' the callants get their lessons; but I reckon if the General Assembly got knowledge what kind o' lessons he sets the laddies to read, he would get ower the fingers, or I'm mistaen—it's a black burning shame."

"Preserve us a'!" cried Effie, "what was it about?—I'm sure I aye thought Mr Cleekup was a decent, quiet, sober man; but let us hear what he said."

"I didna just hear the beginning o't," replied Lowry; "but it was a queer story a'thegither, and to my thinking, couldna a' be true, although it was in print. Ye see, they said there was a lang war at a place they ca'd Troy, and the war lasted the maist feck o' ten years."

"Fools are fond o' fighting," replied Philip; "but where abouts does the place stand?"

"I reckon," said Duncan Glen, "it would be some town in Holland, for ye ken Troy weight means Dutch weight."

"I dinna think it could be there," responded Lowry, "for Cleekup said that the place had great wa's round about—and, ye ken, the Dutch hae naething but bit dykes; and besides, they were fighting for a woman, a kind o' quean wha had run away frae her gudeman, and the governor o' the place took her in—and it seems she hadna weel warmed in her new quarters, when her gude-

man comes afore the place wi' a great wheen regiments o' sodgers and dragoons, just like them at the barracks, and demanded back his wife, whilk was but reasonable; but the governor said, if she liked to stay still in the town, he wasna the man to hinder her, and so the husband misca'd him, as he weel deserved, and frae less to mair they fell to fighting like brimming bears."

"My troth," said Philip, "the governor should hae put her out at ane o' the yetts to her gudeman. I'se warrant she would hae got her deserts."

"Maybe," said Effie, "he wasna sae kind to her when he had her."

"I canna say, Mrs Jarvie," said Lowry, "as to that; there might likely be faults on baith sides—but this pliskie o' hers bred muckle mischief, for thousands o' men were killed dead afore a' was done."

"I'm positive certain," rejoined Philip, "it couldna be the Dutch, for they would rather fight for the right o' fishing on our coast, than for the bonniest quean that e'er lived; but d'ye ken if the Duke o' Wellington was at this hobbleshew, or if he was in the inside o' the place or the out?"

"Cleekup didna say," rejoined Lowry, "but we ken whare's there ony fighting, he is sure to be in the middle o't."

"I wonder the lords in Lunnun dinna see to

mak the Dutch keep on their ain side o' the water," said Duncan Glen.

"They are unco thrang wi' the Corn bill, the now," said Lowry, with an air of importance; "we can better do without herring than without cakes, Duncan, my man—but," added he, "if the gudewife will light the candle, I'll read ye a bit pamphlet, that tells as plain as a pike-staff how to bring the meal down to a reasonable price."

While this sage discussion was going on among the seniors, Hans amused Peggy and William by mimicking to the life the pedantic drawl of the good Mr Langstave, till their mirth becoming rather audible, drew on them the rebuke of Philip.

"Come out o' that corner, ye thoughtless gouks, and see if ye can keep yoursels quiet till Mr Lowry is done wi' reading his paper book;" but as Hans had no mind to listen to Lowry's oratory, he said it was time for him to be going home; and bidding them all good night, he quickly walked off.

CHAPTER VI.

The tailor laid aside his needle,
To hear the story from the beadle,
Who swore he had strange news to tell
Of what had happened at the *Bell*.

Dr Syntax.

"It's a wonder to me," cried Tibby Thornback, one Sunday morning as she burst into Philip Jarvie's cottage—"It's a wonder to me to see ye a' sitting sae crouse at your ain fire-side, when the town is gaun like a cried fair."

"What's the matter now?" asked Philip calmly.

"What's the matter! hae ye no heard that the Edinbro' Bailies are gaun to tak awa our oyster-beds frae us?"

"Tak awa our oyster-beds frae us!" rejoined Effie, "they may as weel think o' lifting Inchkeith."

"I dinna mean that they are gaun to lift the beds, but folks say they are gaun to get fishermen down frae Lunnun; but, says I to Nanny Tod, to

bring fisher chiels here, would be like taking coals to Newcastle."

"Wha could tell you such a pack o' clavers, Tibby?" rejoined Philip.

"It's ower true—for the Edinburgh folk are sair affronted at us for gaun awa to the herring fishing — they would, nae doubt, hae us stay at hame and gust their gabs, set them up! And they say mair, if we dinna stay at hame at a' times, our men are to be taen afore the Lords, the Councillors, forbye the Justices; but, says I to Nanny, I'se warrant our men will no care a bodle for the haill Fifteen; but Lowry Langstave says there's a claw in the statue, that will tak haud o' you, my woman!—But I tell't him, if my Lord Judge had as mony claws as a partan, they winna find it easy to mak Tibby Thornback do their bidding unless she likes; but this news has bred an unco stramash in the place, and my gudeman John, and twa or three mair, are awa to Kippen's public, to speak anent what should be done."

"Indeed, gudewife," replied Philip, "they might just as weel let it alane till Monday, and no break the Sabbath that gate."

"Hech me, neighbour! ye had as weel look nearer hame, for that deil's buckie, Hans Muller, has been playing bonny pliskies atween Saturday night and Sunday morning, for a' it's sae near the Sabbath."

"What's he been doing?" asked Philip hastily, while the colour mounted to Peggy's face.

"He has been ranging through the town, changing a' the signs, and a bonny hobbleshew he has raised; for the tailor, who had sat up till past twelve to finish Ringan Hervey's new jacket, was rapped out o' his bed by three in the morning by folks crying for porter and British spirits, and the grand new grocery has up the cobbler's sign, and the barber's basin is hinging at the public-house, just whar they had a bunch o' grapes, and the folk are neither to haud nor to bind. I red him to keep out o' their road, or he will get his paiks."

"For my part I dinna believe a word o't," cried Philip; "the story is like enough raised by some one that wants puir Hans to get the ill will o' the place."

"Na, sir," said Tibby, "I dare say ye ken mair about it than ye let on, and that ye set the laddie on to the ploy, ye hae such spite at the publics: but forbye a' this, he has nailed up every ane o' Adam's machines, and there was an unco commotion as I came alang the shore, for a wheen fouks had come down frae Edinbro' to tak a dip in the sea, and they couldna get the machines open, so they were obligated to do without them; but such like dippers—they douked like a wheen Edinbro' deacons."

"Gudewife," said Philip gruffly, "ye had bet-

ter gang hame, and get your bairns ready for the kirk, the bell will ring in no time."

"Ne'er a kirk will see my face the day, for I hadna time to wash my best printed gown; but I'se warrant my Bell will be there, for last night she got hame a straw bonnet wi' a face as braid as a weel-grown skate, and a feather in't as lang as a shotten haddie; but I maun rin and sew a button on John's coat, so I wish ye a' a gude preaching."

"It's a pity," said Philip, when Tibby had made her exit,—"it's a pity that a hard-working man like John Thornback has such a thoughtless wife; no that the woman has an ill heart, but that tongue o' hers would drive me distracted. If I were John, I would find a way to make her keep a calm sough —But there's the bell," he added, "it's time we were awa."

Our young Dane now made his appearance at Philip's cottage, and Peggy and William being quite ready, they all set off together, leaving the seniors to follow at a more sober pace. Perhaps there was something in the pretty smile and blush with which Peggy greeted Hans, which had excited some suspicions in honest Philip, that Hans had other reasons than that of learning the language for remaining in Scotland. Certain it is, that he looked after the trio for a considerable time in a very reflective mood, and when on the way to church, said to his wife,—"I dinna think it will

do, Effie, to hae that laddie Hans Muller gaen sae muckle about the house."

"And what for no?" asked Effie; "I'm sure, for my part, I see nae faut to him—the lad is baith gude and bonny; ye never hear o' him spending his siller in the public-houses, and swearing and drinking like some o' the lads about the town. He would far rather be up cracking, puir chiel, wi' Peggy and me, when he has ony spare time."

"I dinna misdoubt it," replied Philip, somewhat tartly; "but if Peggy and he think their cracking is to end in marrying, they will find themselves mista'en."

"It's a wonder to me, gudeman," said Effie, "what ails you at Hans Muller; I would be right glad to see Peggy sae weel settled."

"What ca' ye weel settled?" retorted Philip; "how wad ye like to see him tak awa your dochter to foreign parts, and there would be but little chance if e'er we set sight on her; but besides that, I hae my doubts if he is a Presbyterian—na, he may be a Roman or a Pagan for what I ken."

"He demeans himsel, for onything I see, better than the tane or the tither."

"Now, Effie Jarvie, dinna provoke me, for I tell you I hae set my face clean against it,—my mind is made up to gie her to Jamie Renton; ye ken he has lang had a liking for Peggy."

"Sma' thanks to him for that, a' body likes her!

Na, na, that winna do; Jamie is no that ill when he is sober, but when he gets a drap drink he gangs clean off at the nail. He's unco hard too, as narrow as a penny ribbon; I dinna think, for a' the voyages he's made, he ever brought either Peggy or me hame the value o' a silk napkin; besides, ye shouldna forget, that if it hadna been for Hans Muller, our puir Willie would hae been lying at the bottom o' the saut sea."

"No, Effie!" replied Philip, a little mollified, "I dinna forget it—I like the laddie weel enough, and I'll tak a fatherly care o' him till I get my hands quit o' him, which I hope will soon be; but for letting my dochter gang ower the seas to be corrupted by Pagans and Romans, gaun to kirks where they hae the abomination o' organs, I'll no hear o't; so dinna ye say another word about the matter."

They by this time reached the church, and found the young people already in the pew. Most unluckily for poor Hans, he was that day in one of his merriest moods,—just in that state when the turning of a straw would make him laugh. All, however, went on well until about the middle of the sermon, when his attention was roused by a loud noise near him, and, looking round, he saw his rival James Renton in a profound sleep, of which his nasal organs gave very audible notice. At every nod of his head, Hans could with the greatest dif-

ficulty restrain his mirth; but he succeeded tolerably well, until a little urchin, taking some snuff from the box of an old woman next whom he sat, applied a large pinch to the sleeper's nose, who suddenly awakened, and sneezed in such a manner as made the church ring. This occurrence was too much for Hans; it totally overset his composure, and as he sat very near the pulpit, and in the full view of the clergyman, unfortunately he did not escape his observation. Attracted by the display of a case of well-set white teeth, the worthy man felt a little exasperated at this conduct; and pausing in his discourse, in the face of the whole congregation, he reproved Hans for his levity; but it was done in a spirit of mildness, which penetrated Hans to the very heart. Keenly, however, as Hans felt the rebuke, a thousand times more deeply did it mortify Philip Jarvie, and they were no sooner out of church than he took Hans severely to task, upbraiding him as the cause of his receiving such an affront.

"Hans Muller," said he, as soon as they got clear of the crowd, "ye hae this day sair affronted me and mine, and I hae just this to say to you, ne'er think to darken my doors again. Gang awa back to Norroway, or where'er you came frae, and sing and dance in your ain kirk for ony thing I care, but dinna come among decent fouk to put them to shame."

"But, father," cried Hans, "I did not mean to laugh—I could not help it."

"Dinna father me," rejoined old Philip, tugging his coat from the grasp of Hans,—"father indeed!" he continued; "I'm thankfu' ye are neither kith nor kin o' mine, nor e'er shall be!" and away walked Philip in high dudgeon, taking his family with him, without giving them leave to speak one word of comfort to the poor penitent.

No sooner had they reached home, than Peggy retired to her little dormitory, where she was found by her mother giving free vent to her tears.

"Hout, lassie," said Effie, "gie ower greeting, your faither's passion will blaw by, for I ken he hasna the heart to desert the poor laddie; but he maun just get time to cool—nae doubt our ain minister would hae lookit ower't—I wish this stranger had let the laddie alane; and to my thinking, it would hae been nae mair than justice if he had gien that Jamie Renton a rebuke as weel as Hans; and to see his head nodding up and down like a cobble in a windy day, was daftlike enough. Your father, Peggy, will be for your taking him for a' that, but if ye do, ye will repent it as lang as ye live. Jamie is ower mindfu' o' himsel to care for ony ither body; but Hans, poor chiel, can see nae light o' day to ye; and a' the better, he has nae friends coming in niff naffing wi' you, and finding faut. I ken weel about Jamie's friends—his mi-

ther's an evendown randy, and his aunty lives in ane o' the wynds in Leith, and keeps a stand for selling parlies, carvies, and Lunnon candy. I wonder your faither would demean himsel sae muckle as to be connected wi' sic like fouks; but dinna ye gang and vex yoursel, for I'll get Willie sent down at the gloaming to cheer the poor laddie."

Peggy, delighted to find she had such an auxiliary in her mother, resumed her cheerfulness, and when, after a few days' probation, Hans was pardoned and restored to favour, her happiness was complete.

But at this time honest Philip was seized with an unaccountable fit of laziness; he never went out a-fishing, seldom went even to the beach, but sat all day long at the cottage door, mending his nets or fishing-tackle, much to the annoyance of the youthful pair, whose delightful meetings were thus most grievously curtailed. It was quite evident to Hans that old Philip was determined not to give him his daughter; but Effie did not despair, and encouraged by her approval, they resolved patiently to wait till she succeeded in softening Philip's flinty heart.

CHAPTER VII.

The city swarms intense—the public haunts,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct.

THOMSON.

ALL strangers who have visited Leith must have observed the native *courtesy* and *politeness* of the lower classes of that bustling town. This we can account for in no other way than by supposing that it must have descended to them from the French, who, in the time of the Regent Mary, made Leith their stronghold. A certain portion of the worthy inhabitants of this place spend their "Hours of Idleness" on the drawbridge, and, with their hands in their pockets, and their elbows squared, present a most formidable phalanx to the unlucky wight who attempts to penetrate their ranks. As our merry friend, Hans Muller, had often received innumerable jogs and pushes in his peregrinations through the town, he determined to have his revenge; and finding his visits to the cottage of the Jarvies were now sadly curtailed, both

in their number and length, he was rather at a loss for amusement, till he resolved to punish the white-hatted gentry for their rudeness. He therefore applied to Mrs Johnston for a very large darning needle, and fastening it firmly in the right elbow of his jacket, sallied into Leith to try the effect of his new invention, and planting his hands in his pockets, he pushed boldly into the very focus of the crowd. Unluckily, however, some one drove him against his friend Tibby Thornback, who, with the voice of a stentor, was crying, "Fine caller haddies!" and who, throwing down her creel, exclaimed, "Gude guide us, what the sorra's that? I'll learn you to skart fouk that gate;" and taking up a handful of mud and oyster-shells commingled, she forthwith lanched it at the head of Davie Gilmour, a porter, whom she believed to be the aggressor, thus destroying completely the beauty of a new white hat which he that day sported for the first time.

"What do ye mean by that, ye impudent randy?" said Davie, seizing hold of Tibby; "my word, you're no blate, to be flinging shells and glaur at decent fouk, that are no meddling wi' you."

"No meddling!" retorted Tibby; "do ye say it's no meddling, to ram sharp prins into a body's arm?"

"Pay me for my new hat," vociferated Davie, in great wrath.

"No a bodle will ye get from me," retorted this queen of fishwives.

At this point of the dispute, a carter wishing to get across the draw-bridge, drove up his cart at a hand-gallop; but as a vessel was just about to pass through, the chain was thrown across, the bridge was raised, and the cart recoiled upon Tibby's basket, the wheel creating destruction dire among the cod and haddocks. "Tak up your creel, wife," said John Gemmel; "the middle o' the brig is a daftlike place to put it doun."

"Tak up her creel!" said Davie; "I'll tak her to the To'booth, the ne'er-do-weel."

"Will ye, faith!—Let me see the man that will dare to lay a finger on me. It's enough, I think, that I hae lost a creelfu' o' gude haddies, without being ta'en to the To'booth. But here's my gude friend, Deacon Melville, ye will see what he will say to you.—Now, dinna be slipping awa', Deacon, for ye maun just stop and hear a' the outs-and-ins o' this story. I ken I can lippen to you, Deacon." But Deacon Melville, being of a calm, mild, pacific disposition, had no mind to interfere. "Indeed, good woman," he replied, "I have no time to listen to your squabbles; I have more than enough to do with my own matters."

"Now, Deacon, this is very ill done in you, when ye ken I ne'er pass your door when I hae ony fish by common, like a turbot or a sa'mon. I was just comin' to your house this very minute wi' a grand cod, as muckle and weel grown as yoursell."

"Really," said the Deacon, "this fighting and rioting in open day is a disgrace to the good town of Leith."

"That's true," said Roger Linkverse; "for ye ken, as the auld sang says, 'Leith, that ilka town surpasses, for honest men and bonny lasses.'"

"Haud your tongue, you haverel," cried Tibby, "till I speak to the Deacon.—And so, Deacon," continued she, "I ne'er touched the chiel till he rammed a muckle prin into my arm."

"Dinna believe a word she says, your honour," replied Davie; "I was standing peaceably looking at the Sir Walter Scott sailing out o' the harbour, when this tinkler heaves a wheen oyster shells and glaur at me. Only look at my new hat," continued Davie, shoving his chapeau in the Deacon's face.

"Really, Tibby," said the pacific Deacon, "this is no like you."

"I'm sure, your honour," replied Tibby, "if he didna scart me, some ither body did it. Just lookat my arm—and a gude creelfu' o' fish smashed to bits!" whimpered Tibby, "wi' a wheen lazy

vagabonds sitting in their carts riding ower fouk. But bide a wee till we get a score of Justices in the place, there will be nae such doings."

"If you have any complaint to make, good woman," said the Deacon, losing patience, "you know the court is open to you."

"And wha is to sell my fish, I would like to ken, when I'm havering afore the Magistrates?—Na, na—that winna do."

"Settle the matter your own way, then," replied Deacon Melville, as he with difficulty extricated himself from the crowd that surrounded the combatants.

"Tak a pint and gree," said an old weather-beaten tar, as he turned his quid in his cheek.

"That's the maist wise-like advice I hae heard the day," said Tibby; "for my mouth's dry wi' a' this flyting.—Come awa', Davie man, and I'll gie ye a dram."

Most willingly did Davie agree to this proposal, and the parties proceeded to drown their quarrel in a bumper of whisky; while Hans, who was the author of all this mischief, resolving to make Tibby amends for the loss of her fish, returned to Newhaven to impart to his friend William Jarvie, the success of his exploit.

About this period of our story, some worthy individuals, anxious to train up the infant population of Newhaven to habits of neatness and in-

dustry, had, after all the trouble and annoyance usual on such occasions, established a school, where the children of the village were taught the common branches of education by a respectable woman, whose patience was often severely tried by the mischievous urchins under her charge. The good wives of Newhaven, however, so far from considering it as any favour conferred on them, believed that they laid the patrons of the school under the deepest obligations, by allowing their children to attend for a few hours daily. Amongst all the scholars, no one was so difficult to manage as the youthful hope of Tibby Thornback,—Wee Tibby, as she was commonly called,—who, besides inheriting her mother's talent for declamation, seemed to be possessed by the very spirit of mischief. Various modes of punishment had been attempted, but none were found to have any effect except that of setting her a task, and confining her in the school-room after all her companions were dismissed to their respective homes.

"Whare's my bairn?" said Tibby to one of the children just released from school.

"The mistress keepit her in for no behaving right."

"My word, she's no blate," cried the enraged mother. "If I dinna let her hear o' this, my name's no Tibby Thornback!" and off she went to the rescue.

"What do ye mean, mistress?" said she on arri-

ving at the school—" What do you mean by affronting my dochter this gate, and no letting her gang hame wi' the rest o' the bairns ?"

" Indeed, good woman," replied the schoolmistress, " she has been so riotous to-day, I was obliged to punish her. She has behaved very ill."

" My conscience ! but ye're no blate to tell me, her mither, to my very face, that the bairn hasna behaved hersell. Ye are mair plain than pleasant !"

" It is always best to speak the truth," rejoined the schoolmistress calmly. " I have done everything in my power to reform her bad habits ; but unless you pay some attention to her at home, I fear she will never improve."

" Reform ! gude truly,—what has the puir thing to reform ? I reckon, if she has ony ill tricks she hasna learnt them frae me ; for I see little o' her except when I'm putting her to her bed at night—the bairn does naething but play hersell !"

" But she must not play when she comes here. She keeps all the other girls idle—and then she is so dirty."

" Dirty !" said Tibby, appearing to be lost in astonishment ; " did ever mortal hear the like o' that, when I wash her mysell every Saturday night ? I thought my bairn would be an ornament to the schule ; but since this is a' the thanks I get, she shall ne'er darken your doors again. No behave hersell, truly ! my troth, there is no ane in a'

the schule—na, no ane—can do back-steek, bane-steek, ranterfield, and dodgel-hem, half sae weel as my Tibby."

"I shall be exceedingly glad to get quit of your daughter; and you may depend upon it, I will make a memorandum of her."

"How dare ye," cried Tibby, putting her arms a-kimbo,—"how dare ye say ye will mak a memorandle o' ony decent woman's dochter?—a memorandle indeed! Come awa this minute, Tibby, and fling down that seam.—I dare say ye keepit her in to sew some o' your ain duds. Memorandle truly!" muttered Tibby, as she tramped out of the school, followed by her daughter, who was in high glee at the thoughts of being once more allowed to ramble at will through the village; swing at the back of carts and coaches, or gather shells and buckies on the shore.

This day, however, had nearly put an end to the adventures of little Tibby, who, with some of her companions, had gone down to the quay, and leaning too far over, she fell into the sea, and would in all probability have been drowned, had it not been for the activity of Hans Muller, who happened to be there, and throwing off his jacket, plunged in, followed by Wolfgang, and brought her safe to shore, amidst the cheers and plaudits of the assembled crowd. It was at this moment

that Tibby, who had some misgivings that it was her daughter, rushed through the crowd; and having, when animated, a most impressive manner, she cleared the way, right and left, as effectually as a troop of cavalry could have done.

"Oh, my bairn!" cried Tibby, wringing her hands;—"Gie me my bairn," said she to Hans, who had snatched up his jacket, and with great care had wrapped it round the still insensible child.

"Good mother," said Hans, "you had better let me carry your child home for you—we lose time here."

"Come awa', my bonny man, then," said Tibby, as she dashed away her tears, and walked hastily to her dwelling, followed as quickly by Hans and by a crowd of neighbours, who poured into Tibby's kitchen, all curious, to know whether or not the child was dead.

"Good people," said Hans, "you had better stay without, for there is not room for you all here, and you distress the poor mother."

"That's right, laddie," said Tibby, "put every skin o' them out, and sneck the door. Did they ne'er see a drowned wean afore?" she continued, as she saw her namesake give symptoms of revival.

Hans soon cleared the premises, and Mrs Thornback was proceeding to lay wee Tibby in bed

amongst the blankets; but her astonishment was great, to find that in her absence her bed had been stripped of its fleecy covering.

"It's an unco thing," cried Tibby, "a bodie canna turn their back for a minute, but a wheen thieves are ready lifting puir fouk's gear." However, as grumbling in the present case was of no avail, she made a flannel petticoat serve the turn.

"And now, laddie," said Tibby, "tak off your wet claise, here's a pair o' trowsers o' John's, and a jacket."

Hans would much rather have gone home, but this Tibby would not hear of, and she ushered him into the adjoining room to make his toilet,—which he had just finished when John Thornback made his appearance.

"Is our bairn in life?" said he hastily, as he entered.

"Atweel is she, John," said Tibby, as she dried up a few tears; "and here," continued she, taking hold of the young Dane's hand,—"here, John, is the gude laddie that didna think o' his ain life to save that o' our wean!"

John, in a blunt but kindly manner, acknowledged his obligation to Hans, and added, "It may come round, my lad, that I may do you a good turn for this yet; but in the meantime, ye will aye be welcome to John Thornback's dwelling, when ye like."

"It's nae mair than what he deserves," rejoined Tibby.—"Lie still, ye little vagabond!" she cried to her namesake, who was making an attempt to rise,—"Lie still, ye hae cost me dear the day," continued she, as she thought upon the pair of good warm blankets which she was minus.

Bell, who now arrived from Edinburgh, assisted her mother in preparing some dinner for her father; and Hans, after getting his own apparel dried, took his departure, followed by the blessings and good-will of the whole family.

"Aweel," said Tibby, as soon as Hans was out of hearing, "it's a true saying, that the deil is no sae ill as he's ca'd; for wha would hae thought o' that rattling chiel jumping into the water after my wee Tibby? I'll aye hae a warm heart to the bit laddie, and maybe help him when he doesna expect it.—I hear auld Philip is in the dorts at him, and winna let him marry Peggy: but he'll no thraw the young things, if I can hinder him."

"What ails him at the laddie?" asked John.

"I dinna think he has ony ill will at the callant; but he's sair set on Peggy marrying Jamie Renton, wha, I'm positive sure, had a notion o' our Bell before he took up wi' the Jarvies, and would maybe come back to his auld jo if Peggy were out o' the road; so I maun see if I canna help the young creatures. I dinna see what for

Peggy shouldna please hersell, as her mother did before her."

"And did ye get a gude price the day for your fish?" asked John.

"Deed, no that ill; I selt the maist o' them to a bonny Englified leddie, wha cam to the market, and whan she had bought the fish, I said—'Will ye hae a cawdie, mem?' And what do ye think she said?—'A cawdie? what kind o' fish is that?' Ye ne'er heard such a laugh as the wives set up; and says I, 'It's no a fish, it's a man!' It was unco queer she didna ken what a cawdie was; but thae Englishers haena half our smeddum."—And with this sagacious remark, the conversation dropped.

Tibby Thornback being now convinced that the school was a most excellent institution for the young fry, a few days after the accident, with many apologies to the mistress for her former rudeness, she begged as a favour that she would take Tibby once more under her charge. The schoolmistress, who possessed much of the milk of human kindness, readily forgave Tibby, who took her departure, after leaving the following pithy admonition.

"Dinna ye spare the taws, if Tibby disna behave hersell properly."

Great pleasure did it now give pretty Peggy Jar-

vie to hear all the people in the village loud in the praises of her lover.

"There," said Jenny Greig, "was Robin Dymock standing on the quay, forbye Sandy Smellie; but troth, as Tibby didna belang to them, they caredna whether she sank or swam."

"For a' he's a Dane," said Nanny Tod, "na, some say a Roman, I would rather lippen my wean to him than ony body in the town."

Hans never passed now through the village, but he had a smile from one, and a kind word from another, as the fair dames sat at their doors clouting shirts, stockings, and trowsers; which marks of favour from the fair sex soon rendered him the envy of all the young bachelors in the place.

CHAPTER VIII.

> While we sit bousing at the nappy,
> An' getting fou and unco happy,
> We think nae on the lang Scots miles,
> The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
> That lie between us and our hame,
> Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
> Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
> Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
>
> BURNS.

ONE night Tibby Thornback, and half a dozen of her cronies, having been detained later than usual in Edinburgh, were proceeding down Leith Walk, when they observed a man a little way before them, who, from the variations he made in walking, discovered to Tibby and her companions that he had evidently been making merry with his friends.

"Hech, sirs!" said Jenny Greig, "I think that man afore us is fou."

"That's nae ferlie," rejoined Tibby, with a laugh; "a body now sees amaist as mony fou folk as sober."

"He's weel drest," replied Jenny; "I see him as plain as a pike-staff, by the light o' that bonny clear moon."

As the party had been singing a sea song, the personage before them made a dead halt to listen to it, thus allowing Tibby and her band to come up with him.

"Have a care o' us!" cried Tibby, in astonishment,—"if it's no our Deacon Melville!—My word, sir, but ye hae been taking your coggie."

"Hold your tongue, woman," said the Deacon; "go your ways, and meddle not with them that—"

"Are gi'en to change, Deacon," said Tibby, giving the honest man's speech a perfectly different conclusion.—"My word, sir, there has been ower mony changes in the gude town o' Leith already; but I trust she will come round to get her ain again, for I hear, sir, that the King's Majesty has been written to about us, fair fa' his sonsy face;—odd, but he's an auld farrant loon! I wish he were come back again. But, Deacon," continued Tibby, "I hear tell, if it hadna been for that French hizzy, Queen Mary, that selt the town o' Leith to the Embro' Bailies, we wouldna had such a hobbleshew amang us."

"Go away, honest woman," rejoined the Deacon, "I want none of your company."

"Hout, sir," rejoined Tibby, "dinna be sae

dorty; mony an honest man has been owertaen afore now, and no a bit the waur o't. But, nae doubt, Mrs Melville winna be that weel pleased."

"And who cares whether she is pleased or not, woman?—do you think she will presume to say a word to me?—Does she not know that I am her lord and master?"

"Ye may be her lord, for ony thing I ken; but if a' tales be true, she's baith master and mistress! Folks say, Deacon, ye darena cheep at hame, and that ye canna buy a skate or a parten without her allowance."

"This is too bad," said the Deacon; "not buy a skate? I will let all the world see I can do what I please in my own family.—Here, you Tibby Thornback, see that you bring me, to-morrow, a skate, a turbot, and half a dozen crabs; and I don't care if you add four or five good haddocks! We shall soon see who rules.—Do you hear, woman?"

"Oh, ay, your honour, I'll be sure to be there. I would far rather mak a bargain wi' you, than wi' Mrs Melville—she's dreadfu' hard; but for auld acquaintance sake, we will see you safe down the Walk, for it's no that chancie at this time o' night, sae let us gang on, for your leddy will be wearying for you."

"Let her weary and begin again!" said the va-

liant Deacon; "I don't think I will go home this hour." And the Deacon began to sing, "I canna want my coggie!"

"It's weel kent, Deacon, ye are fond o' a' kinds o' music; for ye ken ye used to lilt awa' at the psalms in the Tron Kirk, afore ye cam down to live amang the Leith fouk; but me and my comrades will gie you a bit sea sang, we were just singing, to mak the road the shorter."

"Come away, then," said the Deacon, seating himself very composedly upon a stone near some of the new buildings.

"Come, lasses," said Tibby, "see ye do your best to please his honour the Deacon, and set down your creels."

Down went the creels, and the squad ranging themselves round the Deacon, they commenced the following song, Mr Melville beating time with his stick, and joining in the chorus:—

SONG.

WE'LL GO TO SEA NO MORE.

Oh! blythely shines the bonny sun
  Upon the Isle of May,
And blythely comes the morning tide
  Into St Andrews' bay;

Then up, gudeman—the breeze is fair;
  And up, my braw bairns three,—
There's goud in yonder bonny boat
  That sails so well the sea!
      When haddocks leave the Frith of Forth,
        And mussels leave the shore;
      When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
        We'll go to sea no more,
                No more,
        We'll go to sea no more.

I've seen the waves as blue as air,
  I've seen them green as grass;
But I never fear'd their heaving yet
  From Grangemouth to the Bass.
I've seen the sea as black as pitch,
  I've seen it white as snow;
But I never fear'd its foaming yet,
  Though the winds blew high or low.
      When squalls capsize our wooden walls,
        When the French ride at the Nore,
      When Leith meets Aberdour half-way,
        We'll go to sea no more,
                No more,
        We'll go to sea no more.

I never liked the landsman's life,
  The earth is aye the same;
Gie me the ocean for my dower,
  My vessel for my hame;
Gie me the fields that no man ploughs,
  The farm that pays no fee;
Gie me the bonny fish that glance
  Sae gladly through the sea.

When sails hang flapping on the masts,
Though through the waves we snore;
When in a calm we're tempest-tost,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

The sun is up, and round Inchkeith
The breezes saftly blaw;
The gudeman has the lines on board,—
Awa', my bairns, awa'!
And ye'll be back by gloaming grey,
And bright the fire will low;
And in our tales and sangs we'll tell
How weel the boat ye row.—
When life's last sun gangs feebly down
And death comes to our door—
When a' the warld's a dream to us,
We'll go to sea no more,
No more,
We'll go to sea no more.

"Very well indeed," cried he; "but my bass is a great addition. I kept you in proper time,—you never could have got on without me—"

The commendations of the Deacon were suddenly cut short by a torrent of abuse from an old gouty gentleman, whose slumbers had been suddenly broken in upon by this band of choristers.

"Haud your tongue, you auld sorra, wi' the

red cowl," cried Tibby; "ye may be thankfu' to get such gude music, and no paying a bawbee for't. I'se warrant ye wadna grudge a crown to an Edinbro' concert, because it's the fashion: but if ye dinna like to hear us, shut down your window and gang to your bed, for we winna stop for you as lang as it is our pleasure to sing."

"I'll have ye taken up and sent to the Police Office."

Tibby and the other women rejoined, and repaid his compliments with compound interest; and so busy were they in this war of words, that the approach of the watchman was not observed until he was within a few paces of the party.

"For ony sake," cried Tibby to her companions, "stand close round the Deacon, honest man—he would like ill to be seen in a splore like this."

"Ye neer-do-weel randies," exclaimed the guardian of the night, "what do ye mean by raising such a riot, disturbing decent fouk at this hour? I've a gude mind to take you a' to the watch-house."

"Troth, friend," replied Tibby, lowering her voice to a soothing key, "nae doubt ye hae some reason to be angry; but ye see my gudeman sitting on that stane there has got a drap drink in his head, and a'body kens when wine's in wit's out; so, as we were gaun quietly hame sae far, naething would

serve him but we be't to sing him a sang; and says I to him, it's a daftlike thing to set up a skreighing and singing here sae late ; and so says he, Will ye dare to refuse to do as your husband bids you? and no a foot farther would he gang; sae there was naething for't but to do his bidding, as it behoves a' wives to do; for he swore he wouldna rise off that stane till we had sung him a sang—But we will now get him fleeched awa hame."

"I'll fleech him !" said the watchman, putting down his lantern, and going to seize the Deacon, when Tibby, as if by accident, overturned the light, and then interposed, saying that her husband had a muckle rung in his hand that would break the hardest head in Edinbro'. Before the watchman could now make up his mind what to do, Tibby cried, "Come awa, gudeman ;" and the whole party moved off at double quick time, the Deacon still escorted by his body guard, who did not leave him till he was safely lodged within his own dwelling, where he was met by Mrs Deacon Melville, not with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles," but with an aspect black as night, when the following colloquy took place :—

"So, sir, is this all the consideration you have for me, to stay out till this time of night, keeping me so long in such a state of anxiety?—I have

been sitting up hour after hour expecting you every moment."

"And who asked you to sit up? you might have gone to bed when you pleased."

"You know very well I can never sleep until you come home."

"I can't help that, my love."

"Yes, you can, and you must come home in proper time—I am kept in constant fear lest you should be knocked down."

"It matters little," muttered the Deacon, "whether I am knocked down at home or abroad; but," added he, "I had some friends who saw me safe to my own door."

"You had, had you?—Pray, who were they? I don't believe there is another married man in Leith but yourself would dare to stay out so late; and you that ought to know better, who was born and bred in Edinburgh. What will your connexions say to such kind of ways?"

"If you say much more," cried the Deacon, growing warm, "I shan't come home at all. I would rather give you an aliment and be done with you."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said she, making a low curtsy; "I will also thank you at the same time to return the money you got with me. But 'tis hardly worth my while," she added,

"to spend my breath upon a man who is as drunk as an owl."

"I deny it," replied the Deacon; "I am as sober as a judge," giving, as he said this, a wheel to one side.

"You are quite fit, I see," replied Mrs Melville, "to take your seat upon the bench;" and saying this she flounced out of the room, fully determined in her own mind to punish her husband for daring to show such strong symptoms of rebellion to her despotic sway.

Next morning at breakfast, Mrs Deacon Melville maintained a dignified silence, not deigning to take any notice either of her husband, or of his remark that the morning was cloudy. So was he; for, like many others of his sex, he found it a much more agreeable occupation getting drunk than getting sober—his head was in the bees; his egg stood untouched, and the ham was equally disregarded. At this moment the cook opened the dining-room door, saying, "Are ye for ony fish the day—Tibby Thornback is here?"

"I don't want any," said Mrs Melville.

"But mem," rejoined Nelly, "she says my master bespoke gude kens what a'—sax partans and a dozen o' haddies, forby a skate, and she is to bring a turbot the morn if possible."

"The woman is in a creel," cried the Deacon,

in some alarm, as he saw his lady proposing to rise to investigate this wholesale order.

"Shut the door, Nelly," said the Deacon. "I'll thank you for another cup of tea, Mrs Melville."

"Help yourself, sir," she replied, as she left the room.

"Come awa, my leddy," said Tibby, "I ken't the Deacon, honest man, would keep his word, 'for,' says he last night to me, 'Tibby,' says he, 'for your great discretion, I'll mak the mistress,' that was you, mem, 'tak her fish frae you a' the year round;' and says I, 'I'll serve you to the utmost o' my power;' and so, mem, as he bespoke them, I hae brought a creelfu', and ye will hae the wale o' them."

"Will you have the assurance to tell me that Mr Melville bespoke fish yesterday, when he was, to my certain knowledge, dining in Edinburgh with the Magistrates, and did not leave Leith till after four o'clock?"

"Atweel, mem, he had got baith his meat and his drink besides; for, as we sailor fouks say, he had ta'en his beer on board, for he was weel to leive; and so, my leddy, as he was doiting doun the Walk, me and some o' my neighbours came up wi' him, and brought him hame safe to his ain door-cheek; the Deacon, honest man, and us, lilting awa' like as monie mavises."

"And so, Mr Melville," said his wife, as she

returned to the dining-room, "this is the pretty company you had down the Walk—a band of fish-wives!—it's high time I was seeing after the aliment that you were so good as to offer me last night."

"Come, come, my dear," said the Deacon, "you must allow that a man may err now and then—if I said anything foolish last night, you ought, like myself, to forget it by the morning. You should also consider, a public meeting is not like a private party, where one can get away when it suits them."

"And *you* should also consider, Mr Melville, how a wife feels to be told she is to give up the management of her own house."

"I never dreamt of such a thing, my dear."

"What do you mean, then, by bespeaking a cart-load of fish, as if I were unfit to manage your domestic concerns?"

"Tibby winna gang awa," cried Nelly, as she made her appearance again; "she says she maun see the master."

"Well, Mr Melville," said his lady, "I have just this to say—you know your own concerns best; but if one of these fish comes into the house, I go out."

The Deacon saw there was no remedy but to have an interview with Tibby, who had a guess how the land lay, and thought it quite allowable to take advantage of it.

"Na, sir," cried she, as the Deacon made his appearance, "ye were gaun to serve me a fine trick—tryste a creelfu' o' grand fish, and then say ye dinna want them!"

"It's all true, Tibby; we are not for fish of any kind the day, so step away, my good woman."

"Do ye think, Deacon, that I'm deleerit a'the-gither? Look at this cod—a' the way frae Cape Wrath!—I'll just leave it, and ca' the morn for the siller. We winna cast out about the price." And she was proceeding to take it from her basket, when the Deacon interposed.

"My good woman, Mrs Melville does not feel disposed to take any; so let us have no more words about it."

And at the expense of a crown Tibby was quietly prevailed upon to depart, first, however, telling Nelly, "It was an unco shame no to let the honest man tak his ain way, and buy fish or fowl as it pleased him; mair especially as it was him that paid for it."

It is much to be regretted that the line of demarcation between the provinces of husband and wife, has not yet been clearly defined. The point seems to be as difficult to settle as the Catholic Question, or the Corn Bill. On the present occasion, however, Mrs Melville adopted the expedient of an armed neutrality, and hostilities were

suspended, and peace was the order of the day; but whether this was obtained at the expense of a velvet pelisse, or a gold bracelet, we have never been able to ascertain.

CHAPTER IX.

My tale is told. May minstrel words express
The light at noon, or young love's happiness?
Know, I trow, of that sweet dream can tell
Without my aiding. Gentles, fare ye well.

L. E. L.

"Now, Hans," said Peggy, as he one day put in his merry face at the door, "I dinna think I can let you in, for my father will be back in a minute."

"There's no fear of that, my dear Peggy," rejoined Hans; "for I watched him into Lowry Langstave's, who, sure, will keep him an hour at least."

"Very well," replied Peggy, "ye may come in; but mind ye dinna hinder me, for I'm unco thrang getting Willie's claes ready; for ye ken he's gaun away to the herring fishing."

"I don't know what I am to do," said Hans, in a melancholy tone, "when William goes away. I will have no one to speak to. It's very hard, Peggy, that your father won't let me come here as I used to do. He is constantly sitting at the door, so that one can't get a sight of you."

But the complaints of poor Hans were suddenly interrupted by Philip's rough voice, saying, "Come in by, Lowry, we can settle the job here."

What was to be done—to escape by the door was impossible—the window, too, was in front. "Oh, for my sake," cried Peggy, "in here!—in here, or I'll get it frae my father." And with the alacrity of a harlequin, Hans jumped into William Jarvie's press-bed, which stood in the kitchen; and scarcely was he safe in his hiding-place, when Philip, followed by Lowry Langstave, marched in.

"Put in the table, Peggy," said Philip, gruffly, "and gie us down the bottle o' ink. Sit into the fire, Lowry—but what hae ye dune wi' the paper?"

"It's here, Philip," answered Lowry, spreading out a long sheet of foolscap.

"Very well; and now, Peggy, gang awa' ben the house, for we hae a bit job in hand;" and Peggy, without venturing a remonstrance, slowly obeyed.

"Now that we are by oursells, Lowry," said Philip, "I'll tell you about the letter I want you to write; for ye see I'm no that gude at the trade mysell. Ye maun ken, I want that glaiket laddie, Hans Muller, sent awa to his ain country; for ye see he has ta'en a notion o' Peggy, and though I hae a kindness for him, I'll no hae him for a gudeson. Now, ye maun tell me what I should say to his

uncle." In his anxiety to hear distinctly a conversation so interesting to himself, Hans crept nearer the edge of the bed.

"What was that?" asked Philip.

"It will likely be a rattan behint the bed," answered Lowry, coolly, making at the same time a magnificent flourish. "Well, I hae begun, 'Sir.'"

"Should it not be—'Honoured Sir?'" said Philip.

"Hoot, man! that only belangs to ministers, or may be bailies."

"Well, and how do ye ken but auld Mr Muller may be a provost or a bailie in his ain place? If I saw Hans, I would ask him; but I never let him set his nose here now." (Hans, at this sage remark, was forced to hide his face with the coverlet, to prevent his laughing being heard.) "But it will be just as well to say, 'Honoured Sir,' and syne the next words should be, 'This comes hoping.'"

"That's unco common," rejoined Lowry, "and far frae genteel; I had better say, 'Honoured Sir, this comes to let you know.'"

"Well, well," said Philip, "tak it a' your ain gate."

"'This comes to let you know,'" once more repeated Lowry; but at this moment Effie made her entrée.

"Eh! gudeman, wha are you and Mr Langstave sae thrang writing to?"

"Ne'er fash your thumb, wife, but gang awa and steek the door ahint ye."

"I'll no need to be twice bidden," said Effie, in a huff, as she slammed to the door.

"Whare were we at?"

"'This comes to let you know—'" answered Lowry.

"Wha the sorra is that?" said Philip, testily, as the door opened again, and William made his appearance, on pretence of looking for some of his lines, but in reality sent by Peggy to reconnoitre.

"It's an unco thing that a body canna get a minute to themsells."

"Ye needna be in such a carfuffle, father," said William; "I'm gaun out this minute."

"Gang awa, then," said Philip, as he bolted the door after him; and once more the two cronies returned to the charge.

"'This comes to let you know, that,'" continued Philip, "'your nephew, Hans Muller, is doing nae thrift here; and gif ye dinna want him to gang to destruction a'thegither, ye will send for him hame without loss o' time.'"

"I doubt, man, if the Danish merchant will ken what 'nae thrift' means; we had better say 'he is gaun a' to pigs and whistles.'"

"I think it's sax o' the tane and half-a-dozen o' the tither; but ye may say awa, and tell him, on no account will I harbour him here, for he wants to tak up wi' my dochter."

"It will be better to say he would like to marry Peggy, in case he shouldna ken what ye mean by *taking up*; and we maun hae a dot here."

"The sorra tak the dots!" said Philip, losing all patience. Some one now rapped at the door. Philip took no notice, but the raps were repeated, and in a very bad humour he rose to open the door.

"Oh! man," said John Thornback, "I come to ask you for the lend o' some o' your lines, for mine are a' broken."

"Send up in an hour, man, I'm unco thrang the now." And Philip once more returned to Lowry. "Whare were we, Lowry? For I'm like to be driven doitet." But before Lowry had time to reply, another knocking was heard at the door. "I think," cried Philip, in a fury, "the fouk are a' gane gyte; the deil tak the hale set o' them!" He opened the door, and exclaimed in surprise, "Gudesake! Mr Joe, is this you? I never saw a body mair welcome." And so saying, Philip shook the mate of the Haabet's Anker heartily by the hand.

"Good-day, master—good-day!" replied the mate. "What cheer?"

"Now, Maister Lowry," said Philip, "I'll no need the letter; but I will pay ye for your trouble the self-same as if ye had written a screed as lang as my arm; but I'll no taigle ye; so ye may be stap-

ping awa, for Maister Joe and I hae some business to settle." And Lowry, having pocketed his spectacles and his fee, made a quick retreat.

"It's a queer thing, Mr Joe," said Philip, "that ye should hae come at the very time we were writing a letter to Mr Muller about the laddie Hans."

"I have come up on purpose to see him. Mrs Johnston told me she thought he would be here."

"He hasna been here the day, I'm quite sure o't; for I haena been frae the house, except for ten minutes, when I gaed down for a sheet o' paper. But I trust Hans will go back with you?"

"You may depend upon that," said Joe; "for we have orders from his uncle to bring him with us, if we should tie him neck and heels!"

"I'm right glad to hear it," said Philip. "But oh, Master Joe, use him kindly, for he has nae ill in him; and I like the laddie weel, although I dinna let on. For I dinna want him to marry Peggy, seeing that my word is past to Jamie Renton; besides, nae man likes to leave his ain country; and Peggy, some way, is dearer to me than a' my bairns put thegither, and I couldna bide the thoughts o' Hans taking her awa; so gang cannily about it, for if he were to get a gliff o' what's in the wind, he would be up the country in nae time."

"Leave that to me," replied Joe. "Captain Schroeder and I have arranged all our plans. We are to pretend that his uncle does not care a rope's-

end whether he returns home or not, and that if he wishes to remain here, he may. The Captain is to give him fifty pounds by way of paying his expenses, and by this means he will never suspect us; and we will keep all fair till the ship is ready again for sea, when we will cajole him on board to take leave of the Captain, and then adieu to bonny Scotland."

" Aweel, I'll be glad when he turns his back on us; but see that ye are no ower hard on him, for if I hadna made my promise to Jamie Renton, and Hans had been a Newhaven lad, I'll no say but I might hae come round; but a man should aye keep his promise, although it should be to his hurt."

" You had better come along with me and see the Captain," said Joe.

" I daresay I will gang that length wi' you, for I think there is nae fear o' Hans being here now. —Tak care o' the door, Peggy, I'm gaun doun the toun."

No sooner were these worthies fairly gone, than Hans sprung from his place of concealment, and Peggy ran into the kitchen to hear what was the cause of all this mystery; but what was her indignation on learning the plot which was laid for depriving her of her lover!

" Oh, Peggy! dearest Peggy," said Hans, " give me but your consent to my plan, and we shall never be separated." And Hans went on to state his project.

" No, no," cried Peggy, weeping; " I canna think on't,—say nae mair about it, Hans."

" Farewell, then, for ever, dear Peggy !" said Hans; " I see nothing now to hinder me from going back with Captain Schroeder, or they may throw me into the sea, if they like."

" I canna let ye gang, I canna let ye gang !" said Peggy, covering her face with her hands to hide her tears.

" But you will go with me, Peggy ?" And as silence is said to give consent, the compact was sealed with a kiss; and after hastily arranging their future plans, the lovers separated. Hans proceeded directly to Mrs Johnston's, feigned the utmost surprise and pleasure at finding Captain Schroeder had arrived, and played his part so well, that before they parted, the fifty pounds were safely lodged in the pocket of his jacket.

" It's time the supper was ready," said Philip to his wife.

" Troth," rejoined Effie, " I was thrang washing some o' Willie's stockings, and I thought Peggy would hae seen till't."

" Ye needna trust ony thing to her, puir thing, for she has done naething but gang up and down the garden greeting. I canna think what has come ower the lassie."

" Ye ken, gudeman, she's unco sorry to part

wi' Willie, wha gangs awa' in the morning; she will, nae doubt, be greeting about him."

"Silly thing!" said Philip; "ane would think Willie had ne'er been at the herring fishing afore. Cry her in," continued Philip, "and mak her tak some supper."—Peggy at this moment appeared, but her eyes filled with tears, which she vainly endeavoured to hide.

"Gang awa' to your bed, my bairn," said Philip kindly, "and tak a gude sleep."

"I'll no sleep," replied Peggy, in an agitated tone, "till ye gie me your blessing!" and she threw her arms round her father's neck.

"Ye'll no want that," said the old pilot; "but gang awa', my bairn, to your bed, for I like ill to see ye greet sae sair; and I dinna ken for what, either." And Peggy, whose heart smote her for the pain she was about to give her parent, quickly disappeared, and shut herself up in her own little room.

About three o'clock next morning, William bade farewell to his parents, and soon after proceeded to the beach.

"What nonsense is that ye are telling us?" said Nanny Todd, to whom, and to a knot of cronies, Tibby Thornback was holding forth on the beach, some hours after William's departure.

"Nonsense!" said Tibby, "it's as true as

there's fish in the saut sea, I saw them married mysell."

"Hech, sirs, but this is strange news! But tell us a' about it," said Jenny Greig.

"Ye maun ken then, that last night Hans Muller cam to me in an unco fizzy, and says he, 'Tibby Thornback, I ken ye are a good friend o' mine, and I hae a favour to ask you.'—'Say your say, my bonny man,' quoth I; 'and ye will see I haena forgotten what ye did for me and mine.'—Aweel, he tell't me how that he liket bonny Peggy Jarvie better than ony lassie he had ever seen, and that he had enough o' siller to keep them, but that auld Philip would on no account hear o' the marriage, for fear he would tak her awa' wi' him to forend parts, and maybe mak her a Pagan; and though Hans said he would never tak her out o' the country, and that he was neither a Pagan, nor, what's far waur, a Roman, but had aye been used to gang to a kirk something like our ain, Philip wouldna believe him, and threepit naebody should get Peggy but Jamie Renton; and forbye, that he had laid a plot to hae the puir laddie handcuffed and taen aboard ship, to be fed on bread and water, and sent off the country."

"Oh, the vagabond!" exclaimed the youthful part of Tibby's auditors.

"Aweel," continued Tibby, "my heart was sair for the puir young creatures, so I promised to help them; for Peggy didna like to tell ony o'

her sisters, for fear o' bringing her faither's anger on them. So last night Peggy staps out o' her bit window, and rins down to me, wi' Hans, and awa' we gaed to Deacon Melville, wha, ye ken, is a justice, and they said they were man and wife, and got the paper signed and nae mair about it; but aff and awa' wi' Willie Jarvie and my gudeman. Peggy, puir thing, was unco taen up about her father and mother, and made me promise to gang and tell them as soon as they were awa', for fear they should think ony mischance had come ower her; but by my troth, Philip winna be the waur o' a gude fright, for a' his preceesness about a wheen havers; but I maun see what they will say to this bonny pliskie."

"Avast, there!" cried an old sailor, giving his wooden leg a flourish; "I'll go up myself to my old comrade, and tell him he must let the young dog and his pretty wife come to an anchor beside him,—he must forget and forgive, if he expects to go aloft!"

"That's right, Dan," said a pretty fair-haired girl, who had joined the group; "tell them no to be ower hard on Peggy, and say we will come up and hae a dance when the bride comes back."

Here, most unfortunately for those who are interested in the loves of Peggy and Hans, the chronicle breaks off. The readers of this little

story are therefore left to fill up the blank according to their own discretion. The rigidly righteous will probably assign to Peggy an unbroken train of misfortunes as a fit punishment for her dereliction of duty, while the more charitable personages who shall peruse these simple annals, compassionating the youth and inexperience of the runaways, will kindly hope that they were forgiven.

We ourselves suspect that such was the case; for dropping in one Sunday last summer, to hear the very excellent minister of their parish church, before the conclusion of the service, a tall handsome stripling advanced and held up to the clergyman a little chubby squalling brat, which was christened by the name of Hans, and which was returned into the arms of a lovely looking young creature, whose bright dark eyes were filled with tears of maternal tenderness; while beside her, and dressed in a new suit of navy blue, stood a hale bluff old man, in whom we recognised

THE NEWHAVEN PILOT.

THE BABBLING BARBER;

A COMEDY,

IN ONE ACT.

ALTERED FROM THE DANISH

OF

LUDVIG HOLBERG.

NOTICE.

The liberties which we have taken with the following Sketch, are neither few nor trivial; but they consist chiefly in abridgements, our wish being rather to give a specimen of the author's peculiar style, than a finished drama. It is much to be regretted that so little is known of Danish literature in this country, and that, in particular, the thirty or forty plays of Holberg, are in England almost a sealed book. An author who has been so popular everywhere else, deserves translation, and we have many modern pens well qualified for the task. We are quite aware that "The Babbling Barber" is not the best Comedy of Holberg, but it is the only one to which we have had access: and should our imperfect version of one of his minor efforts, create a desire on the part of our readers to know more of one who is considered the Shakspeare of Denmark, our purpose is attained.

"Although nearly a century has now elapsed," says Feldborg, in his 'Denmark Delineated,' "since Holberg wrote his Comedies, they continue, even in these days of prudish refinement, to preserve their popularity. His merits as a writer of low comedy, as Suhum has observed, will ever remain unrivalled; for he not only depicted to admiration the manners of his own age, but he produced generally delineations of human nature, which will at all times excite interest on the stage. Accordingly, when Holberg's plays are acted at Copenhagen, they always draw full houses; and when those excellent comic actors, Lindgreen and Frydendal, perform any of his first-rate characters, the theatre is crowded to suffocation."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GERT, *the Babbling Barber.*
GILBERT, *an Apothecary.*
GOTTARD, *Gilbert's Brother.*
LEONARD, *Leonora's Lover.*
HENRICH, *Leonard's Servant.*
CARL, *Gilbert's Apprentice.*
TOBIAS, *a Lawyer.*
A NOTARY.
PETRE, *a Citizen of Flemsburg.*
JASPER, *Gilbert's Servant.*
JORGAN, *a Glover.*
CHRISTOPHER, *the Landlord of an Inn.*
CITIZENS.

GUNILD, *Gert's Mother.*
LEONORA, *Gilbert's Daughter.*
PERNILLE, *Gilbert's Servant.*

THE BABBLING BARBER.

SCENE I.

HENRICH, PERNILLE.

Hen. Good-morning, Pernille. Pray, how are Master Gilbert and your young lady?

Per. Good-morning, sir. I hope your master and you enjoyed your travels? I suppose your tender hearts could not bear the pain of parting, as you both set off without saying Farewell to your friends?

Hen. Now, don't be angry. We were forced to set off in great haste, on some business for my master's uncle, and we have just returned. Mr Leonard was about to make proposals to your young mistress, but he has been thrown into despair by hearing that she is promised to Monsieur Gert, the

Westphalian :—Are the parties quite determined in this matter?

Per. The affair has been concluded between the parents for a month past; but Monsieur Gert himself has not spoken to the young lady of his attachment, at which the friends on both sides are exceedingly displeased.

Hen. Has it then been determined upon against his inclination?

Per. I suppose not; but as yet he has made love only through his mother.

Hen. I cannot conceive of such a thing! I never supposed him to be so extremely bashful.

Per. He is anything but bashful. Monsieur Gert is rather one of your would-be-wise personages.

Hen. How the deuce can one believe all this? He is in love—he is self-sufficient—and yet he has never spoken of his passion to the lady!

Per. I will tell you how matters stand. Every one has a fault, and that of Master Gert is wearying people to death with his eternal babble.

Hen. What can he talk so much about—is he so rich in topics?

Per. He has only five or six, but enough, in all conscience! The first is an old Bishop in Jutland, called Arius, who was persecuted on account of some book which he published. The next is, the Counts of the Circle: or the Palatine Princes of

Germany. The third is about Turkey. The fourth about a journey he once made from Harslaw to Kiel; and when one begins to converse with him, one is over head and ears in Germany or Turkey, before one knows a word of the matter.

Hen. This is a very singular failing.

Per. Now, for example, if one but says, "It is fine weather to-day," he answers, "I had just such weather when I once travelled from Harslaw." And then he babbles on about the journey till he makes himself hoarse. I believe, if he were driven out of the house by any accident, he would never stop till he had arrived at Kiel! It is into this sort of tattle he falls when he ought to make love to my young lady, and many a time Monsieur Gilbert has been on the point of sending him civilly to the devil with his babble; but his mother, Madam Gunild, always makes matters up.

Hen. How is Ma'm'selle Leonora pleased with all this?

Per. She is apparently submissive, but I know that in her heart she prefers Mr Leonard.

Hen. Do, Pernille, assist us to break off this odious match. My master has been nearly crazy ever since he heard of it.—Here he comes.

SCENE II.

LEONARD, HENRICH, PERNILLE.

Leon. Oh! Pernille, is it indeed true, that your lady is engaged?

Per. Actually the case, sir.

Leon. Unhappy man that I am, how shall I bear to see my beloved Leonora sacrificed to that odious tattler!

Per. I am truly sorry for you both; for I firmly believe that you alone possess her heart.

Leon. You transport me, Pernille.

[LEONORA *enters.*

Leon. Oh! my dearest Leonora, how delighted I am to see you once more!

Leonora. You have been a great stranger of late, Mr Leonard.

Leon. Do not reproach me with my misfortune. I was forced to leave town at a moment's notice, and little did I imagine that such a blow was awaiting me on my return.

Leonora. A blow, sir! What blow?

Leon. Dearest creature, torture me not by this coldness. It is enough that to me you have preferred a prating coxcomb, who——

Per. All Master Gert's fault! Would to Heaven he were at Blocksberg! A babbling wretch, who, I really believe, were his mouth tied up, would learn to talk with his nostrils. [*Aside.*

Leonora. Do not presume to speak of my lover in that manner, sir. Monsieur Gert is a sensible well-informed, clever young man, and never runs away here and there, without letting one know a word of the matter.

Leon. I shall go distracted!

Per. Come, come, Mademoiselle, pray leave off this affected indifference. I have told Monsieur Leonard that you are——

Leonora. How dare you?——

Leon. Beloved Leonora! be merciful. I shall never survive your loss.

Leonora. Well, then, I believe I *must* relent a little. But you know, Leonard, that I have a stern father, that I must appear submissive, and receive the visits of Monsieur Gert; but as this gentleman has already several times offended by delaying to urge his suit, it is possible, if he continues to talk of Kiel in place of love, that he may be dismissed. To be sure, he is easily led to babble, but take notice, I do not promise to help him onwards in his journey to Kiel. But I must now leave you.—Adieu!

Leon. You have given me new life; and Hope will support me till we meet again.—Farewell!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

GUNILD.

Gun. Gert's conduct perfectly amazes me. He has every day for a month past promised to declare his passion to Ma'm'selle Leonora. He has as often gone to Monsieur Gilbert's for that purpose, has had every facility afforded him to speak of the matter, but every time he returns, when I ask him, "How the affair has prospered?" he answers, "I will make my proposals to-morrow;" or, "To-day I had such a long-winded discourse with some foreigners whom I met at the apothecary's, I had no opportunity of executing my purpose." Monsieur Gilbert has become quite enraged about it, and asks me if my son means to jest with him? for although the thing is agreed upon between the parents, it is necessary that he should say a few words upon the subject to Ma'm'selle Leonora. He has promised me, however, that he will positively make his proposals to-day; and I shall therefore go over to Monsieur Gilbert's before him, to smooth the way a little, that Gert

may be better received. But I see Monsieur Gilbert approaching. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

GILBERT. (*Speaking to some one behind the scenes, as he enters.*)

Gil. And, do ye hear, let everything be in good order when the doctors come. We apothecaries are all to be visited and examined this afternoon, but if the aquavitæ is good, the Faculty seldom ask about anything else. Dr Herman has examined the apothecaries for ten years in the following manner:—"Gentlemen, have you good sal volatile? We must prove it, gentlemen." And when seven or eight bottles of Rhenish are emptied, then the examination concludes.—But Ithink I see Monsieur Gert's mother. Your servant, madam.

Gun. I am happy I have found you, sir, as I would willingly speak with you about some little matters.

Gil. I know what you would say, madam; and I have said over and over again, that an alliance between our families is very agreeable to me, and I gave my consent to your son's coming to me to conclude the affair. He comes, to be sure, but be-

gins to preach and prate upon every sort of subject but the one he ought to speak about. I never knew such a lover, and I assure you I will not permit myself to be jested with any longer. If he wishes to have my daughter, let him make an end of the matter at once, unless he wants a hole to creep out at, as people say.

Gun. He want a hole to creep out at! Mr Gilbert. His conduct does not indeed arise from indifference; for he is as much in love with your daughter as any one can be.

Gil. Why the devil does he not make love to her, then, in place of babbling to us? What does it concern me to know what sort of man Doctor Arius was? I have enough to do with doctors and surgeons already. What use is it tearing up a man who has been dead a century? What do I care how many Popes and Electoral Princes there have been? It does not signify to an apothecary if there never had been one in the world.

Gun. He has promised that positively everything shall be arranged to-day.

Gil. That is well. My daughter shall be at home. He may ask for her, for I shall not have an opportunity to speak with him, on account of an examination which will be held in my house—Farewell, madam. Let him come quickly.

[*Exit.*

Enter GERT.

Gert. Mother, what carried the apothecary off in such a hurry?

Gun. Listen, child. This time I have pacified him, but not without great difficulty. People think we would make a jest of him. It is a month since the matter was first agreed upon, and there only remained for you to speak to the young lady of your passion; but one day after the other has passed away in your abominable tattle, which is not worth a rush. How can you imagine that people care to know how you finished your journey to Kiel—how many inns there are upon the road, how many pots of beer you drank, how many pipes of tobacco you smoked on the way? All mere bagatelles! There are many in the town who have seen a great deal more of the world than you, and speak not of it. There is Christenson, who has been no less than three or four times to Bourdeaux, yet the deuce a word do you hear about his travels!

Gert. There are no bagatelles, my faith, in my journey to Kiel; how many pots of beer I drank, how many pipes of tobacco I smoked; but very different matters, I assure you, and which are well

worth hearing. Take notice, now, and I will shortly tell you the whole journey——

Gun. Go to Blocksberg with your babble! Away, and make your proposals, or see the object you pretend to love taken from you, since you seem to have so little inclination to ask it. Away this instant—I command you. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

CARL, GERT.

Gert. Yes, I must go, and seriously make an end of this affair; but here comes Monsieur Gilbert's apprentice, I must speak to him. Your servant, sir, one—word, if you please.

Carl. Your servant, Monsieur Gert!

Gert. You are apprentice to Monsieur Gilbert, are you not?

Carl. Yes, I am.

Gert. I have not seen you long about the house?

Carl. No, I have been in Monsieur Gilbert's service only eight days; but I served nine years with an apothecary in Harslaw.

Gert. Is it possible! Did you serve an apprenticeship in Harslaw?

Carl. I did. Do you know anything about Harslaw?

Gert. Do I know anything about Harslaw! Yes, I certainly ought to know about it; I travelled once from Harslaw to Kiel, and can never forget the journey. Amongst those who accompanied me was a hatter's apprentice, an honest ingenious fellow, who now lives in Kiel, and is considered the best hatmaker in the whole town; all the hats that I have worn for a long time have been of his making, for he makes them better, I can tell you, than any in Jutland, *summa summarum.* We travelled together to Kiel, where he became very prosperous in his business.—Kiel is a good place for trades-people to thrive in. Many of my acquaintances went there with empty pockets, and raised themselves in a very few years to some consequence; for they say that there are few good artizans in Kiel, while the people of the town are wealthy and pay well. Besides, there are excellent markets for everything; and I shall tell you in a few words how they were in my time. First, for a pound of the very best bacon any respectable man would desire to see upon his table, not more than a lybsk *skilling*—

Carl. Ah! Monsieur Gert, that is a terribly long-winded matter to talk about.

Gert. (*holding him.*) Then, in the second place, for a pound of beef not more than a Sösling—

Carl. Surely that does not occur in the journey, Monsieur Gert?

Gert. Thirdly, for half a cask of butter, not more than four rix dollars—

Carl. Help, help! Let me go, I tell you—I have no patience to listen to this babble.

Gert. Fourthly, for a score of eggs, not more than a——

Carl. (*struggling to get loose.*) What have I to do with your eggs, your butter, and your beef?

Gert. Fifthly, for a measure of French brandy, not more than——Sir, do not be so impatient—I shall let it rest then, and tell you about my journey. At the first inn we reached upon the road, we found a man whose appearance was very prepossessing; he had metal buttons on his coat, and had on a pair of velvet breeches. This man spoke most affably to us, and said, "Gentlemen, shall we not drink together?" We bowed and thanked him for the honour he did us, and drank with him one cup after another *in bona caritate*, till we were, (with reverence be it spoken,) half drunk! Meanwhile, the *conducteur* sat in a corner and kept laughing; and when we asked him what he laughed at? he always said, "Nothing." After our new friend had departed, we learnt that he was the hangman of Sleswick!—Now, I ask you, can people, with any show of justice, blame us for that? For first, (*coughs*) with your permission—

I have such a terrible cough—I must turn myself a little aside—(*Carl steals away, while Gert talks on,*) First, I say, we did not know—(*coughs and turns more aside*) that he was the hangman of Sleswick—(*coughs*) and *posito*—(*coughs*) even had we known it, it would have been all the same—(*coughs*) for when we reflect what a hangman—an executioner is, (*coughs*)—no other than an authorized minister of justice, a finisher of the law,—(*turns round and looks astonished.*) What the deuce has blown the fellow away? May the devil take all such malicious wretches! Oh Mr Harslawer, is it not a scandal and a shame to run away in the middle of a respectable man's story? I will tell Mr Gilbert, I promise you, what a civil sort of apprentice he has got.—I do not know how it happens that I have any regard for this city. I should go to some other place where I would get money for my tale. I who discourse of nothing but learned and scientific subjects, to be treated in this manner! People may perhaps say, "Why speak such precious words to folks who have ass's ears? Why cast your pearls before swine?" I reply, When once I have begun a speech I must finish it. It is my nature, and I am never in such a rage as when one has heard the beginning of my story, and will not wait till the end. But bless me, I am forgetting my purpose—I must knock at Mr Gilbert's door. [*Knocks.*

SCENE VI.

GERT *knocks; enter* JASPER.

Gert. Is Monsieur Gilbert at home, Jasper?

Jas. Yes he is, sir, but cannot be spoken to at present, for we have doctors of every degree here to-day.

Gert. What are they about?

Jas. They hold an examination; but my master desired me when Mr Gert came, to call my young lady.

Gert. Very good;—tell her that I am here, and await her. [*Exit* JASPER.

Enter LEONORA.

Leon. Your servant, Monsieur Gert.

Gert. Your most humble servant, Ma'm'selle, I fear I have come at an inconvenient time.

Leon. How so?

Gert. I hear that an examination is held here to-day.

Leon. That does not concern me. When a visit is paid to mamma, then I am engaged; but this examination occupies only the gentlemen.

Gert. I hear as much noise and confusion in the great chamber as if there was a meeting of the States of the Circle, or a Diet of the Empire.

Leon. What does a meeting of the States of the Circle mean.

Gert. It is delightful that you should ask me about it, Ma'm'selle, for I know how to answer it as well as any one in the town.

Leon. I have not the least doubt of it.

Gert. I shall soon show the difference between a Diet of the Empire, and a meeting of the States of the Circle. I shall first tell you what a Diet of the Empire is—a Diet is summoned by the seven electoral princes——

Leon. I have not the honour of knowing any of these good people.

Gert. There are seven electoral princes altogether—

Leon. I am delighted to hear it.

Gert. Three are spiritual and four temporal, for the temporal are the most powerful—

Leon. That grieves me exceedingly on account of the spiritual; but how can I help it, Monsieur Gert?

Gert. The first is the Archbishop of Triers—

Leon. It may be so.

Gert. Then follows the Bishop of Cologne—

Leon. Is it possible?

Gert. It is as true as I stand before you, Ma'm-'selle. What reason could I have for telling you lies?

Leon. Just as much reason as to speak of such affairs to me at all.

Gert. (*holding her.*) These seven electors govern the fourth monarchy, for there were three before; the Phrygian, the Elamitish, and the Mesopotamian, which is the last. When the electors die out, the world will be destroyed, according to the sibyl's prophecy, and therefore they closely watch the moment the breath of an electoral prince is out of his body, to choose another in his stead, that the world may not come to an end. This has always been practised since the time of the Emperor Augustus—that famous emperor founded the fourth and last monarchy, according to the sibyl's advice, who counselled him to build it upon seven pillars; therefore the same great emperor did two celebrated things: First, he taxed the whole world; and then he appointed the seven electoral princes. The pope was displeased at this, and said, "Your Imperial Majesty, why create so many temporal princes at a time?" But the Emperor Augustus, who was not a man to be meddled with, was very wroth, and said, "Your Papistical Eminency, I *will* have it so." Upon which the pope, in a great fright, fell at his feet and begged pardon; and he gained so much by his humility that the emperor permitted him to make sixteen Cardinals all at once, who are like spiritual Counts or Barons, except that a Cardinal's hat falls only to the eldest son, and never to a daughter; for if a Cardinal dies and leaves only

a daughter, the Cardinal's hat, not being a bonnet, cannot descend to the daughter, you know, but returns to the pope again.

Leon. I have no time to listen to more at present, Monsieur Gert, but be so good as visit us often. It will give us much pleasure I assure you, particularly if you can just hit the time when I happen to be out; but pray be so kind as tell the rest of the history to my cat, which can understand it quite as well as I can. Adieu, Monsieur Gert! [*Exit.*

Gert. Pretty words for payment, upon my faith! I see I make myself odious by my babble; I will forswear it,—I will shut up my mouth, for the people in this town are unworthy of my conversation. How extraordinary, that people should be hated, when they ought to be admired and honoured! I shall go home to my mother, and tell her how contemptuously I have been used. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

GUNILD, LEONORA.

Gun. Now I must hear if my son has remembered to declare himself. There is something extremely odd about the fellow.—The family please

him;—he is in love with the young lady;—the parents have paved the way;—he has often gone to pay his addresses, and yet every time comes back without having made the declaration! I can scarcely hope it has gone otherwise this time; but here comes Ma'm'selle Leonora.—Your servant, my dear future daughter-in-law.

Leon. That title does not altogether suit me, madam. You are pleased to jest with your humble servant.

Gun. How so? Has my son not been here?

Leon. Yes, he has.

Gun. And, as I trust, has spoken to the purpose?

Leon. That I cannot deny. He came here to explain to me the German government, and to show how many regiments of foot are kept up by it; and he explained all so exceedingly well, that I had nothing to complain of, except that his discourse was a little too long.

Gun. Did he not speak of his passion?

Leon. No, madam. So long as he talked with me, he was upon the other side of the Rhine, and went always so much the deeper and deeper into Germany, that I was frightened lest I should at last be dragged into Turkey. At last I took flight, and bade him tell the rest to my cat. But here is my father, and you shall hear his opinion of the matter.

Enter GILBERT.

Gil. Pardon me, madam, though I speak a little bluntly. I will on no account have you and your son come again into my house. We have no inclination to let ourselves be longer cozened, and our family made a by-word.

Gun. (*weeping.*) Ah! Mr Gilbert, I cannot describe how much this cuts me to the heart. I confess that my son has the failing, that when once he gets upon any of his old stories, everything he should remember is forgotten; but, save this weakness, Mr Gilbert, there is more good than evil in him. He is pious, domestic, and, for a year together, never a murmur is heard from his lips; he does not gamble, and is exceedingly diligent in his profession.

Gil. I acknowledge all this, madam; and I therefore willingly permit him to associate with my apprentice,—with whom he may hold lectures and boards of council; but my daughter has other matters to attend to.

Gun. (*about to faint.*) Oh! oh!

Gil. Bless me! the good woman is taken ill. Run, Leonora, and take down the phial, No. 3, which stands upon the fourth shelf.

[LEONORA *returns with the phial, and holds it for* GUNILD *to smell to.*

Gil. Do not let this afflict you, madam. What does it signify, whether your son marries my

daughter or not? He can at any time get as good a match.

Gun. Oh! Mr Gilbert, do me the great favour to have patience with him once more, to avoid people's talk. Believe me, you shall not again be trifled with.

Gil. Well, well, madam, be composed. Let him come once more, and act in earnest.

Gun. Many, many thanks, my dear Monsieur Gilbert. Let him come again upon a sleeveless errand, and I shall discard him for ever.

Gil. Adieu! Adieu! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

GUNILD, GERT.

Gun. Ah, miserable being that I am! this son of mine will bring me to the grave. But there he is.—How dare you, ye careless, base, degenerate, perverse fellow,—how dare you appear in my sight? I am enraged, that I take it so much to heart. I ought to have cuffed you long ago. How came you to neglect making your proposals at the apothecary's this time?—answer me that!

Gert. But, mother, between ourselves, Ma'm-'selle was a little too hasty.

Gun. That is to say, she would not sit and

listen to your eternal babble. Tell me for what did you go to Monsieur Gilbert's? Was it to speak of state affairs?

Gert. Ma'm'selle asked me, what a diet in Germany was? So I was obliged to explain it to her; and one cannot do that without describing the Electoral Princes, and showing that there are seven altogether; namely, three spiritual and four temporal. For example, the spiritual are, the Electoral Prince of Cologne——

Gun. There, (*gives him a box on the ear,*) take that, on account of the learned and spiritual importance of Cologne. Will you never learn to hold that babbling tongue?

Gert. Ah, mother! do not be so angry with me. Pacify Monsieur Gilbert but once more I entreat you, and I promise never to enlighten Ma'm'selle again with my learned conversation.

Gun. Listen, Gert.—The anger I have shown towards you, proceeds entirely from affection. I have once more then, without your knowledge, pacified the apothecary. Go there immediately; but know, that if you conduct yourself this time as formerly, I shall disown you as my son. [*Exit.*

[GERT *goes hastily to* GILBERT'S *door, knocks loudly and hurriedly.* LEONORA *appears.*

SCENE IX.

LEONORA, GERT.

Leonora. Welcome back again, my dear Monsieur Gert.

Gert. Your most humble servant, my dear Ma'm'selle. I beg a thousand pardons for having offended you the last time I was here, with my long story.

Leon. It is all forgiven, my dear Monsieur Gert.

Gert. I intreat you will not think ill of me on account of it.

Leon. Certainly not. Your good mother has reconciled my father again.

Gert. I know, my dear Ma'm'selle, that I sometimes talk a little too much.

Leon. So it is said.

Gert. Many account it a blemish in me, yet there are many wise people too, who think it a great beauty. But have you indeed, from your heart, forgiven me my former error?

Leon. Yes indeed, Monsieur Gert—quite from my heart. (*He kisses her hand.*)

Gert. I am your obedient servant, my dear Ma'm-'selle. We, who have travelled abroad, are apt to have some weakness, or hobby-horse, as they call it, a desire to relate what we have seen and heard

in foreign parts, and to let people see we are no cot-queans.

Leon. Have you then travelled abroad, Master Gert? Upon my word, I never knew that before.

Gert. Yes, indeed. I travelled once from Harslaw to Kiel, and can never forget the journey. Amongst those who accompanied me, was a hatter's apprentice, (*holding* LEONORA,) a clever——

Leon. Do not detain me, Monsieur Gert.

Gert. —ingenious fellow!

Leonora. Do not hold me, I tell you, or I shall give you a box on the ear! [*Exit.*

Gert. (*alone.*) I must confess that I speak a little too much; but I have it from my father. He never was given, however, to tittle-tattle, and that is the reason I abominate that bad habit. The good folks in the town will miss me sadly when I am dead, and will often say, "A devilish travelled fellow that Gert, the Westphalian, was, and a better man than we took him to be; for since his death, there is not one in the whole town who knows how to talk of foreign affairs. Would to Heaven we could dig him out of the ground again!" As long as people are alive, the world cares very little about them, but they are scarcely dead before they begin to be lamented. The envious are perhaps partly to blame for this. Every one sees that I alone lead the conversation in all companies. Others would willingly talk with me, but are not

able; and therefore they do not like to hear me speak. Why does Jorgan the glover hate me most cordially? Just because he himself, of all folks in the town, would willingly shower words upon the company, and dare not bring forward any political discourse when I am present, knowing, as he well knows, I would quickly seize him in flank, because I understand my politics better than he does. I have often noticed, that when I am near him, he pretends to become quite taciturn, to make people imagine that he is one of your wiseacres who talk little and think much. 'Tis an old trick of those stupid drones who know nothing, to give themselves airs of deep meditation, and to be silent when learned people are present, when in truth they are no more thinking than a horse or a cow. Am I to shut up my mouth for this? No—never. Who would not rather be envied than despised? I would rather the people should say, "There is a mischievous tongue in that fellow's head," than "The fellow sits like a cur or a rogue, and has not a word to say for himself." But what's to be done now in this matter? I confess I do deserve to be well flogged for talking nonsense to Leonora. But could she not calmly have heard my story out? Ought she to have threatened me with a box on the ear? I perceive plainly that Monsieur Gilbert will be for giving up the affair; but let him see to it. He shall give me reason why. I shall arm myself with my country's laws and justice. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

An Inn—some Citizens seated at table drinking.

CHRISTOPHER *and* JORGAN *the Glover.*

Cit. Let us have the last newspaper, landlord.

Chris. Here it is, my good friends.

Cit. Is there anything in it?

Chris. Yes, there is something here and there worth noting.

Cit. Will you be so kind as read it, landlord? you read print so well.

Chris. Tolerably; but you must not interrupt me.

Cit. No; we shall neither speak nor drink while you are reading.

Chris. No, no; you may as well drink; the more you drink the better I shall read. Attention! (*Reads*) "In Regensburg there has been born a calf with a cap of hair on its head and fingers upon its legs—the inhabitants are of opinion that it bodes no good. The calf died immediately, but uttered these words before it expired, 'Woe, woe to Regensburg!'"

Cit. What think you of that, good people? Ah, Mr Landlord, read that once more. Jorgan did not hear. (*Chris. reads it again.*)

Jorg. That can signify nothing but a war between the Turks and the Emperor; for I remember that immediately before the last war, just such another calf was calved.—People hear of nothing but prodigies and miracles now-a-days. I believe the world will scarcely be able to stand four years.

Cit. What do you mean by that, Jorgan?

Jorg. Truly I have my suspicions.

Chris. (*reads.*) "They write from Venice that the preceding month has been so cold, all the Cardinals were frozen up."

Cit. The Cardinals!

Chris. No, no, I mean *canals.*

Cit. Jorgan, read you—that Christopher is a bungler.

Jorg. (*reads.*) "There have been a great variety of masks at the Carnival——"

Cit. What place does the Carnival lie, Master Jorgan?

Jorg. It lies in Poland.

Chris. Pho, pho, let reading alone, and let us have a song—Lead off, Jorgan.

[*Song, (see the following music,) at the conclusion of which* GERT *enters.*

DRINKING SONG FROM THE DANISH OPERA of "LULU."

VIVACE MOLTO.

ff

p

"Fill the Bowl with Ro_sy Wine," And

Let each hour be bright and gay; Mirth and wit and

song com_bine, To keep dull care dull care at bay.

Allegro.

"Fill the Bowl with Rosy Wine," And let each hour be bright and gay;

CHORUS.

Alto.

Mirth and wit and song combine, To keep dull care dull care at bay.

Tenore.

Basso.

Mirth and wit and song combine, To keep dull care dull care at bay.

"Drinking song."

Gert. Good day, Christopher.

Land. What will you have to drink, Master Gert?

Gert. Give me a pot of your best beer.

Cit. (*aside.*) Jorgan, read on, and we shall escape from Mr Gert's babble. We all know his failing.

Jorg. (*reads.*) "They write from Spiers that the Prince Elector of Mentz, with the other Electoral Princes, were assembled to debate about—"

Cit. Stop a little, Jorgan. Is the Prince Elector of Mentz not a Bishop also?

Gert. Listen, gentlemen—I will tell you about the Electoral Princes.

Jorg. This is between ourselves, Master Gert!

Gert. There are seven Electoral Princes altogether——

Jorg. We know it very well, Master Gert.

Gert. Three of them are spiritual and the other five temporal——

Jorg. You are quite right, Master Gert, five and three are seven.

Gert. No, no; it was but a slip of the tongue, there are only four temporal——

Jorg. All that is true enough, but no one asked you about it.

Gert. Of the spiritual, the Archbishop of Cologne is the greatest.

Jorg. Master Gert, you need not tell me that-I know it as well as you do.

Gert. Then follows the Archbishop of Triers-

Jorg. Can we not sit in peace? We are not speaking to you.

Gert. The third is the Archbishop of Mentz——

Jorg. You may babble as you will, we shall not listen to it.

Gert. The other four are temporal—I cannot remember their names, but I know sufficiently well that there are four——

Jorg. I would be perfectly content that you forgot everything about it; no one can get any rest or quiet for you.

Gert. These seven Electoral Princes govern the fourth monarchy, for there were three before, namely, the Phrygian, the Elamitish, and Mesopotamian, and this is the last. When the Electoral Princes are destroyed, the world will also come to an end, according to the sibyl's prophecy, therefore they anxiously watch the moment the breath of an Electoral Prince is out of his body, to choose another in his stead, that the world may not come to an end; and this has been practised ever since the time of the Emperor Augustus, which famous Emperor instituted the fourth and last monarchy as the sibyl counselled him, and who advised him to build it upon seven pillars. There-

fore the same great Emperor did two renowned things—he taxed the whole world, and he instituted the seven Electoral Princes. The Pope was not well pleased at this, and said, "Your Imperial Majesty, why make so many temporal Princes at once?" But the Emperor Augustus, who was not a man to be trifled with, said, "Your Papistical Eminency, I *will* have it so!" Then the Pope immediately fell at his feet and entreated pardon, by which humility he gained so much, that the Emperor allowed him to make sixteen Cardinals all at once, who are like spiritual Counts or Barons, for the Cardinal's hat goes only to the eldest son but never to the daughter; for if the Cardinal dies, and leaves only a daughter, then the Cardinal's hat, not being a bonnet, cannot go to the daughter, but returns to the Pope again. (*The others all steal off one by one;* GERT *seizes hold of* JORGAN.) We had Cardinals here also in the old days, Master Jorgan, but they are all abolished

Jorg. Christopher, landlord! help, help! Let me go, or I will do you some mischief.

Gert. The last Danish Cardinal was called Arcimboldius, a fellow who, with indulgences, did such injury, and drew so much money from Jutland, that the country has not yet recovered it. I have, therefore, so much hatred to Cardinals, Mas-

ter Jorgan, that I can never restrain myself, and when I see a Cardinal, I hit him thus upon the ear, (*gives* JORGAN *a violent box on the ear,*) and say, "You scoundrel, you extortioner!" says I, "you deserve to be trodden under foot. This is the way people should behave to you." (*Throws* JORGAN *down and tramples upon him, who bawls for help*). I beg pardon, Mr Jorgan, but when I come upon this matter, I get so violent that I cannot restrain myself. You may strike me again, Master Jorgan—*Summa Summarum.* This Arcimboldius was the last Cardinal in Jutland, for—— (JORGAN *runs off,* GERT *after him, holding him by the hair and still babbling.*)

SCENE XI.

Enter PETRE, GERT.

Pet. Here must be a barber, for he hangs out a basin. Is your master at home?

Gert. I am at your service, sir.

Pet. I wish to be shaved, my friend.

Gert. That shall be done immediately, sir.—Will you be pleased to seat yourself?

Pet. Is there any news in the town?

(GERT *wraps him up and ties him to a chair.*)

Gert. I believe not, besides I have vowed never to tell anything. The people in this town do nothing but eat, drink, sleep, and play backgammon, and do not like conversation.

Pet. For my part I am a great admirer of discourse.

Gert. Where are you from, sir?

Pet. I am from Flensburg.

Gert. I think I must have had the honour of seeing you in Kiel.

Pet. That may very likely be the case. Have you been in Kiel?

Gert. In Kiel! Yes, indeed, and can never forget my journey. I shall tell you, sir, how it went. I set out on my journey about the 19th—no, the 20th of February. Amongst those who accompanied me was a hatter's apprentice, a clever ingenious fellow enough. He is now settled at Kiel, and makes the best hats in the whole town—all the hats that I have worn for a long time have been made by him, for he makes them as well as any in Jutland—*Summa Summarum.* (PETRE *becomes a little impatient*)—Kiel is an excellent place for artizans, for——But I must tell you, in the first inn we arrived at, we found a man whose appearance was very prepossessing, very prepossessing indeed. He had metal buttons on his coat, and a pair of splendid velvet breeches. This stranger addressed us

very courteously, and said, "Gentlemen, shall we not drink together?" We bowed and thanked him for the great honour he did us, and drank one cup after the other *in bona caritate*, till we were, (with reverence be it said,) half drunk.

Pet. Master, I came here to be shaved, not to hear a history.

Gert. But only think, sir, the driver sat meanwhile in a corner and laughed. When we asked him what he laughed at, he always said "Nothing." Well, when our new friend had left us, we found that he was the hangman of Sleswick. Now, sir, I refer it to you——

Pet. Now sir, I refer it to you, if I am to sit here till the hangman of Sleswick comes to shave me!

Gert. I refer it to you, sir, if people can blame us for that! (*Continues babbling, while* PETRE *struggles in vain to get loose.*)

Pet. (*Aside.*) I must pay this fellow in his own coin. (*Aloud.*) I have got a painful boil behind my ear, pray can you give me any advice upon it?

Gert. It will go away of itself. I wish that I had such a complaint, for it is very healthy.

Pet. I wish to Heaven I could give you mine—but I will tell you how I got it.

Gert. I must go immediately and shave another person, sir; and I beg you will be so good as pay me for my trouble.

Pet. First, I had a great pain in the place where it now is; yet it was at last not upon the same place, but about the breadth of a thimble from it; in three days—no, rather I believe four days, no, it was only three days,—I felt a great pain without being able to see the smallest thing.

Gert. It may be so, sir; but be so good as not to forget my salarium.

Pet. Summa summarum—after I had felt the pain about four days—I still say four days, for now I remember it. One's memory is sometimes rather capricious; when one most wishes to remember a thing, the deuce a bit can we hit upon it, and when we are not thinking about it, then it comes of itself.

Gert. In case Monsieur's memory should fail, I take the liberty of reminding him, that it is incumbent upon him to pay me for my trouble—soap and razors cost money.

Pet. I will, upon my word, only I quite forgot it; we shall come immediately to the end of the business.—At last the boil broke into a red mark; now it was as small as a pin's head, now as large as a pea, now small, now large, now small, again large, again small, again large, now like a pin's head, and now like a pea——

Gert. If all the Flemish histories go on in this manner, may the deuce take the rest. You shall

pay me double, for my trouble and my loss of time.

Pet. After the spot had been out some days, and I meanwhile felt a great pain,—by the by, I forgot to say that the less the spot, the greater was the pain,—for when it was just like a pin's head, I had no rest night nor day; but when it was like a pea, I felt only a little pain; when the spot diminished, the pain increased—when the pain increased, the spot diminished; little spot, great pain; little pain, great spot. Do you understand my meaning, friend?

Gert. Ah! this babble will put me mad!—If you do not——

Pet. Now I shall come immediately to the end of the business. At last, after I had suffered this pain more or less for some days, as the spot became large and small alternately, as I mentioned before, and which it is not necessary to repeat, it broke at length into a boil, and I shall now tell you in a few words how it increased and how it diminished.

Gert. You shall pay me, as I am an honest man, for my loss of time.

Pet. We shall straight come to a reckoning—something can be taken off for the journey to Kiel; but where did I stop?

Gert. The deuce care I where you began or

where you stopt! Let me go, I say—I must have the money you owe me for my trouble.

Pet. Eh! there are strange people in this town, who will not listen to a person's story. Now I shall quickly make an end, and then we shall come to the reckoning. The boil was, in the first place, quite spotted, that is to say, quite full of little spots. I don't know if you understand my meaning?——

Gert. Get out of my house, I tell you, or I shall drive you out.

Pet. And so the little spots went away, then came again, then went away, came again, went away, came again, went away,—one day innumerable spots, the next none——

Gert. Mother, mother, come to my help! there is a Lucifer from Flensburg in the house——

Pet. I shall go now. [*Exit.*

Gert. Go to the devil! [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

GUNILD, GILBERT.

Gun. I cannot yet flatter myself that my son has obeyed my admonitions, and made a serious conclusion of the business which I have so much at heart: but I see Monsieur Gilbert and his

daughter coming.—Your servant, sir. Where is my son?

Gil. Listen to me, madam. I will not blame you, for you are an excellent woman, and unhappy enough in this matter.

Gun. Ah! has Gert been about the same thing again?

Gil. Your son has just conducted himself this time as formerly. He has not been able to say one word about love, for cursed tattle about state affairs.

Gun. Ah me, unhappy woman that I am!

Gil. Be composed, dear madam.

Gun. Ah! Monsieur Gilbert, Will you not pardon him once more?

Gil. No, madam; but we may, nevertheless, remain good friends. My daughter may still remain contracted. Monsieur Leonard has a great affection for her. I need not press my daughter upon any one, madam.

Gun. I do not doubt it. But Monsieur Gilbert—

Gil. But, my dear madam, be so good as let me remain in peace for the future?

Gun. Oh! I am grieved to death. Oh!—Oh!

Gil. It truly distresses me, for your sake, madam!

Gun. But, Monsieur Gilbert, it is still but a very slight fault, which will wear away in time. He is

otherwise so sober and so amiable, that I cannot complain of him in any other respect.

Gil. Let him be ever so amiable, I cannot allow myself to be played the fool with.

Gun. Ah! sir, I intreat you, with tears, to pardon him once more; and I most solemnly promise I shall never plead for him again.

Gil. I cannot endure, madam, to see you so much afflicted. Well, then, I will forgive him; but it must be once for all.

Gun. I will never, upon my honour, open my lips for him again.

Gil. Let him come, then, at five o'clock this afternoon. A notary shall be in readiness, that, as soon as he has made his proposals, the marriage-contract may be concluded, and so make an end of it.

Gun. I shall now go quickly home, and prepare my son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

GERT, TOBIAS.

Gert. So you advise me, on your conscience, to go to law with Monsieur Gilbert?

Tob. Sir, I have never advised any honourable man from going to law, otherwise I should

understand my business very ill; as much as he would be a bad surgeon who should dissuade a patient from bleeding.

Gert. But do you really think that I shall gain the cause?

Tob. What! will you not go to law without gaining the cause—What kind of language is this?

Gert. For what purpose should I go to law, if it were not to gain the cause?

Tob. Sir, you may be a very good barber, but you are a very bad lawyer. Does not a patient call a physician although he knows he can never be cured? and just because every one would blame him if he died without the doctor's help, like a dumb beast. So it is when any one withdraws a process. People exclaim—Oh! the coward, the miser—he will not assert even his own rights! But when a man honourably loses a cause, he can say—"I have a clear conscience; for I have done all in my power to gain it." But perhaps this is a case in which you cannot possibly lose; you say it is against an apothecary?

Gert. Yes, it is.

Tob. That is enough. There is my hand upon it;—you shall gain your cause. It is the simplest thing in the world to get the better of an apothecary. And even if you should lose it, you will lose it with honour. But let me hear how the matter stands?

Gert. My mother and the apothecary agreed upon a marriage between me and his daughter; I went to make my proposals, but before I could say a word of love, I chanced to fall upon some other matters which once happened to me, so that the lady became impatient, and——

Tob. If you let that pass you are a dunce. Pardon me—but, on the word of an honest man, I could almost wish you sat in the condemned cell, that I might show with what zeal I would conduct your cause.

Gert. I am infinitely obliged to you! People here say it is a great blemish in me that I speak so much; but it is not tittle-tattle that I speak of. I converse only of politics and foreign affairs, which they ought to pay me for telling. But the folks in this town do nothing but eat, drink, sleep, and play backgammon. Commend me to my countrymen, the Westphalians. My father has often told me, that in every street of every town there is an assemblage of spouters who never leave off till they are quite hoarse.

Tob. It is certainly speech that distinguishes us from the brute creation, but everything has its time. When one should be making love, every other discourse ought to be set aside.

Gert. It may be so; but I came upon the subject against my will. The young lady met me half

way. One time she asked me what a Diet in Germany was, and another time about my journey to Kiel, which she fancies I enlarged too much upon. But does it not require time for such a journey as that, Monsieur Tobias?

Tob. I don't think much can be said about a little journey to Kiel.

Gert. Not about that, truly? It was, my faith, a most extraordinary journey! It is three years since I travelled from Harslaw; three years, the 20th of February, if I recollect right——

Tob. Indeed, Monsieur Gert, I am not desirous of knowing anything about it. I have often heard of this Kiel journey.

Gert. No—now I think of it, it was the 19th of February——

Tob. There is no time to talk about it just now. We ought rather to speak of the process.

Gert. Amongst others who accompanied me was a hatter's apprentice——

Tob. You ought immediately, and before the sun goes down, to get the apothecary disposed of.

Gert. Listen a little first.—This hatter's apprentice was a clever, ingenious fellow——

Tob. The action should be drawn up in this manner—(*Both speaking.*)

Gert. He lives now in Kiel, and is considered the best hatmaker, for——(*Tobias continues his speech, while Gert talks on at the same time*)—

Monsieur Gilbert, an apothecary in the city, after due deliberation, promised me his daughter in marriage; but his daughter, with the utmost contempt, threatened me with a box on the ear, forbid me the house, and without sufficient reason for such a proceeding, insists upon breaking off the engagement. Therefore, seeing that it is well known to all the city that I was engaged to Ma'm-'selle Leonora, regard for my reputation will not permit me to pocket the affront; and my injured honour incites me to persist in asserting my rights, and to seek redress from the laws of my country; for if such things are permitted to take their course, no man will be in safety, as any woman may hereafter, with perfect impunity, sport with an honest man's reputation. (*Gert claps his hand on Tobias's mouth, who gives him a box on the ear—they pull each other's hair, and Gert drives Tobias out.*)

SCENE XIV.

GUNILD, GERT.

Gun. What the deuce is all this noise for? I thought to have found you at home bewailing your offence, and I find you engaged in an altercation.

Gert. You would pity me, mother! if you knew my ill luck.

Gun. Your ill luck! You may say your ill conduct. I have heard everything, and how you conducted yourself the last time you were at the apothecary's.

Gert. Ma'm'selle treated me with nothing but contempt, and threatened to give me a box on the ear.

Gun. You ought to have been cudgelled out of the house.

Gert. I have therefore consulted a lawyer how I should act in the business; but he has behaved as if he were mad. I could not draw a word from him.

Gun. In your stupidity, will you ever pretend to go to law with these good people, whom you have cozened so often?

Gert. What shall I do, mother? I am quite disheartened.

Gun. You should go and hang yourself, for you are not worthy to live.

Gert. Ah! could there but be any means found to pacify the apothecary again!

Gun. Nay, never think to pacify either him or me again.

Gert. Farewell, then, mother!—I hope you will never see me more.

Gun. (*Aside.*) I must detain him a little longer yet.—(*Aloud.*) Pray, Monsieur Gert, where will you go to?

Gert. Ah! I am quite in despair.

Gun. Well, then, with great difficulty I have once more soothed the apothecary's wrath.

Gert. Ah! my dearest mother—is it so indeed?

Gun. Yes—but be assured it can never happen again. Monsieur Gilbert has appointed a notary to be in readiness; and as soon as you obtain the "Yes," from Ma'm'selle's lip, the marriage-contract will be immediately concluded.

Gert. Ah! be assured, my dearest mother, that I shall take care of myself this time.

Gun. You may do as you please, Gert; for I will have nothing to do with pacifying people again. But let us now go home. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

LEONARD, HENRICH.

Leon. Master Henrich, get hold of Pernille, and learn how affairs now stand, and whether the marriage is likely to be broken off.

Hen. Yes, sir. [*Exit into Monsieur Gilbert's.*

Leon. I hope in Heaven, Monsieur Gert has had a babbling fit. If he has, I am certain my dear Leonora has assisted in bringing it on, although she would not give me the satisfaction of promising to do so. What can detain Henrich? My heart beats with apprehension lest Monsieur Gilbert should

endeavour to force Leonora into this detested connexion. Here is Henrich with Pernille.

SCENE XVI.

LEONARD, PERNILLE, HENRICH.*

Leon. Pernille, tell me is my doom fixed—am I to lose my beloved Leonora?

Per. Don't despair; the game is, I trust, in your own hands. Master Gert has been here, and talking in the old strain; not a word of love. My young lady complained of him to Monsieur Gilbert, who became quite furious, and would have broken off the affair, particularly when he heard of your love for his daughter; but Madam Gunild, by tears and entreaties, has prevailed on him to make another trial of her son. So Master Gert returns at five o'clock, with a notary, to conclude the marriage-contract, in case he should conduct himself properly.

Leon. Oh, Pernille, we are ruined! He will not forget himself this time.

Per. Don't be alarmed, sir. Ma'm'selle Leonora has taken into her confidence Monsieur Gottard, her father's brother, who has promised to assist her in provoking Master Gert to converse on state affairs, while you are to be at hand to demand

her the moment Monsieur Gilbert becomes irritated.

Leon. I shall be in agonies till this trial is over.

Per. Courage, sir! but I must leave you. Be sure to call at Monsieur Gilbert's before five o'clock.

Leon. I shall not fail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVII.

GERT. (*Alone.*)

Gert. Now is the time, Master Gert; now the trial begins. Let us see whether you can stand the proof, or be a booby all your life. I know that I can certainly refrain from talking about learned matters for an hour, or so. (*He mumbles names with his lips.*) Listen, Master Mouth, you will do a world of mischief if you talk of anything but love this evening! Yet, when I reflect upon it, it is marvellous, it is frightful, that one should be despised because one talks learnedly; but let that pass, for all my happiness depends upon it. I still hope, however, that I shall stand firm, unless some one leads me to talk; for I cannot deny, that when any one asks me about matters which I am versed in, it is the greatest pleasure in the world to explain them. I must exercise myself a little, the better to resist temptation. But here comes the notary. Now is my time.

SCENE XVIII.

GERT, *the* NOTARY.

Notary. Your servant, Monsieur Gert. I understand I am summoned here to-day on your account.

Gert. I know that very well, Mr Notary. I have been here several times before, but always went off without closing the business.

Not. How so?

Gert. You know, Mr Notary, that I sometimes read curious books, and that I would willingly let the people hear what I have read. I sometimes, in Monsieur Gibert's, had occasion to fall upon such matters, when I should have talked only of love. I hope I shall conduct myself better this time.

Not. I see you can restrain yourself in proper time.

Gert. Mr Notary, will you have the goodness to exercise me a little, and conduct yourself like a young lady, and ask me about one or the other curious thing, to see if I can keep my resolution? It is so difficult for me to conceal my accomplishments, especially when any one gives me occasion to display them.

Not. I am perfectly inclined. There now, I am a young lady.

Gert. Your humble servant, my dear Ma'm'selle.

Not. Your servant, Monsieur Gert.

Gert. I come this time trembling before you.

Not. Why so?

Gert. Because I offended you the last time with my long story.

Not. Nay, how can that be, when you talk so extremely well. But is there any news, Monsieur Gert?

Gert. Nothing whatever, my dear Ma'm'selle.

Not. Have you not read the newspapers to-day?

Gert. Yes, I have.

Not. And is there nothing new in them?

Gert. No—nothing except that——Nay, it is the truth, that I have not read the newspapers since I travelled abroad.

Not. Have you indeed travelled abroad, Monsieur Gert?

Gert. Yes; I travelled once from Harslaw to Kiel, and can never forget the journey. Amongst those who accompanied us was a hatter's apprentice. (*Claps his hand on his mouth.*) Will you not be silent, you beast?

Not. What were you going to say about the hatter's apprentice, Monsieur Gert?

Gert. Nothing—nothing, Ma'm'selle, but that he was a rascal not worth speaking about.

Not. I am certain you will do extremely well.

Gert. Yes, I believe that I shall stand firm. Will you now go in, Mr Notary, and say that I am here? (*The Notary goes into the house.*)

(*Gert goes mumbling up and down, practising —claps his hand on his mouth.*)

SCENE XIX.

GERT, GOTTARD, LEONORA, PERNILLE, *the* NOTARY.

Gert. Your humble servant, my young lady.

Leon. Yours, sir.

Gert. I come trembling before you this time.

Leonora. What is the reason of that?

Gert. I humbly beg pardon for my tattle, the last time I was here.

Leon. If my father has pardoned you, I suppose I must also forgive you.

Gert. I hope that you forgive me with all your heart, Ma'm'selle?

Leon. I have never yet been disobedient to my father.

Gert. Your good father, as well as yourself, Ma'm'selle, have had great reason to be displeased with me.

Leon. No doubt, in some degree.

Gert. But, my dear Ma'm'selle, it is my only fault. As for the rest, I am temperate, and take good care of my own affairs.

Leon. It is so, undoubtedly.

Gert. I will not defend my conduct to you, but willingly call it a failing, although it is esteemed a virtue in other places.

Leon. It may be so.

Got. I think the good people here are somewhat nice. I am sure, I wish I could have Monsieur Gert always with me, for I am a great admirer of speeches. Besides, I should like to hear if he really talks nonsense, as I have heard.

Gert. I humbly thank you, Monsieur, for your good opinion of me.

Got. But what have the folks so much to complain of?—do you ever hold improper conversation?

Gert. No, Monsieur; no one can lay that to my charge. I talk only of learned and curious matters.

Per. I shall oblige you, sir, and tell you that Monsieur Gert is a man who has travelled abroad. In travels of this kind we suffer bodily hardships, and spend much money; and the only use we make of them is to tell them when we return.

Got. Has Monsieur Gert really travelled?

Gert. Nay, my travels are not so *very* extraordinary.

Per. I certainly think I have heard you once travelled to Kiel?

Gert. Yes—that is certainly true. I travelled some years since from Harslaw to Kiel, and can never forget the journey. There was with me on the road——(*He is silent, and puts his handkerchief into his mouth.*)

Got. Who was with you on the road?

Gert. (*with his handkerchief still in his mouth.*) No one.

Got. Indeed, Monsieur Gert, if you speak only of travels and history, I cannot see how any one can account it a blemish.

Per. I think it, on the contrary, quite an accomplishment.

Got. And I shall reprimand my brother for having thus stood out against you.

Gert. I humbly thank you; but pardon me, I must explain my business to the young lady.

Got. (*Turns to Pernille.*) I can assure you, for my part, Pernille, there are certain things in the newspapers to-day which I would give the world to hear explained. I have often read of the Whigs and Tories in England, but do not know the origin of them; and no one in the whole town can give me the least information about them.

(GERT, *who in the meanwhile stands making love to* LEONORA, *pricks up his ears, and says—*)

Gert. I could give you information upon it, if I had only time.

Got. I most sincerely doubt it, Monsieur; for no one in the whole city knows the true account of it.

Gert. May a mischief befall me, if I have not got it at my finger's-end!

Got. I also have some slight idea of it. I know the Tories were a people who cut off King James's head.

Gert. You are wide of the mark, Monsieur. It is quite another thing; but I shall explain, by the way, how I first——

Got. Ha, ha, ha!—I shall hear immediately that you know nothing at all about the matter. The Tories were the people who cut off the King's head, that I know for a certainty. I wish I knew as much about the other.

Gert. It is no such thing, Monsieur. There are four principal sects in England—Whigs, Tories, Monarchy-men, and Anabaptists.

Per. (*aside.*) Now the game is our own. I shall run for Monsieur Gilbert and Monsieur Leonard.

Gert. (*continues.*) The Tories are the most powerful people, as they are always of the King's party; and they fought for King James when he had made war in England against the Whigs, who rebelled under Cromwell's command. This Cromwell, who in Latin is called Masaniello, was a

butcher's son, and raised himself to so great a height, that he was Knight of the Garter, and Generalissimo by sea and land. He had a most extraordinary head upon his shoulders, and was so clever, that he could give audience, read, write, and dictate four letters all at the same time. It is somewhat incredible, but it is as true as that I stand before your eyes.—(*Monsieur Gilbert enters behind at the same time, shrugs his shoulder, sends a messenger for Leonard, who is contracted to Leonora in the middle of Gert's babble.*)—King James, therefore, raised him to one honourable post after the other; but when the Archbishoprick of Canterbury became vacant, the King gave it away to one of the name of Fairfax, although Cromwell had recommended his brother-in-law to fill it, which provoked him so much that he rebelled against the King, assembled an army of pure Whigs, Monarchy-men and Anabaptists, conquered King James in a pitched battle, took him prisoner, and caused him to be beheaded the same evening. The Whigs were therefore now raised to the highest point. The Tories were crushed, and Cromwell proclaimed Protector of England. But when he had ruled some years, King James's son came back again, joined himself with the Tories, and overcame the Whigs several times, and misfortunes continued to follow them. Finally, in the last battle, my good Master Cromwell was taken prisoner, and he was torn in pieces

by horses. Therefore the Tories again obtained the upper hand, and determined to entirely destroy the Whigs, and their adherents, the Anabaptists, and Monarchy-men; but as their numbers were very great, they altered their intentions, and only forbade them, under pain of death, to have arms in their houses. This is the cause of the hatred which is between the Whigs and the Tories, and the reason why the Tories always keep the Whigs under their thumb. But, Ah, Heavens! I am standing here when——(*looks round confounded,*) Where is Ma'm'selle?

Per. She is already gone. She was contracted to a certain young gentleman, called Leonard, while Monsieur Gert was in England.

Gert. How—Is it so, Monsieur Gilbert?

Gil. Yes, sir—I kept my promise of giving you one trial more, and bringing you here to conclude the business. But as I perceive it will always be the same with you, I have given her to an amiable young man, who has long been in love with her.

Gert. Would to Heaven a mischief had fallen upon me when I fell upon this story!—Ah! Monsieur Gilbert, can it not yet be altered?

Gil. No, Monsieur Gert, it cannot. Be so good as present my compliments to Madam Gunild.—There is nothing more to be done here, since the marriage-contract is already signed.

Gert. But, Monsieur Gilbert——

Gil. But, Monsieur Gert, it is all your own fault.

Gert. I will stay no longer in this town. I will go to some place where learning is more respected. I think I will go to Kiel.

Gil. Much pleasure may you have on your travels, Monsieur Gert! A happy journey to you!

[*Exeunt.*

THE THREE SONS.

THE THREE SONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LOUISE BRACHMANN.

NOT far from a thickly-wooded river, and close on the banks of a solitary streamlet, whose rustling, as it flowed through the deep shade to mingle its waters with the river, was the only sound that broke upon the silence, there formerly stood a little mill. Here poor Magdalena often sat, and looked wistfully from the low window down upon the path which led through the bushes to her out-of-the-way dwelling. She was the widow of the miller who had recently died, and although, as the mother of three handsome, well-brought-up sons, she might be esteemed fortunate and happy, she now felt helpless and forsaken, for all three were far distant from her. The eldest of them, the lively Hartung, having chosen his father's

business, had long since set out upon his travels, in search of employment. The slender Hienrich had been obliged to go to the wars; and the flaxen-haired Berthold had been taken by a cousin, when he was quite a boy, into the city, to be brought up to commerce, and now lived in a distant seaport, where, in place of the waving branches of his native woods, a forest of masts, with their party-coloured pennons, displayed itself in the harbour. "Oh that one of my three boys would but return, to take care of me in my old age and helplessness!" Magdalena would often exclaim in her solitude.

One day she suddenly heard a joyful shouting, and sounds of horns bursting through the usually silent forest. Then a rural procession made its way from among the retreating bushes, and appeared, in the bright sunshine, to be approaching her cottage. She saw a magnificent carriage with four mettlesome, prancing horses, which, as well as the carriage, were finely ornamented with a profusion of fluttering ribbons, and they curved their proud necks, and beat the trembling ground with their powerful hooves. The poor widow was quite dazzled by all this splendour and magnificence. She raised a respectful glance to the carriage, and observed in it a beautiful girl in a simple but very expensive attire, and beside her, glowing in all the vigour of manly beauty, was her eldest, her

dearly beloved son Hartung. Then followed another splendid carriage, filled with musicians. The light and graceful Hartung instantly sprung from his seat, flew to his mother, fell on her neck, and said, "Dearest mother, I am come to see you, to present to you my beautiful bride, and to say that you must go with us, and live with us for the future."

The young bride, who was named Barbara, and who had now descended from the carriage, repeated, with friendly greetings, the proposal of her husband. Magdalena could not, for a long time, recover from her joyful amazement.

"Ah, heaven!" at last she cried, "what happiness am I permitted to experience!" And she could not refrain from throwing glances of the most exquisite delight, now upon her manly blooming son, and now upon her elegant and beautiful daughter.

But as the newly arrived visitors prepared to set out again, she said, with an anxious tone, "Dearest Hartung, will you leave the mill for ever, in which your lamented and good father lived so many happy years?"

"O, dear mother," answered Hartung gaily, "speak no more of that. I have bought a much larger and finer mill on the banks of a broad stream; where three wheels fly as if in the air, while our own little one here, turns itself about

as faint-heartedly as if there were scarcely life in it; and you must know, dear mother, that I have obtained, not only a young and beautiful, but a very rich bride. Her father was a wealthy farmer, who had plenty of well-filled barn-yards, not far from the place where I latterly worked, and at little festivals, and other opportunities, I had the good fortune to gain her affections," he added, throwing a smiling look upon his young wife, who smilingly returned the glance of his sparkling black eyes. "When her father perceived," continued Hartung, "that I was really an honest, and a well-behaved young man, he gave her to me, and with her a good rich dower; and so, dear mother, get ready to leave the little mill with us."

Magdalena truly rejoiced at the account of her son's prosperity, but she could not refrain from timidly replying, "But your poor father finished, and put it in its present state, with so much care and difficulty, and always wished so earnestly that one of you should retain it—Is it not possible for you——" she added, half aloud.

But here the young bride burst into a fit of laughter. "No, no, dear mother; how can you suppose it? how could I keep house in this little mill? It is not larger than our dove-cot."

She could now make no further opposition to the plan, if she would live with her children; and

in silence she collected her little effects together, and, amidst secret tears, bade farewell to the place where she had passed so many years in calm happiness.

The habitation to which she now repaired was many miles distant from the little mill in the wood, which soon became entirely waste and deserted. The wheel stood dry, and crumbled to pieces in the heat of the sun; the little rivulet murmured solitarily around the deserted walls to whose inhabitants it had once so joyfully lent its assistance; the moss-covered roof fell in, and the rank grass waved over the court, and in the formerly neatly kept garden; the roses alone still bloomed triumphantly, and smiled amidst the ruin and desolation around. If a traveller wandered into this deserted spot, and the mill presented itself unexpectedly before him, he turned away with a shudder from a scene of such total abandonment.

Magdalena, meanwhile, did not find, in living with her prosperous children, the love she felt towards them properly requited, although she endeavoured, with respectful, nay, almost humble attention, to fulfill the wishes of her stately daughter-in-law. Covetousness and austerity were the principal features in Barbara's disposition. She had expected to find in the mother of her husband a useful and cheap assistant, and a careful attendant upon her children. But when she saw that sickness and in-

firmity hindered poor Magdalena from performing any domestic services for her, she considered her only as a useless burden. The lively Hartung had always been a good son, but he never possessed a very feeling heart; and he now gave himself up so entirely to his wife, whose penurious disposition in some degree he shared, and occupied himself so incessantly about his own affairs, that he never observed whether his mother were well or ill treated. And Magdalena, too truly good to disturb the happiness of the young couple by her complaints, sighed in silence over the heavy labour which Barbara laid upon her. At length, when she found her strength entirely failing, she determined, though with many bitter tears, to return to her poor deserted dwelling. The bustling Hartung heard of this with astonishment and vehement displeasure; but when his wife assured him it entirely arose from his mother's obstinacy, he did not attempt any further hindrance of her departure. He took leave of her with clouded brow, and only paid her so much attention and respect, as to send with her a plentiful supply of provisions.

The mill by this time had entirely gone to ruin, but Magdalena found in the poor little cottage a chamber sufficiently secured against the weather to shelter her. Here again she lived her former solitary but peaceful life; and if sometimes the brook, swollen by the rain, came raging down its

rocky bed, and burst over the reedy margin, or the rushing storm threatened to tear the covering from her humble shelter, it was less terrible to her than the hostile glances which had been darted upon her from Barbara's angry eyes.

She had now become still poorer from this trial of a residence with one of her sons, but with increased anxiety she thought upon the other two, and involuntarily her thoughts always turned to the youngest, her fair Berthold; for although she loved all her children with the deepest and truest maternal affection, yet Berthold was the darling of her heart, without her being aware of it. "He was so gentle and so beautiful," she sometimes repeated to herself, "that it is continually impressed upon my mind he will one day rise to fortune and distinction."

A long joyless time had now passed away, and her provisions began to fail. She knew not if her son Hartung, in his pursuit of wealth, had forgotten her, or whether his wife had estranged him from her altogether; but one morning as she sat mournfully at her little window, looking out upon the glittering trees, tinged by the rays of the sun, and listening to the joyful twittering of the birds as they sought their food, she saw coming up the verdant path a traveller upon a handsome bay horse, which gently raised its white feet over the wild shrubs which impeded its way. He stopt at the

mill, dismounted, and, with delight, she recognised her beloved Berthold again. She was less astonished at his appearance than she had been at Hartung's, partly because her mind had been constantly occupied with him, and partly because he was less changed in appearance. He was as gentle as ever, and had not grown very tall; and, both in height and countenance, resembled a delicate fair girl. Like his person, his dress and manner partook of refinement and effeminacy, and caused the utmost surprise to Magdalena.

After a few tender embraces, Berthold said, "I am come, my dear mother, to show you my wife and child, who follow me in a travelling-carriage. I have to thank my Beate for all my present happiness. I possess a large and handsome house, and everything that the situation of an eminent merchant affords. We were obliged to travel through this part of the country, and we have come a long way about, in order to visit you, my dear mother."

While he was speaking, an elegant travelling-carriage appeared, in which was his wife, attended by a number of male and female servants. Berthold hastened to assist her from the carriage, and led her to his mother. She was as much like a fair picture as Berthold himself, only a little paler, and her ringlets approached more to the red. In the handsome and regular features of her countenance there was something, however, so proud and so dis-

dainful; her pale lip bore so contemptuous an expression, that the poor Magdalena felt her heart could less rest upon her than upon the fiery and impetuous Barbara. But the baby, which Berthold took from an attendant, and brought slumbering in its lawn wrappings, was so like a wax doll, that she scarcely ventured to touch it; but, viewing it with looks of the tenderest love, she exclaimed,—"The dear, dear child!—Ah, I can never forget it!"

"What would you think, dear Beate," said Berthold, with some hesitation, "if my mother—— We have so very large a house——"

But Beate threw upon him such a warning and side-long glance, he was immediately silent. The unsuspecting Magdalena had not seen this. It is a quality of the human heart, that, where it loves, it imagines all its feelings to be shared by the beloved object; and Magdalena did not therefore, for a moment, doubt that her own feelings were reflected in Berthold's bosom; but as she went into the adjoining chamber to procure something for the entertainment of her dear guests, she unexpectedly overheard the young lady say, not without some bitterness, to her husband,—"I must confess I thought I had more dependance upon you. The old woman would really cut an excellent figure in our society! I am certain it could not be agreeable to herself; and I think my relations deserve something more

from you, than to carry about your origin as a show to the whole world, for luckily one would never discover it from yourself."

The young man was so flattered at the last part of the speech, that he acknowledged the proposal to be a very rash one, and begged pardon for having made it.

" Give, or send as much as you please," added the lady, a little softened. " My father's fortune will not be so easily exhausted, only do not exact her presence."

Tears started from the eyes of the poor mother at these words; but soft and patient as ever, she did not, by a single word, give indication of her feelings, and the departing pair easily mistook her bitter tears for those of grief at their separation. Berthold, who could not remain quite unmoved, pressed his purse into her hand, and promised to send her more. An internal feeling prompted her to throw back the proffered gift, but sad necessity, and the love which she still felt for the weak and wavering son, who had almost disowned his kind parent, induced her to retain it; and she soon saw the wheels of the carriage and the rider disappear amongst the trees.

Still deeper and more piercingly had this last experience torn her oppressed heart. " So—I have no longer a son," said she, with anguish; " Hienrich has certainly fallen in battle; for so

my foreboding heart tells me ;" and, as she sunk one night into a troubled slumber, she saw the confirmation of her fears in a dream. A fallen soldier lay upon a green field, his arms were scattered around him, and, from a wound in his side, his blood flowed darkly. The field was solitary and deserted,—his comrades were far distant from him. The evening star alone looked down with pity upon him. She gazed upon his face, and recognised the pale countenance of her Hienrich.

"Fare thee well, my son," said she, awaking, while she pressed her folded hands upon her bosom, as if she would have pressed back the grief which was ready to break forth ;—"thou hast at least gone hence without having deserted or disowned me."

Her health now began to sink, the money which Berthold had left with her was at an end, and, whether in the intoxication of his own happiness he had forgotten her, or distance had delayed the messenger, or from what other cause she knew not, no additional supply had arrived. Her misery had reached the highest point. With tottering steps she wandered during the morning through the wood, in search of roots and berries for her necessary sustenance ; and her only desire was a speedy relief from her griefs, in an early grave. The time of the year had again returned, in which she had been so rejoiced at the unexpected appear-

ance of her eldest son Hartung. The summer drew to an end, the leaves became tinged with a deeper shade, and the severe autumn approached, with its fanciful and shadowy images, and Magdalena trembled as she thought of the coming winter.

At the close of one of those days, a truly glorious and glowing evening broke forth. Above the opening of the wood to the west, and from the midst of a chaplet of red clouds swimming in the transparent raven-tinged ether, the evening star beamed friendly down upon the earth. Everything appeared to the sorrowful and surprised Magdalena, as she stept to the door of her cottage, the same as she had seen it once before in her dream; and behold, at that very moment, a form suddenly appeared from the green foliage, distinctly visible in the rays of the setting sun, like the figure of her fallen Hienrich in his soldier's garb. The constant solitude of her life easily induced in the mind of the poor Magdalena a belief in apparitions, and she fancied she beheld the spirit of the dead before her. "I am come, my dearest mother," cried the soldier, hurrying forward, "to press you once more to my heart, after so long and bitter a separation;" and in another moment she felt herself clasped in the arms of her living son. It was indeed Hienrich, the slender Hienrich himself. She was now first aware of his faithful horse, which he led behind him by the bridle. It bent its

neck as if it would have greeted her, and looked gently upon her with its large glancing eyes. She led the recovered dear one with delight towards the cottage, to rest and refresh himself; but according to all true soldierly custom, he first begged to shelter his faithful horse, and to see it properly attended to. With renewed strength, she now hastened into the little chamber to disperse by a blazing fire the cold harvest damps, and to do all in her power to provide for his entertainment and refreshment; and she could have wept that she had nothing better to offer; but joy this day maintained its triumphant and blessed sway.

In a short time Hienrich returned, and, as the blazing fire threw its cheering light upon him and his military accoutrements, Magdalena could not refrain from turning her eyes constantly upon him, and admiring his fine tall handsome figure. His slender person had become more manly and graceful, and the noble features of his countenance were also much improved. His bronzed cheek, tinged with the hue of health, well contrasted with the fire of his eyes. Those beautiful dark eyes, so expressive of truth and goodness of heart, could not be mistaken; and when he smilingly turned them upon her with looks of affection and deep feeling, it infused new life into the bosom of the sufferer, so long oppressed with grief.

"Ah! my son—my dearest son," said she, drawing a deep breath; "only think, it is three months since, in a dream, I saw you lying bleeding and dying on the field of battle!"

"It is very true, my dear mother, it is just three months since I lay severely wounded upon the field. We had that day fought a great battle."

"Ah! my poor Hienrich," exclaimed Magdalena, "when I remember how you were compelled to go to the wars in place of your brothers!"

The rigid and fixed grief which so long had restrained the overflowing of her anguish, now gave way before the alleviating drops of maternal tenderness, and fell in showers down her pale careworn cheek. Disquieting remembrances pressed upon her soul—how the lively Hartung, always full of life and spirit, had been the darling of his father, and the gentle Berthold hers—and how that Hienrich, as the easiest sacrifice they could make, had been sent to the army. "Do not weep, my good mother," said Hienrich, sorrowfully moved and grieved at the sight. "I love my honourable situation. I was fortunate enough, even in the first battle that we fought, to be raised from the condition of a common soldier, and to perform an essential service for one of our officers, who scarcely permitted me afterwards to leave his side, and from whose society and conversation I had

often opportunities of acquiring knowledge and improving my mind. And in the last great battle, so much was thought of a few trifling deeds of arms which I had been able to perform, that the path to the highest and most honourable distinction is now open to me. I merely take advantage of the present time, as there are proposals of peace, to visit you and my dear home again, for all intercourse with your part of the country was entirely cut off by these commotions. I have travelled day and night, and I can assure you, my dearest mother, that the sight of you, and the desolate situation of my paternal dwelling, has filled me with the deepest melancholy. I read all the sorrowful changes which you must have suffered here in your eyes; and it deeply grieves me that a poor soldier has no certain refuge to offer to his poor sick mother. Ah! the trifling little gift with which I thought to please you," said he, in a lower voice, reaching towards her timidly, and hesitatingly, the present that he had brought with him. "It is honestly and fairly won—but what avails such a trifle?"

Magdalena had stood in deep reflection, occupied only with one thought, arising from her son's speech. "Will you also leave me?" said she, with a faint voice, and hung trembling upon his answer, as upon the sentence of life or death.

"Oh! dearest mother," answered the soldier, with sorrow, but with firmness, "my visit is a

very hurried one. To-morrow, about this time, I must be again on my way. We remove to a distant part of the country, and I dare not fail in my duty." He had scarcely ended these words, when the paleness of death overspread her countenance; and, with the expression of the most heart-rending agony, she raised her clasped hands imploringly towards him, without uttering a word; but her eyes, which sought his, spoke a silent, but powerful language. "My mother, my good mother! compose yourself," said Hienrich, full of anguish, while he endeavoured, by the most affectionate caresses, to comfort her.

"Oh, my son—my dear, my only son!" she at last exclaimed, in a tone that smote him to the heart.—"O, by all that is holy, forsake me not! —or strike, mercifully strike your sword into the heart of your unhappy mother, before you leave her to her fate, solitary—and oh!—to what is a thousand times more horrible—to neglect, contempt, and starvation!"

She now related to him, in a few impressive words, how the hearts of his brothers had been turned from her; and Hienrich felt too deeply how much worse than death it is to receive indignity where one has a holy right. The most painful struggle arose in his soul. The glorious path which lay before him, and promised to reward him for so many vexations and troubles—the duty

which he owed to his honourable situation, all pressed upon him. But at last, love and pity for his unhappy mother were victorious. "No!" exclaimed he, overcome by emotion, "I can no longer—— Judge thou," he continued, turning his pure eyes towards heaven—"judge thou between me and my duty as a soldier! I have often looked death in the face without fear, but the grief of my mother I cannot stand."

The following day he was upon his way back to the army, but it was to ask for his discharge; and he obtained it under the condition, that, should the war be renewed, he would rejoin the army. The mill now went merrily on once more, and resounded through the verdant solitude. Hienrich began anew his earliest employment, which he had only resigned for the animating profession of a soldier. Faithfully and amiably he now fulfilled his calm and simple duties; and the ruined dwelling was soon put into its former situation by his active industry. The little brook ran gaily again in the dewy blushing mornings, with confiding loquacity, under his window, and beneath the wavering bridge, and often showed to him, as a reward, his own handsome image in the clear crystal mirror. Hienrich thought of nothing but how to nourish and please his mother, who revived under his care, like a half-decayed tree which some compassionate traveller had propped up. The maidens in the

country around were soon aware of the return of the young man, who was now called not merely the slender, but the handsome Hienrich. Many a charming and rich beauty would gladly have received him as a husband, but he took a warning from the example of his brothers, and determined to preserve his heart, that he might live entirely for his mother, to whom he so earnestly desired to make amends for all her cares and afflictions. The only recreation which he allowed himself was to roam over the surrounding country, or to wander through the boundless forest. The beauties of nature presented to him many sources of exquisite enjoyment, particularly now that the severe winter had passed away, and the forest was again clothed in its verdant and magnificent apparel. Sometimes the longing desire for the society of some loved being, was even painful to him, and in some such hour and feeling he rushed out into the free and open air. It was already late in the evening, and his mother was at rest in her peaceful slumber. The mill, too, had ceased, but he could not quiet the feelings in his own bosom, and he hastened out into the warm summer night-breeze, breathing fragrance. The year was in its highest beauty and perfection. The wild roses bloomed in profusion around the mill, and the wood formed so close a shade with its green arches, that not even a moon-beam, with its mysterious

light, could penetrate them. Hienrich's path became so narrow, that the dew-dropping branches touched his youthful blooming cheek. He did not observe the darkness around him, lost as he was in the dim uncertainty of his own thoughts and feelings. Suddenly it seemed to become light, and a heavenly fairy landscape lay before him, as if the dark trees of the wood had separated from each other to show him a valley of the greatest beauty, which he had not hitherto seen in any of his former rambles. The enchanting landscape swam in all the charms of the moon's silvery light. All was still, silent, and solitary, save a stream that murmured softly, half surrounding the valley, and then lost itself among the cliffy rocks. A little village appeared faintly in the distance, in a hollow of the mountain, that overlooked the forest. Upon the height, a fortress raised its battlements in irregular outline, half hid by the trees, faintly glimmering in the moonshine, and melting away in the soft exhalations that hung over the whole landscape. Hienrich had advanced only a few footsteps, and stood entranced at the delightful view, when he heard a soft rustling in the bushes beside him, and a female figure stept from amongst them, whose inexpressible beauty and gracefulness filled the bosom of the youth with a tumult of delightful feelings he had never before experienced. She was in a simple white dress, but there was some-

thing in her whole mien and appearance that announced her to be of high birth. Natural ringlets fell round her lovely countenance, like the clouds that surround and half veil the moon's pale face. Her light step scarcely pressed the ground. She stood timidly still when she saw herself so near a young stranger, and looked anxiously around. This grieved Hienrich, and he took courage to say, entreatingly, and with all true-hearted earnestness, "Do not be alarmed, noble lady. Rather than alarm you, I would entreat permission to guide you through this lifeless solitude."

The tone of his voice was so engaging, and the full moon showed so distinctly to her his fine open countenance, that involuntary trust and confidence was infused into her heart.

"Who are you?" she asked. "I am almost inclined to accept of your friendly offer till I reach my attendant."

Hienrich told his name, and she consented that he should accompany her through the silent moonlit fields, both silent for some time as the still fields themselves.

The graceful unknown seemed to be lost in deep thought, but rousing herself suddenly from it, she asked the situation of her guide. Hienrich related somewhat of his soldier-life, and his present employment.

"How!" cried she with surprise, standing still

and observing him with an incredulous look; "you have resigned the noble situation which you appear to love so much, and have given yourself up to an ignoble employment?"

Hienrich stood before her for a few moments without reply. "The purple light of love," already glowing upon his youthful cheek, was now mingled with the burning blush of shame, which rushed painfully from his heart, even to his forehead. But consciousness of the rectitude of his conduct, quickly returned to console him. He related to her in a few words, spoken with deep emotion, the cause which had induced him to change his situation, and as he added, that she might conceive how inexpressibly great had been the sacrifice which he had made to filial duty, he endeavoured in vain to restrain the tear that started to his manly eye. She also appeared deeply moved, and exclaimed in a tone, as if carried away by her feelings, "Then I must indeed honour you." It seemed as if a tear also gleamed in her eye; but she turned hastily away; adding softly, "Farewell, noble youth; for here comes my attendant."

At that moment Hienrich saw an old servant advancing towards her, whom she hastened to meet. From the manner in which she had bade him farewell, the naturally correct and just feelings of the young man intimated to him that she

did not wish to be followed, and he respectfully obeyed; while her graceful figure disappeared from the plain towards the little village, and seemed to him like the vanishing of a beautiful dream.

It was late in the night before he returned to the cottage. A gloomy day followed the luminous night, and thick rainy clouds obscured the heavens, but Hienrich did not observe the darkness and gloom, for the light of the preceding night still remained in his soul. Even his mother remarked that there was a new, and singularly joyful air thrown over his whole being; but a secret though artless feeling made him silent upon the enchanting adventure. Towards evening, a courier arrived from the army, with the intelligence that the enemy had made a fearful irruption into the country, and that the safety of their fatherland demanded the immediate assembling of all true soldiers; and Hienrich received commands to set out early on the following morning. The first emotion that arose in the bosom of the brave young soldier, was joy at the long-delighting call to battle, as strongly as the first blast of the trumpet roused his noble charger; but when his eye fell upon his mother's pale cheek, he felt all that the summons would cost him. She was more firm and composed, however, than he expected, at his unexpected call of duty.

Hienrich put everything in order for her sus-

tenance and comfort during his absence; and after having done all that filial piety prompted, when the composed and resigned Magdalena slumbered upon her couch, he now gave himself up to the thoughts that next to these duties filled his soul. It fell heavily upon him that he must now be separated from the spot that contained so powerful an attraction. He longed to see the beloved valley once more, although the night was already so far advanced. The rain had fallen incessantly during the whole day, and the storm bent blusteringly the heavy branches; but Hienrich observed it not, and hastened into the dark rushing wood. The weather had, in the meanwhile, cleared up a little as he reached the opening of the valley. The storm was now hushed, and the deep azure of the heavens, cleared and freshened by the continued rain, peeped here and there through the parting vapoury clouds, which only in their densest places still covered it with a half stormy gloom. The moon, already beginning to decline, shed over the landscape a pale and melancholy light; and silence and deep solitude was over the whole country around, while Hienrich remained on the spot. She who had yesterday blessed his eyes with the most transporting vision, did not now appear. He was obliged to acknowledge to himself, that he could not, in so stormy an evening, and at so late an hour, have any expectation of seeing her, and

that, in truth, their whole encounter was like a dream of his enthusiastic and romantic imagination. A feeling of inexpressible love and abandonment took possession of his soul as he gazed upon the deathlike solitude.

In this disposition of mind, he returned home, and early next morning was on his way to the army, after a parting full of emotion and tenderness from his mother.

The tumult and bustle of warlike activity which met him on his arrival, involuntarily carried away the mind of the youth,—ready for every brave and daring deed,—and proved the most certain remedy against fruitless and wasting melancholy. As the armies had already been opposed in a bloody engagement, which was daily renewed, Hienrich had full opportunity to give convincing proofs of his courage; and when, in a short time, a glorious peace was concluded, he returned with most honourable testimonies of his merits, and the rank of a commander of a troop, to his beloved home. Anxiety and apprehension for his mother could not be extinguished in the bosom of this faithful son, even amidst the tumults of war. He opened the door of their little dwelling with a trembling hand, but his mother approached to meet him with joyful alacrity. She thanked Heaven with fervency for the return of her beloved son, and assured him that she had wanted for nothing during his absence.

"And do you know the cause of that?" she said, mysteriously. "I will tell you," she added, observing Hienrich's inquiring look. But, with woman's benevolent kindness, she first busied herself in preparing some refreshment for him; then, seating herself at his side, she placed a basket before him, filled with rare fruits and flowers, and then continued—"You see there a token from her of whom I have to tell. As I sat sorrowfully, the evening after your departure, grieving myself with thinking *when* you would, or *if* you would ever return, the door opened, and an—indeed I may truly say—an angel, entered. It was a young lady, of so much beauty and sweetness of manner, that it seemed as if I had seen yourself. She brought me fruits, wine, and everything that was necessary to strengthen and refresh me; and she did not forget to bring sweet and fragrant flowers with them. Every evening she returned to take care of me; and her affable comforting conversation lightened my heart of its anxiety for you. She said Providence would certainly protect and guard you from danger, because you are so good a son. She seemed particularly delighted to speak of you, and she always made me relate something more concerning you; and thus passed the anxious time almost unnoticed away. Oh, if I could but always have the sweet angel near me!"

During this speech, the heart of the young man

throbbed impetuously. He instantly recognised in this singular visitor, the never-to-be-forgotten unknown; and much as his modesty struggled against it, he could not reflect, without the most enrapturing delight, upon the idea that she took some interest in him, and had performed such a heavenly tender part in his absence. He threw himself into his mother's arms, but soon awaking from this intoxication of joy, he anxiously asked, "And have you never learnt the name of this amiable benefactress, dearest mother?"

"Only listen, child; you will not let me finish," said the good Magdalena, for Hienrich's impetuous caresses had broken in upon the regular course of her story. "Listen then: The miller from the neighbouring mill, whom you requested to take some little care of me and our property in your absence, came to see me, and I related the whole occurrence, and accurately described the stranger to him."

"Oh mother, mother!" interrupted Hienrich, with anguish, "that was certainly contrary to the wishes of the young lady."

"Truly it was so," answered Magdalena, somewhat embarrassed; "she had given me to understand as much. But, dear child, only think of my situation—my heart so full—so full of you—your absence, your danger—and then so singular a visitor! I asked him if he could not conjecture who the lady was."

" 'It is the young Baroness, who lives in the solitary Castle on the mountain,' " he answered. " 'The Castle has stood for a long time unoccupied, because the late Baron had another residence on the sea-shore, where he and his daughter formerly lived; but since her father's death, the young lady has withdrawn here, to live on his remembrance, and gratify her inclination for a calm and retired life, and indulge her beneficent disposition.' "

Magdalena now expatiated long upon the happiness of her having been visited and comforted by so high and distinguished a person; but the fearful gulf again opened before Hienrich, that divided him from the object of his secret adoration. Ah! why was she so high above him in riches and rank?—She, who in his eyes possessed such unspeakable fascination; every tone of whose soft voice, and every glance of whose heavenly eyes, had sunk so deep into his soul. His own feelings told him that the young Baroness would now return no more to visit the solitary one; but to wander near where she breathed, to express his warmest thanks for all her kindness to his helpless mother, became the most ardent purpose of his heart. At all times of the day he now visited the smiling valley, but he never met with her again; and if a thought of seeking her, even within the walls of her own castle, arose in his mind, the timidity attending the

comparative lowness of his situation always held him back, although the rank to which he had been raised had in truth made him somewhat more daring.

One beautiful morning, still fresh with dew, Hienrich went to the place where he had first seen the magical moonlight prospect. The pinnacles which formerly had seemed to fade away in the soft moonlight, now gleamed brightly in the golden morning sun, the white walls, and the glittering windows shone like diamonds upon the valley beneath. An emerald green flower-covered meadow was close under the Castle rocks. Hienrich wandered along it. To the left in a distant hollow, the little village was indistinctly visible; to the right was the majestic stream, as if strewed with spangles, glittering through the dewy exhalations, and winding round the Castle walls, till it was lost amongst the rocks upon the opposite side. Hienrich was now quite close under the lofty walls, and his eyes hung upon the splendid building. What heavenly vision burst upon his delighted sight! She herself, the beloved mistress of the Castle, appeared upon the highest part of the garden, which, broken by flowery terraces, reached from the Castle down to the entrance of the valley. The graceful figure beamed like a celestial visitant in the glow of morning; her glance appeared bright as light itself, and seemed to pass over the valley, and to

rest upon the borders of the wood; but she did not observe Hienrich, whom a cluster of waving ash-trees concealed from her sight.

She now turned and descended the steps of the terrace to the lowest, which was broader and still more blooming than the others. A clear fountain sprung from the rock, and meandered down through the soft flowery meadow, and then united itself with the stream; and happy, fortunate chance, the blooming field bordered with the charming garden of the Castle, which was surrounded only by a light low railing. The noble Blancha walked innocently among the flowers of her garden. She raised her eyes so full of mind and soul, and looked, not without some emotion, upon the slender figure of the young soldier, who had stept to an opening in the hedge, and overpowered by his feelings at the sudden sight of her, leant for support upon a tree.

The Baroness instantly recognised him, and with unaffected sweetness stept forward, greeted him with courtesy, and invited him to rest within her grounds after his long morning's ramble. The affability with which she spoke, and a certain confidence and trust in her whole manner towards him, infused courage into Hienrich's bosom. She made him sit down upon a verdant bank in the garden, and seated herself at a little distance from him. The simplicity and rusticity of manner, the

consequence of Hienrich's birth, had been polished by constant intercourse with his brother officers, but more so by the tender and ingenuous feelings which Nature so often bestows upon her favourites.

The invisible chain which drew the young Baroness and Hienrich together, was daily becoming closer and more firmly attached. He ventured to return to her again and again; but it was less by words than looks, and by the expressiveness of every glance and action, that he betrayed to her the deep feelings of love with which she had inspired him. When at last the timid confession broke from his lips, she replied with emotion but with firmness,—

"I am the uncontrolled mistress of my choice, and possess this property by the will of my revered father; and I must acknowledge to you, noble Hienrich, that my heart distinguished you from the first hour of our acquaintance. A holy bond of union seemed early to unite us in the performance of the same duties—the duties of filial affection,—and what more exalted offering could I bring to the memory of my lamented parent, than so amiable a son? It but required these honourable public testimonies of your worth," she added, with a blush, and glancing at the numerous orders which were upon his breast, "to justify the choice of my heart in the eyes of the world; and

in bestowing my hand upon you, I feel I elevate and not degrade myself."

They pledged their faith; and, from this time, Magdalena lived in a heaven upon earth, rendered so by the tender cares of Hienrich and Blancha.

"I have but one wish more—only one," said the young Baroness, as the day of her marriage drew near; "would that I dared hope for the arrival of my dear and long absent brother upon that happy day!"

Her wish was granted, for this beloved brother unexpectedly arrived; and—he was the noble officer who had so early acknowledged and rewarded Hienrich's merit; and who now clasped the newly married pair with fervour to his bosom.

FINIS.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.